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W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR

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FEBRUARY, 1897.

SHERWOOD AN AMERICAN MASTER OF PIANO.

BY W. S. B. M.

Did it ever occur to you what it means to be a virtuoso pianist? How many hours, days, weeks, years of unceasing drudgery, applied not to a trade or business as work, but to an art, to the art you love better than life. Art is one thing, practice another. In all these hours at the piano it is not a question of melody, of harmony, of sequence, climax, outpouring of soul; but primarily a matter of fingers, force, facility. It is to go over the route so many hundreds of times that the fingers will follow the familiar track under the most distracting circumstances, as when there is an audience in front, a bad piano to play upon, a lame finger. No matter what the disadvantage, the artist has to play when the moment comes. And since his reputation turns upon the quality of his playing, he has to play well.

MR. SHERWOOD.

Moreover, this is not something you finally get through and done with. Not even for the pieces you know best. No matter how many years you have known them, whenever you take them up again for public interpretation you have to do over

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again a great deal of this drudgery. Hence the career of a virtuoso makes singular demands upon its votary, and effects a natural selection of temperaments capable of standing this kind of strain. It demands a certain self-absorption, a certain independence of the outside world, a capacity to stand proof against all sorts of temptations to dissipation, even the most innocent, to the end that the full powers of the artist may create for themselves a road out to the world through the medium of art.

This is the kind of thing which a pianist like Sherwood undergoes. By nature of a musical, sensitive and responsive temperament, this career has laid its burdens upon his life

SHERWOOD HALL, AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

now for more than a quarter of a century. And the same that it has done for him, it has done for all the other virtuosi. They live for their art. It is the only condition upon which they can have an art.

If a musical history of the United States ever comes to be written, the chapter upon piano music and its development in its highest departments will have a very liberal credit placed against the name and work of Mr. William H. Sherwood, who for more than twenty years has not ceased to go up and down

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this land playing everywhere piano forte music of the highest class, and with a technic and artistic equipment of astonishing breadth and power. Sherwood has never favored himself at the expense of the hearer. The pieces which the majority of other players have omitted from their programs as being too difficult for comfort to the artist, or likely to be caviare to the general, Sherwood boldly includes; and with these rejected stones of the lesser builders he erects his own artistic monument, and at the same time builds up the public education

MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD IN HIS STUDY.

and taste. Many and many small pieces by American composers also he includes, because experience has shown him that in a new country like this, the generality of piano students are so exclusively occupied with the classics of their art that they entirely fail to judge the worth of the composers of their own day, and particularly of their own countrymen. Accordingly Sherwood generally includes a number of pieces of this class, and American composers owe this master a debt it is feared they will never repay.

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Moreover, in another point the influence of Mr. Sherwood has been greater than that of any foreign artist. For not only has he been before the American public longer than any other pianist now actively before it, excepting perhaps the gifted Carreno, but he has played in many smaller places and has been heard by a wider section of the musical public than any other artist. Sherwood has played from Bangor to Corpus Christi, and from Eastport to Seattle and San Francisco. Hence, he is and has been the great American educator in piano playing. Wherefore some account of his personality is now in order.

THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(Business positions.)

It seems impossible that twenty-five years have elapsed since a curly headed young fellow presented himself at the summer school at Binghamton, N. Y., for lessons of Dr. William Mason. The young fellow played with great promise. I remember Liszt's "Rigoletto" fantasia being among his numbers at that time. I saw quite a little of him, for he frequented my teaching room while I was giving lessons in Mason's exercises to his cousin, who came with him, and he also had some organ lessons of me. Since that time I have never wholly lost sight of him. He used to be an almost unfailing member of the little offhand "kneipe" at the Atlantic Garden in Binghamton on evenings, where the proprietor, by way of delicate attention to visiting musicians, used to work off the limited repertory of the small orchestrion, from the "Tell" overture to "Amaryllis"

THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(Interlocking.)

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before we could have the quiet desirable for listening to Mr. Mason's talk of music, Liszt and the days of Weimar, of which all of us were anxious to hear.

Mason grew rather fond of Sherwood, and in the fall the young man went to New York to continue his studies. This lasted for one or two years, when Sherwood went abroad to Kullak, at Berlin. For some reason Kullak rather undervalued Sherwood for some time, and it was not until after quite a long time, perhaps a year or two, that he put him upon a program to play the Chopin fantasia in F minor. It was a long program and the crowded audience was tired, as the Chopin number was at the last. The young fellow came on and with that coolness which has always distinguished his public appearances, seated himself calmly, took all the time he wanted to get ready, and not till then did he deliver the first phrase. There was in this first phrase the something which cannot be described, which those who are born to play in public have, while those who are not born for such a destiny have it not. It filled the stage, arrested attention, and the audience settled itself for listening. He played it beautifully, and at the end there was great applause and many recalls, and still another piece was played.

THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(Left hand reaching for a distant key.)

From this time on Sherwood had a standing with Kullak. After some time here Sherwood went to Deppe, being one of the American students who followed Frederic Horace Clarke and

THE SHERWOOD HANDS.
(A difficult position.)

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Miss Amy Fay to that much-praised but little-accomplishing master. After Deppe, Sherwood followed the line of least resistance and placed himself in the Weimar coterie. Besides learning the much that was to be learned here by those who had talent he also met his fate for the first time, in the person of Miss Mary Fay (not a near relative of Miss Amy Fay). This pianist, some years his senior, was attracted by the talented young man, and even while they were still at Weimar they were married. Indeed, it was so long before they came away that Liszt stood godfather to their first child. This union was too much of a trade, and later incompatibilities arose, so it was dissolved, but not before three children had blessed the home with the benediction of natures fresh from the invisible and eternal.

THE SHERWOOD FAMILY OUT FOR PLEASURE.
(Mr. Sherwood's wheel at the extreme left.)

My own meeting with Sherwood next was not until he arrived in Chicago for opening Hershey hall, which must have been somewhere about 1878, although he had returned from Europe in 1876. At this time one of his great pieces was Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia, with orchestra. This he played with Mr. Thomas, and I believe he played a recital or two at Philadelphia during the Centennial exposition. Mr. Clarence Eddy, head of the Hershey school, had been a friend of Mr. Sherwood in Berlin. Sherwood's program for opening the hall contained two numbers then rarely played—the last sonata of Beethoven and the Liszt arrangement of Isolde's "Liebestod." These and one of the Liszt Bach organ fantasias and fugues made up a foundation of serious and able bodied playing, the like of which we were getting at that time only from Mme. Julia Rive-King, who made it a point to play the most important pieces, but who excelled in works of a brilliant character in which her splendid technic gave her a great advantage. Sherwood made a great success at this time, although naturally it is not possible for a

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pianist to make the same kind of success with compositions of this caliber as with those which appeal to a larger circle.

Many times afterward Sherwood came to Chicago to play. For two or three summers he played recitals at my summer school in Evanston. I remember one year, when he had just finished a summer school somewhere in the East, he came out very tired indeed, and had to play five recitals for me in a week preparatory to going to Chautauqua, where he was even then beginning his work. The programs contained a variety of the most serious and difficult compositions, but Sherwood did not practice at all. One day, when we were going about downtown in Chicago, I said to him: "You are a nice fellow, anyway, but your cheek strikes me as something uncommon. Here you are booked for five recitals, in the course of which you are playing some of the most difficult and imposing piano pieces that exist, and yet you do not practice a line."

THE SHERWOOD CONCERT COMPANY.
(On Lookout Mountain.)

Sherwood answered: "It is not cheek, nor yet is it forgetfulness. I'm very tired, indeed, and while if I were to practice I might improve this, that or the other passage, I would lose what little freshness I still have, and my playing would not please the audience half as well."

One evening he came to the hall a few minutes late, his first number being the last sonata of Beethoven, opus 111. As he entered he asked me: "Have you a copy of Bee-

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thoven's sonata here?" "No," I answered. "Why?" "I want to look at one place which I cannot quite remember," he replied. Whereupon I encouraged him by saying: "You are a fine fellow to be looking up the sonata when you ought to be upon the stage already. I have loaned my copy to a pupil, who desires to follow your reading with notes in hand." "Well," said Sherwood, "I guess I can do it," and he went on, and the passage came to him all right.

For several years Mr. Sherwood lived in Boston, where his influence was very important in raising the standard of piano playing after the modern style, for the resident pianists of Boston at that time were not very modern in style. From Boston he made concert tours every year, but never with the success which he ought to have had—I mean in point of prestige. It has never been Mr. Sherwood's luck to have a capable business manager, or a good piano house back of him; for an artist of the first class is dependent upon having a really superior instrument at his disposal, and concert engagements in places where they know the difference between playing of the first order and that which merely resembles it.

After a few years in Boston he went to New York, where amid many annoying and almost adverse circumstances he built up a profitable business. Associated with him here was his pupil, Mr. Hugh A. Kelso, jr., who attended to many details of the business, and came to Chicago with him when the Chicago Conservatory made its engagement with Mr. Sherwood some years ago.

In Chicago Mr. Sherwood's influence has been marked, and the playing he has done here, while not before the largest possible audiences, has had, nevertheless, great bearing upon the development of the younger class of pianists.

Two years ago Mr. Sherwood went abroad for a season. With his wife and children they rode about on their bicycles in England, Paris, and especially up about Lake Geneva and in other parts of Switzerland. Mr. Sherwood played at Geneva and in several other places with most creditable success.

One of the pleasantest parts of his work of late years has been that at Chautauqua, where he has a cottage. He teaches, plays, talks and goes upon excursions awheel. The country

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about is fine for wheeling purposes, and this part of the summer outing is prodigiously enjoyed by all the family.

In two respects I regard Mr. Sherwood as having been one of the most important influences toward educating American taste for piano playing—in the number of his recitals and the territory covered and the astonishing variety and range of the programs. A list of the pieces which have been habitually used by Mr. Sherwood during the last few years would probably aggregate more than two hundred, while his whole concert and recital repertory probably aggregates four hundred pieces. Of all these I prefer his playing in those which are most difficult. It is only when the piece calls for his powers that he seems to arouse himself and give his playing the advantage of practice. I heard him in Philadelphia, about three years ago, in a program containing several pieces of unusual demands, and the playing was the best I ever heard him do. While his hand was not originally well fitted for the piano, being short, stubby and rather unpliable, enormous practice has made it a very responsive organ, and in tasks where ordinary hands entirely break down, this of Sherwood appears at its best.

The illustrations in this article are from photographs in the family archives, most of them amateur productions showing different moments of family and professional life. The hand-positions were made in order to illustrate the fact well known to artists that the hands of a pianist in concert playing only rarely assume the positions commonly held up in instruction books as the only correct ones. Such positions are those of repose; no sooner do the exigencies of a difficult piece arise than the hands assume a great variety of positions in action, the most of which would be unhesitatingly rejected if shown in advance to a pedagogue.

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THE SINGING BOYS OF LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

BY FLORENCE EVERHAM.

Far back in the early Florentine time, when as yet the grand dome of the cathedral was not completed, and the last of the famous bronze doors of the San Giovanno were in process of

"WITH CYMBALS ALSO AND SHAWMS."

completion, the Signoria and the Operai ordered from a young workman some wood carvings for a railing to the choir. Luca Della Robbia, for this was the clever young artist whose work had attracted the attention of the Signoria, was companion of

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that famous group embracing Ghiberti, of the famous bronze gate doors; Brunelleschi, the still more famous architect of the great dome which towers over the city of Florence from then until now, and Donatello, who later completed the choir railing with his own panels of singing figures.

Although placed high up from the floor of the cathedral and too finely finished for adequate effect at the distance from

SINGING BOYS.

the eye of the spectator, these singing boys of Luca Della Robbia remain famous in art, so famous that in spite of the after triumphs of the artist in material quite different, the so-called Robbia ware, they are still quoted as living witnesses of his marvelous powers of representation and idealization. There are ten of these panels, some a little wider than the others, but all of the same height. In some the figures are few and simple; in others the figures are many and the attitudes are full of

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life, and equally valuable as portraits of the healthy peasant faces of those times, when Florence was getting itself talked of in the world.

Let us begin with the panel with eight standing singers and the two cherubic infants seated upon the floor. Whether girls or boys it might not be sure to say. The costumes would seem to indicate girls. Four are playing certain antiquated

and impossible instruments, the nature and mechanical principles of which knoweth no man to this day. The three active figures upon the right are lost in song, their attitudes curiously like those commonly attributed to St. Cecelia. One, with face turned up towards the heavens, seems pouring out a veritable rapture of praise; another listens to her own instrument, equally enwrapt in ecstacy of praise. The figures upon the left have ceased their song for a moment and all attention is

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centered upon these three. And at the bottom of the panel those two cunning little wooden cherubs with the stolid yet healthy faces of the peasant, think only of their instruments, except one whose open mouth and raised face seems active in the song.

And what a jolly time the seven cherubic youngsters are having with their cymbals in the group above! What animation! What hearty delight in the noise they are making!

There is one group in which no instruments are shown, but simply a group of seven boys singing and apparently marching. They also are happy, but not with the abandon of those who have the cymbals in their hands.

And what a spirited group is that of the trumpeters! On the left are three figures blowing the long straight trumpet of the Romans, while facing them and apparently aiding in steadying the tubes are three other faces. And upon the lower level four lively, vigorous, active boys. One can imagine the lusty trumpet calls and hearty boy-delight in noise so resonant.

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I, THE MASTER; I, THE KING.

(The Spirit of Exaltation.)

His bow leapt on the height of sound
And smote the barrier to Infinity.
Regal—he sways his sceptre—rules his world,
In God-like nectar of his siren-wine
He drinks the draught of being.
"Oh, divine!"—he cries.
To thrall and crush a soul on mine,
To feel that I, the Master, I, the King,
Slave the senses, mine ear hath heard
That which nor is—I know it word on word,
Have felt the note unutterable
Pulsate the core of all that is.
I, the King, have known
To feel some sweetness by me pass,
Have ope'd the vein of Love
And poured its passion in my viol's song.
I hold beneath my touch the truth of things;
I know the secret that the violet knows.
Oh, Might of Music! In sweep and shattering gust
The wave of Melody rolls on—rolls on—
And I, the Master of its song.

* * * * * * * * * *

My Violin, come to my heart,
Lean thou, my faithful, on my breast.
For thee and me—though I, the King.
And thou my voice—there is no rest.

Nerve and self of inner self
We are the weft and web of tone—
Thou the soul, and I the King.
No death for us—mine own.

Worlds on worlds we tread
The eternal round along—
I the Life, and thou the Soul—
And I, the Master of the Song.

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

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AN EVENING AT THE CORNELIO.

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

Cornelio's—the one place in Florence where at some time in the day "everybody" is sure to be found. In the afternoon to drink coffee, to dine under the famous wisteria that made the quaint old arbored garden a purple glory in the springtime, or to spend the long evening around the tables touching elbows with all Florence, the aristocracy, the soldiers, the lawyers, the artists. Here, too, at an inconspicuous table off at the side was the meeting place of a typical group of music students, who used every evening in the late spring when there was no opera, to get together, talk over the day's work in general and tear all the other fellow's teachers to pieces in particular. Great days those were with the whole world to conquer, and as yet no ideals bruised by contact with the rough facts. There was but one ambition, one thought, the opera. During the season every night found them at the opera; after the season each night they came to Cornelio's and filled themselves with reminiscences of the past season and guesses, mingled in each one's heart with a few air castles for the coming. They had, of course, personal names of a good American flavor, but were more usually known by the generic term of "the boys." Only two were distinguished from the mass by distinct individuality—Walter, who was the husband and manager of a successful prima donna, and John—our mentor we called him—who had already made something of a name for himself on the stage. All the singers and singing students are sharply divided into two classes, those who have appeared in opera in Italy and those who have not. The one are artists, the other students. So when on rare occasions our evening assemblage was honored by the presence of one or both of these beings it was as though Olympians sat down with mortals. They actually had partaken of the Nectar and Ambrosia of which the gods alone may eat. They entered at the stage door, while we climbed the weary stairs to the gallery.

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One evening in May we were at our usual seats, Fred, Dudley, Dick and myself, when Frank entered with a beaming face.

"Talk about cool American nerve! but that great lumbering Chambers of Buffalo has it. You know he has been missing for three days, but I found him. Do any of you fellows know Cinotti? Well, he is a baritone and manager, too, in a small way. It seems that he is going to give a season of ten performances of 'Lucia' down at Castelfiorentino next month. Chambers met him somewhere, and as is his wont began filling him up with stories of the big things he has done over in America and what a tremendous big singer he is anyway. I tell you, if bluff were all that is needed he would make his debut at La Scala. All the big singing he ever did in America was yelling 'cash' behind some ribbon counter. However, he must have made an impression on Cinotti with his big shoulders, for lo, and behold! Cinotti shows up next day at his lesson and liked his voice. But the joke is to come. After he heard him sing Cinotti tells him he is going to give this season of opera and asks him if he is up in 'Raimond.' 'Sure,' says Chambers, 'I have already sung the part several times in America;' and Maestro sits there on the piano stool and never turns a hair. Well, they make some kind of a dicker, and the long and short is that Chambers gets his debut without its costing him a cent, just on cool nerve. Now, for three days he has been locked in his room with an accompanist trying to learn his part in time for rehearsal next week. How is that for high? The place is only seventy miles or so from here, and I am a Dutchman if I don't go down and hear him. I bet they tear the insides out of the theater to throw at him."

During the foregoing Mentor had joined the group.

"That sounds just like you boys," he began, "always looking for a chance to roast somebody who tries to make his way. I suppose that if Chambers makes a decent showing down there you fellows will be too disgusted to eat. Wait till you get within gunshot of a debut, which is not at all likely to my mind, and feel your legs shake and your mouth parch and your brain whirl. Then think of half a dozen of your 'friends' out in front hoping with all their miserable little hearts that you will be hissed. Bah! You ought to be kicked."

When Mentor spoke we were mostly silent. For was not his name in the directory of "artists" on the back page of the

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"Revista Melodramatica"? Did he not know everything about everybody?

"Well, there is one fellow you can call a fool if you wish to, and that is Ferucci, that crazy Neapolitan that was here for several years. You all know him. He somehow or other got a mighty fine chance for his debut at Paria as 'William' in 'Mignon.' He has lots of talent, that's sure, and he pleased everybody immensely at the rehearsals, and it looked as if he were going to launch on his career with a real triumph, but then his fool streak came to the surface. With most singers the occasion of their first appearance in opera is a rather serious time. I know it was with me. I was content to stay indoors and take care of myself the best I knew how. Not so Ferucci; he was no such weak sister as that. It seems that on the very day of the first performance there was to be a shooting party going out for snipe on the marshes a few miles from the city. So what does Ferucci do but get up about 3, don his shooting togs and trot along with the rest. He got back about 10 or 11 all fagged out and tumbled into bed for a nap to straighten him out. When he woke up he had as beautiful a hoarseness as anybody could ask. Then he rushed round like a hen with her head cut off to this doctor and to that trying to get himself put into shape. But it was no use. He had done the trick for that day. When evening came he tried to sing, but it was no use; he couldn't croak. So the manager had to make an elaborate apology to the audience; and next day Ferucci sneaked off somewhere. He hasn't dared show his head since."

Just then Walter appeared and made for our table with a face like a thunder cloud.

"Hulloa, Walt," one of the boys shouted; "been killing somebody—or are you just going to?"

"You children who have fathers to pay your bills can afford to laugh; but it is no joking matter for us who have our own way to make or starve, I can tell you."

"What's up, old man?"

"An American artist who wants to make a career in this infernal country has about as much show as a cornfield when the Kansas grasshoppers strike it."

"No! You don't say so? Well, that is news. I tell you what, Walt, I think that if you rush to a telegraph office and

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cable that discovery over to the New York Herald they will probably pay you a thousand nothings for the information."

"You wait till you have to find your own bread and butter instead of writing to your papa for money every two weeks."

"Whence all this righteous indignation, and these sage drops of wisdom? What's it all about? Explain yourself, old man. Meanwhile cool your fevered brow, so to speak, with a sip of this most excellent vermouth of Turin; you seem excited."

"Well, Great Scott, who wouldn't be. There is another of those confounded American girls in town with a voice like a rusty saw, but a rich friend."

"What of it? She is nothing to us. Blaze away, and tell us who it is."

"I suppose you all saw the notice in the Fieramosca last evening about a special season of opera at the 'Niccolini,' at which the 'distinguished young American prima donna' would make her Italian debut? Well, I saw Pollini this afternoon and he told me all about it. Of course, I knew good American dollars were at the bottom of it all, but I didn't know just how. But he told me the whole story, and I tell you it just makes me boiling mad. Here is a girl, good enough sort of girl for all I know, but one who has never done anything at all at home or anywhere else, comes down here and in ten minutes does what it takes us years to do—and why? Just because some way or other she has the luck to fall in with a rich young Californian, who puts his money behind her 'for the cause of art,' I suppose. Bah! When I see what money does even in this 'home of art' it justs takes the heart right out of me."

"Come to your story, Walter, and stop moralizing."

"Well, at all events, she appears in Florence with her 'patron of rising young artists' and his money bags. She tried two or three agents, but couldn't get matters arranged to her taste, so with the unlimited cash at her command she tried another scheme. Somewhere they ran across that old rascal Boccherini, and struck up a bargain with him. He was just the man for them, too. The Californian hands Boccherini his pocketbook, so to speak, and tells him to see that everything is done in proper style. So he engages the 'Niccolini' for two weeks, a fairly good tenor, the rest of them nothing but dogs, a chorus and orchestra. He went to Pollini for the orchestra,

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and, of course, told him all about it. I was in to see Pollini a little later about that Spezia engagement and he told me. Won't that Californian be bled in style, though!"

"Serves him right, too."

"That's only part of it. Of course, they don't expect to do anything here. The whole thing is just a play for America. Here are the first fruits. I got the Fieramosca as I came along, and will you kindly read this? I can't."

"Sure. Pass it over. Here we have it. 'Extraordinary season of opera at the Niccolini. Eight performances of Lucia, etc.' Well, what's the matter with that? That's only the regular stereotyped form."

"Use your eyes, you blind man! Read on down the column."

"Ah. Here you are."

"'Florentine debut of the celebrated American artist, Miss Thomas. Signor Boccherini takes great pleasure in announcing his good fortune in being permitted to introduce to the critical public of our city this distinguished foreigner.' You bet he does. A most romantic story he tells in connection with this engagement. 'It is some time now that Donizzetti's masterpiece has been heard here, and he had made preparations for a special reproduction, but was at a loss for a "Lucia." Well, well; you hear that; with more than four hundred 'Lucias' within a stone's throw of where he sat. 'He was nearly on the point of giving up his contemplated season in despair, when he was honored by a call from the distinguished American who was sojourning for a few days in our city. After the usual compliments, Signor Boccherini requested to hear the Signorina sing. She had not finished her first aria, when his doubts were gone, and he immediately engaged her for "Lucia." He is more than enthusiastic over the new artist and predicts a triumph for her at her coming debut. We extend our greetings to the distinguished American, and are impatient to hear her voice in the divine melodies of Donizzetti.' Think of that! I would like to bet that the whole of that thundering yarn has already been cabled to America, and that a special story will be made of it and printed from one end of the country to the other. That's what money will do. Everybody will be talking about this nobody who has never done anything, while real singers like my wife, who have sung on

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their merits all over Italy and earned everything they have ever had, are not heard of in America, because they can't afford to buy the papers."

"Right you are, Walter. But then Maud has won her place and can do the work, while the chances are that, after her two weeks' season, Miss Thomas will never be heard of again."

"Of course she won't be heard of here; but it isn't this place she is playing for; it's America; and America she will get. You wait till after the first performance and see the criticisms in one or two of the papers here, according to contract. They will be cabled to America and stored up for future use. I tell you it makes me sick. I have been managing a prima donna just long enough to realize what you can do without money to buy favorable notices; and that is just about nothing at all."

"Oh, well; the papers are not everything. After all, it is the work that counts, and Maud can do the work."

"That isn't all there is to it by a long shot. You know how it is with the agents here. They are robbers by profession, anyway, but when an American is concerned they go on the belief that each one is a millionaire, and they won't do anything without an extra big fee. They won't pay any attention to your honest poverty. If you won't pay they set you down for a miser. Now comes this Thomas with her Californian and buys the whole thing—manager, theater, orchestra, chorus, principals and the papers. They won't sell a ticket, and don't expect to. They will simply give the whole house away. Meanwhile the money flows like water. How do you think that will be for Americans trying to make a legitimate career and earn food enough to keep from starving in the meantime? It will be death and destruction."

"What can you do about it? Those that have money always have had and always will have the inside track over those who haven't. It's a law of civilization. There is one cheering reflection. If one young Californian attempts many more 'seasons' with Boccherini he, at least, will soon be out of the running. I can see the old fraud grinning to himself now as he wrote out that yarn."

"Well," said the hot-headed Kentuckian, "it is an infernal shame the way art and artists are bought and sold by these agents, who look on music just the same as a pig looks on his trough—as something they get their dinner from. The whole

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race of them ought to be tied by the heels and flung into the river, and I would like to be one to help do it, too."

Then our Mentor spoke.

"You boys are very young. You talk the language of the theater, but when you have seen some of the things that Walter and I see every time we go to the theater you will understand matters in a different way. It is a great business. The people want opera and artists, and agents make a business of furnishing it to them. When you hear a manager talking of 'art' you may set it down for pure bosh, and the artists are not so very much better, either; at least, not after their second season. It is, alas, only the debutantes and students whose one ambition is for art, and who have only contempt for the practical side of it. You boys don't believe that now, and it is well for you that you don't, or you would give up in despair. But this first enthusiasm will be well pounded out of you if you ever get behind the footlights, which I very much doubt. But if you ever should get there you will find that it is a world of turmoil, of petty ambitions, and mean triumphs, in which you must look well for your own interests or you will mighty soon fall by the wayside. Every artist becomes to some extent a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde. Of course, he must have some really fine side to him, some poetry, some imagination, some noble ambition; otherwise, he is no artist, and the public won't have him. That is the side you see in the evening when the theater is lighted and he puts off his street clothes and daily thoughts and becomes for the time a hero, a man above the ordinary thoughts and emotions of life. It is an impossible thing to explain how a man can be a truly great artist on the stage and a miserable skinflint off it. But if ever you get inside the lines you will mighty soon know the difference between Stagno singing 'Roberto,' and old Stagno agreeing on his contract, screwing the manager up to the last penny, stipulating that on all placards his name shall be so many inches larger than any other names, that in all newspaper notices he shall have so much more space than any one else, and all the rest of the 'business.' He doesn't have any manager; he doesn't need one. He can look after himself better than any one else could, and what is more, he does. But he is an artist just the same when he is on the stage.

"However, I don't intend to get started on that tack now.

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I started to tell you a little incident that came under my notice last year at Brescia. What you said about agents put me in mind of it. I don't know whether any of you boys remember a little Miss Williamson, who was here studying a few years ago. She was with Collini for two years or so and then went to Milan. Of course, she was a poor girl, but she had a little money from somewhere or other and sang pretty well; so nothing would do but she must come here and prepare for opera. The voice was rather small, and she was one of those modest, retiring girls just right to sing in church and be looked up to as 'our leading singer' in some small city, but with no right to think of opera for a minute. However, like lots are, way down deep in her heart she thought she had a 'call.' So she passed a dozen operas here, and when she thought she was ready went to Milan for an engagement. I did not know her then, or I might have given her a word of advice, which she probably would not have considered. However, she sang for one of the agents and left a nice little fee to be enrolled. He gave her some pleasant words, and she went home convinced that she was on the high road to success. She sat down and waited with more or less impatience for an engagement. Soon she tired of waiting and began to haunt the agents, poor girl. Then she began to get desperate. She had been in Milan about four months, and was as far from an engagement as the first day she landed. More than that, she was perfectly ignorant of how things were done there, and her money was fast disappearing. I suppose at first she would have rejected with true artistic scorn any such proposition, as that she should 'buy' her first engagement. But time and a little practical experience makes a great deal of difference with people's views, even though they be singers. She had such confidence in her special gifts that she felt if she could only once have an adequate hearing all the rest would be easy. I don't know just how it happened, but she finally fell in with one of the biggest rascals of the whole lot, and she finally offered him three hundred and fifty francs, which was more than half of all she had in the world, for a first-class engagement. It was her last gasp. She had to make a success at once, or go back home. So she ventured everything. Well, this fellow got her a pretty fair engagement at Brescia, and, as I said, besides his regular fee, she gave him three hundred and fifty francs bonus. I was

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engaged in the same company, and in about a week we all appeared at Brescia for the first rehearsal.

"Well, she had not sung the first act half through before it was perfectly evident that she could not fill the bill. Usiglio was director, and at the end of her aria he rapped on his desk, called for the manager, and asked him what he meant by sending him 'such what-you-may-call-it children'? He protested her on the spot, and there was nothing for it but she must step down and out. She went back to Milan that same afternoon in a condition of mind you may imagine. The first thing she did was to call on the agent and demand her money back. Did she get it? I guess not. He cheerfully smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said: 'What can I do? I got you the engagement, but if you can't fill it that surely is not my fault. I have done my part and had my labor.'

"That was all the satisfaction she could get. The most interesting part of the story is to come. It seems that he was so sure that Miss Williamson could not do the work that on the very same day she went to Brescia he also sent another soprano to take her place. As soon as Miss Williamson was protested she promptly appeared and was engaged. I think Miss Williamson is back in America, where you boys ought to be."

"You are an old croaker. That's what's the matter with you. You are scared to death for fear some of us will come up and crowd you off the stage, and we will, too."

"Well, the system is bad enough, that's sure, but I doubt if it is much better anywhere else."

"Come on, boys. Let's leave these old croakers alone. I want a game of billiards."

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THE TASK OF MUSICAL SCIENCE.

BY DR. RICHARD WALLASCHEK.

Whoever undertakes to investigate the scientific basis of music has two tasks on his hands: he must know the works of musical art, and he must know man, who creates and enjoys them. The first task belongs to the history of music, which, as a part of the history of literature and civilization, describes the product of musical art, and gives some account of its origin, its value, and its relation to other achievements of the human mind. The second task should be taken up by a psychology of music, which analyzes physiologically the creative labor of the musical mind and observes the lover of music in his enjoyment of the art. The latter role, as well as a part of the former, used to be combined within the sphere of speculative aesthetics. From the lofty height of abstract conceptions the philosopher undertook to construct music and its impression dialectically and determine its value as art. That this method of philosophical aesthetics could have been fruitful would hardly be maintained today; at least, its advocates have themselves declared finally that aesthetics still stands in its baby shoes; that it must proceed from wholly different principles in order to become acquainted with the work of art and its enjoyment. We shall see later that, in spite of its failures, aesthetics is by no means lost. With other problems, with a different method, we, too, shall return to it. But before we tread the lofty path of philosophy, it will be well first to acquaint ourselves with the modest ways of inductive research, to gain a firm foundation for aesthetical observations. For this purpose we need:

First—A musical laboratory. The first point to be treated experimentally would be the theory of sound, as far as the musician needs it. There should be apparatus for the production of pure tones; for the study of consonance and dissonance, of major and minor; for the investigation of chords, difference in tones, overtones and undertones, etc. These studies would thus continue along the same line that Helm-

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holtz and his school entered upon with such epoch-making results. Another object of research would be the sensation of hearing and its disturbances under morbid conditions. The heard tone which is transmitted to the brain and then in combination with other reflexes is wrought into a psychic impression lies entirely within the reach of experimental investigation. We could then learn how we judge the tones in our normal and abnormal conditions, how we estimate their pitch and compare intervals and what errors and illusions we are subject to in this mental operation. Any one who knows the valuable labors published along this line by Mach, Stumpf, Lipps, V. Kries, will perceive what a fruitful field is opened up for elaboration, and he will notice with regret how little of it all has really made its way into the world of musicians. And yet it is not only our native German scholars who are laboring in this province. Ribot and Dauriac in Paris, Edmund Gurney and James Sully in London, have long since treated the subject of musical psychology with success, unfortunately without influencing to any extent the views of strictly musical writers.

Another no less valuable result would be secured by the laboratory through the introduction of the graphical method which Marey (Paris) has developed into an entire system. This is connected with the simple observations of the pulse-beat, so zealously conducted from time immemorial, which have led through Vierordt and Czermak to the invention of the pulse-mirror, and through Conty and Charpentier to the construction of the sphygmograph. Dogiel of Dorpat has experimented with an improved form of the latter, the plethismograph. In this apparatus the pulse sets in motion an indicator which at every beat makes a record on a dial passing by it, and thus shows by the character and variation of the curve the variations of the pulse-beat. In this manner Dogiel succeeded in representing graphically the influence of music on the heart-beat. Familiar and unfamiliar music, energetic and melancholy tones, melodies that were liked or disliked, all these caused the pulse of the subject under observation to describe various specific curves. These facts withdraw the important question of the influence of music on the circulation of the blood, and the life of thought and feeling connected with it, out of the realm of mere speculation, and in forming a judgment

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about it we no longer need to lean on old, unauthenticated anecdotes and harrowing stories, as does speculative aesthetics. Mosso, in Turin, investigated the circulation of the blood as affected by music still farther by laying the entire person on a delicately sensitive balance and then observing how the upper part of the body descended in consequence of the greater flow of blood to the head. This fact, combined with higher temperature of the head and lower temperature of the extremities, proved the greater flow of blood to the brain. From the same facts psychology and aesthetics can also draw their conclusions as to the effect of music.

Binet and Curtier, in Paris, made use of the graphical method in another direction. They constructed an apparatus which, like the plethismograph, represents graphically the touch on the piano keys, so that its power, form, and direction are brought to view. The curve proved the existence of defects and unevenness in the performance which could not be perceived at all by the ear alone. A comparison between the curves of a good and bad trill was especially instructive; likewise the inequality of touch of the different fingers, particularly in the scales, the crescendo and diminuendo, the increasing inequality in more rapid tempo; all this was registered with an exactness that far surpassed the power of the ear. These observations were thus of importance, both psychologically and pedagogically. One artist exclaimed very pertinently, when he regarded the curve of his own playing: "C'est un confessional." The investigations may also have artistic significance, for the curve of a rendering approved by the composer is a faithful and sensitive as well as an objective standard as regards intensity, shading and tempo, and every other rendering of the piece can be compared with it authoritatively.

But outside of the laboratory also the psychology of music has problems of importance to solve. Besides the doctrines it borrows from general psychology and develops in their special application to music, the psychology of music will be called upon to answer scientifically questions as to the range of musical expression, since previous attempts of speculative and dialectic aesthetics have for a century been hopelessly stuck in endless discussions. It will treat musical expression like every other expression of mind, like speech and mimicry, like writing and reading, and will study this expression to the best ad-

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vantage in its pathological disturbances. The phenomena of aphasia in the widest sense of the word (i. e., disturbances in spoken and written expression due to diseases of the brain) have given it the necessary supply of facts. Herewith the entire standing of music as an expression of feeling is brought to light; we understand its relation to speech, when we see how in most cases in spite of acute disturbances of speech the utterance of the text in singing is not affected; we gain further some insight into the physiology of reading and writing music, and the mobility of the fingers in playing instruments. The latter is of special importance for musical pedagogics, for the mistakes and sins that are still committed by so many teachers through over-practice or wrong practice would never have come to pass if the music teachers had been acquainted with the physiology of playing in its scientific form. So, for example, the Stuttgart method of piano playing did not receive the rebuke it so richly deserved until Poole in London found that most of his patients in piano cramp were pupils of that school. Equally valuable results may be expected from an investigation of musical memory and its performance under normal and abnormal conditions, and of the question how we conceive of individual tones and of music as a whole.

Yet I cannot undertake to give even a complete table of contents of a psychology of music; I must rest content with showing incidentally what direction this branch of musical science must take. For it is unfortunately a too common experience that the great public thinks of nothing else under this science but trifling and fugitive productions of a dilettante character.

II.

The second place in this science we must assign to an extension and filling out of musical history, and this constitutes musical ethnography. This is a needed extension of the history of music, since the latter science, as domiciled in our practice, does not reach back far enough. It is a mistake that has too long been of good and regular standing to begin the history of any subject with the Greeks and Romans, at best premising a few introductory remarks on Egypt and India.

But in doing this it was forgotten that Egypt, India, Greece and Rome are culminating points in civilization which repre-

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sent in their way just as high achievements of the human mind as our present age would if looked at from the vantage ground of a thousand years. And who knows but we may be even less important: for many a mournful cry of leading spirits has been already heard to the effect that our phase of history in North and West Europe has not found the mind of man on the upgrade. However that may be, history must begin with the primitive peoples, with the civilization (in our case the state of music) of the stone age. From this point it must follow music down through all the geologic periods and must come to a halt at the very point where the history of music has hitherto usually begun. Then, too, the history of music will naturally cease to be a mere chronology of composers; it will no longer be content to hover ecstatically about the name of every musical king with little anecdotes, in order to hand over to the burdened reader with the elegant bow of a court fool, a delicate bouquet of fresh flowers of rhetoric. It will necessarily become a part of the history of civilization. Nor is this ethnological method by any means to remain a mere curiosity. Monographs have repeatedly shown with great clearness how fruitful musical ethnology is in its bearing on the history and aesthetics of music, and have already attained positive results that are worthy of admiration.

Thus harmony has been regarded almost universally hitherto as an invention of modern times, whereas ethnology has incontestably proved that it belonged to the primitive peoples, and that, too, in the earliest ages. Nay more, it has been shown that the harmonic sense, however slightly developed, is always present and is the same among all races of men. This establishes the unity of music all over the world. Music, as it really exists, can everywhere be traced to one and the same system. All the third and quarter tones which are in use here and there are only passing melodic deviations, not fixed tones of the scale and cannot interfere with the identity of the harmonic foundation. The very point is that we must give up regarding the scale as the decisive factor in the system; it is altogether subordinate in importance. The harmonic basis remains always and everywhere the same, no matter what scales are in use or are mathematically constructed by theorists. Doubtless this view upsets everything it has been customary to teach among us in regard to harmony and the system of

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music; and when we further consider that this unity of music also demonstrates that our tone-system is perfectly natural, many a reader may feel misgivings at first about accepting without further question the doctrine of Helmholtz, who regarded the system as an arbitrary, artificial invention.

I lack space here to give the facts on which this view rests, as I should be obliged to refer to an entire literature, the credit of which is due chiefly to the newer American school. In that country Miss Alice Fletcher, Francis La Fleche, Doctor Franz Boas and J. C. Fillmore have published so many and such valuable contributions to musical ethnology, that their results, based as they are on facts, can no longer be passed by in silence. Fillmore especially has shown by means of the examples of primitive music that the principle of tonality (which again is no invention of modern times, as is often asserted), depends not only on adherence to a key-note, but on the whole tonic chord. The significance of this view is discerned only by its consequences, and these in turn bring us back to the point of recognizing the basis of all music to be a physical, wholly natural element.*

And what attitude has Europe taken toward these teachings? It has taken no attitude at all and lives on comfortably in the old tradition. We still read in our books the doctrine of the universal validity of the scale, of the modern origin of harmony, of the various systems of music, of the five-toned scale from which the diatonic scales have arisen, and the like; all of them doctrines that are no longer tenable. To be sure, it is not quite so easy to speak about the theories of the ethnological school, for it brings forward facts and examples; and whoever would give judgment on the conclusions drawn from them must again adduce facts and examples, a necessity not to be met offhand. So if one would not believe blindly and can say nothing in contravention, nothing remains but silence. Was it necessary to allow the new world, which has fed so often on our achievements, to surpass us so far in this? Yet ethnology affords still further conclusions. It teaches us the social significance of music in primitive times, gives the

*Not to confine myself to general remarks, I must refer the reader here to the more elaborate statement of this principle in another article: "Musical Results of the Study of Ethnology," by R. W., in "Globus," Vol. lxviii., No. 7. [Translated and published in MUSIC for December, 1895.] M.

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history of instruments a basis as yet wanting, shows the relation of music and text, the beginnings of pantomime, of drama and opera, all of which are questions of the greatest importance; questions in which speculative aesthetics has been forced to construct and demolish theories repeatedly. Thus almost the entire domain of musical aesthetics has been occupied by psychology and ethnology, and yet we shall now return to it in order to put the cap stone on the great building of musical science.

III.

Third, the Aesthetics of Music. Since the dogmatic or systematic portion of aesthetics has been handed over to psychology and ethnology there remain to it only its historical and critical functions. Just as nobody nowadays deals in speculative philosophy in order to explain and understand nature, so it will not be the task of aesthetics to give an understanding of art or to acquaint us with man in his pursuit of art. But it is not simply because aesthetics has nothing left to do that it gives up the systematic branch of study, but because it has the far more important task of elaborating the results of special investigations into a grand unity, laying down its leading principles, and unifying its parts by an intellectual bond. Just as the botanist is not content to acquaint himself with the several plants, but in his mind classifies them, as he brings together entire genera, observes and compares them and so by his systematic classification gains a comprehensive survey of the whole; so, too, must the student of the science of art arrive at guiding principles, ruling groups of facts, and thus at the grand aims of art. To speak in the language of logic, he must not only have observations (percepts), but also form general notions (concepts). We may recall the words of Kant: "General notions without observations are empty; observations without notions, blind." The psychology and ethnology of music will have the same relation to musical aesthetics as the observation to the general notion, as the particular to the universal. The mistake of the older aesthetics was not that it formed general ideas at all or dealt in abstract notions; but that it did so at a time and in a measure not warranted by the state of special investigation and practical experience; it left, in fact, physiological and ethnological experience wholly one

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side; in a word, it was too empty, and in the great many-volumed works on aesthetics nothing was to be found but phrases. And the mistake of present day Psycho-physics is not that it seeks to approach an understanding of art by the way of experiment, as it is frequently reproached with doing, but that it does this often with no higher aim, without guiding principles; that it makes experiment an end in itself and degrades it to a plaything; in a word, it is blind. If we would avoid both mistakes we must let the observation of the scientific method go hand in hand with the constructive method of philosophy; the one must constantly supplement and correct the other, and aesthetics will find its task much lighter, if it proceed in its constructive work in the historical order and then corrects its results by means of material derived from natural science. This process would complete the edifice of musical science; whether it shall find a new home there, whether musicians willingly follow its lead and utilize the facts of ethnology and psychology in the same spirit in which they greeted, joyously even though critically, the new impulse that came from Helmholtz, I am unable to say. But if all signs fail not, this is the path it will tread, impelled by the spirit of the age not less than by inward necessity; and these are forces which are not to be resisted.

Translated for MUSIC by Arthur D. Bissell, from Die Zeit, Vienna, July 4, 1896.

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ROBERT FRANZ.

BY ANNE KNAPP WHITNEY.

In the old university town of Halle, the birthplace of Handel, in the centre of Germany, there lived for 77 years of this century, one of the world's greatest song composers, Robert Franz.

A musical critic, commenting upon his work, at the time of his death, remarks: "It cannot be said, in one sense, that the death of Franz was a loss to the musical world, for, unlike Beethoven, he ceased composing after he became deaf. On the other hand the general public does not fully realize that Franz was, with the exception of Schubert and Schumann, the greatest song composer the world has ever seen. He wrote no four hour operas and oratorios, and therefore he suffered, as Chopin did, for a long time, from 'Jumboism'—that is, the human tendency to be attracted by bigness sooner than by genius. Franz's songs are the lyric "music of the future," they are brimful of melody, wonderfully original in harmony, and their mission is to do for the Lied what Wagner did for the music drama. It is not surprising that Wagner should have esteemed Franz more than any other contemporary composer."

Robert Franz's life was singularly free from striking episodes and brilliant successes, and in outward characteristics was perhaps even more simple and unostentatious than that of Bach, of whom he is so worthy a successor. Unlike Bach, however, and many another great composer, his musical love and genius did not come to him as a family inheritance, a heavenly gift handed down from generation to generation, and, as in Bach's case, culminating with him in the most perfect flower. In fact, one is impressed in reading the record of Franz's youth, with the slowness of his artistic growth. One rather expects, as a matter of course, as in many other musical biographies, to find accounts of phenomenal achievements as composer or player, during his childhood and youth; but here there are no startling proofs of early ability.

Franz was born June 28th, 1815, in Halle. His father was

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a plain business man, whose tastes and interests ran always counter to those of his son. From his mother only does he seem to have received help and sympathy in his aspirations towards musical knowledge and fame. His earliest musical impressions were received as a child of two years, upon hearing Luther's Chorale, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," played by trombones from the church steeple in Halle, at the celebration of the third centenary of the Reformation. His innate feeling for harmony led him, when a child, to improvise a second to the melodies practiced in school. This was looked upon as a great offense, for which he was severely punished by his stupid teacher.

In his fourteenth year he was allowed to make his first musical attempts, endeavoring with pathetic perseverance to discover the secrets of notation, unaided, upon an old spinet, which his father was at last prevailed upon to buy for the lad, through his mother's entreaties. Though later he became the pupil of nearly all the teachers of Halle, his achievements were really the result of his own impulses and efforts. He devoted himself to the study of the organ, practicing chorales with friends, and playing accompaniments in the choral rehearsals of the famous Franke Orphanage. Through the latter he became familiar with the great works of Bach, Handel, Mozart and Haydn, and soon fell to composing, without, however, the least practical knowledge of theory. All of these early compositions he eventually destroyed, as worthless.

It was not until his twentieth year that Franz was allowed to commence a systematic course of musical study. Only his own firm belief in his artistic calling nerved him against the apathy and indifference of his family. He was at last sent for two years to study under Friederich Schneider, the famous theorist and composer, whose music school at Dessau was held in high esteem. The poetic nature of the student could not have been greatly stimulated by the rather pedantic, old-fashioned musical atmosphere prevailing in this school; but he absorbed there much that was substantial, laying the foundation of his subsequent great theoretical knowledge and skill.

On his return to Halle there ensued another period of apparent inaction, as it was six years before he came into public notice at all. His mother only was his stanch friend and sympathizer during those years of waiting. But, though looked

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upon as the black sheep of the family, he was not idle. To his diligent and thorough study of old Italian music, and the works of Bach, Schubert and Schumann, during this time, are we indebted for the classic style and finish of his songs.

The first of these were produced in 1843, in Franz's twenty-eighth year, under the influence of a love affair. Schumann, to whom Franz sent these songs, honored them with hearty recognition, finding a publisher for them, and writing an article about the young composer, in which he remarks: "Of the songs of Robert Franz much may be said. They are no isolated phenomena, but stand closely related to the whole development of our art, during the last ten years. The composer aims at something more than well or ill sounding music; his desire is to reproduce the poem with its real depth of meaning."

Franz's second set of songs was dedicated to Schumann, the third to Mendelssohn, and the fourth to Liszt. This last-named composer, so often the generous champion and supporter of rising genius, showed his warm appreciation of these songs by a long and remarkable article which he wrote for the "New Zeitscheift fur Musik," Schumann's publication in the interest of music. In this article Liszt says: "His songs are mostly moods, which are absorbed in themselves, and rarely tend dramatically beyond themselves."

Mendelssohn, Gade and Wagner also came forward with warm applause, and, thus encouraged, Franz gave himself up with hearty enthusiasm to the cultivation of the field which he has made specially his own, that of the Lied.

His entire life was passed in Halle, where he held the positions of organist of the Ulrichschule, and conductor of the Sing-Academie. The titles of Royal Music Director and Doctor of Music were conferred upon him, the latter by the University of Halle, in recognition of his services as lecturer to its students upon musical subjects.

But in the prime of life he became totally deaf. Added to this terrible misfortune, nervous disorders, induced by overwork, became so distressing that he was obliged to relinquish all his positions. The muscles of his right hand were so drawn and crippled that he was unable to write a note of music for many years before his death. He would have suffered keenly from poverty but for the generous aid of his

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friends, Liszt, Joachim and others, who through a series of concerts raised money enough to support him in comfort for the rest of his days.

His wife, Marie Hinrichs, must have also been a song composer of considerable merit, to judge of Franz's own estimate of her songs, alluded to by Finck in a charming magazine article written after a visit paid to the aged composer shortly before his death. This occurred October 24, 1892, in Halle.

Besides his 257 songs, some compositions for the church and a few part songs, Franz has accomplished other very important work for the advancement of music. This is the arranging and editing of certain works of Bach, Handel and other composers. These old masters did not write out in full the accompaniments of their great works, but merely indicated them by a figured bass. The art of playing from such a suggested bass has become obsolete. Also, certain instruments then in use have either been discarded or modified by our modern orchestra and our modern ears demand effects unknown in the time of Bach and Handel. The completion and rearrangement of these works—that is, giving them modern orchestral settings without robbing them of the spirit and style breathed into them by their creators—was an extremely difficult task. Its requirements were thorough historical and theoretical knowledge, fine sense of the peculiar character of the different instruments of the old and new orchestra, and complete mastery of polyphonic and contrapuntal art, qualities found only in a true musician and gifted composer. Modern as is Franz's own sentiment as a productive musician, he stands nearer to Bach and Handel in style and spirit than any other composer. The most important of these arrangements which Franz has made are those of Handel's "Messiah" and "Jubilate;" Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion," "Magnificat," and "Christmas Oratorio;" Astorga's "Stabat Mater" and Durante's "Magnificat."

There seems indeed a significant harmony between Franz's life and his songs, as though the latter grew naturally out of the former.

As in his songs we find no meaningless brilliancy and ostentation, so in his life, his soul and mind moved in the inner world of thought and poetry. His music "ever overshadowed

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his personality." It has been remarked that "Franz resembled Tennyson in this much, that both men kept their artistic ideals from the taint of the world. They stood aloof, but still they felt with humanity in its tribulations and triumphs. Both loved privacy and both gave to their generation the most perfect fruits of their genius."

The unobtrusive character of Franz's music has been aptly described by Niecks, professor of music in Edinburgh University. He says, "It is like one of those quiet, unpretentious people whom you are apt to pass heedlessly in a crowd, but who in close contact fascinate you, draw you to their heart, and then hold you with fetters light as gossamer, strong as iron."

The more one studies and sings these songs of Franz's, the more one is impressed with their wonderful beauty, richness and originality. They may also be a source of delight to those who cannot sing, the vocal and piano parts being so closely interwoven, that it is easy to combine them in playing, thus making a perfect "song without words."

Although Franz rarely selects a dramatic poem, still, his treatment of true lyrics renders them, to my mind, fairly dramatic, so perfect is his conception of the poet's thought.

These songs are expressions of moods and personal feelings, as subtle and evanescent as the perfume of a delicate flower, and requiring for their full appreciation poetic temperaments in singer and listener. Their tender, clinging melodies, accompaniments so written that often each part forms a beautiful melody by itself—the whole translating, in a manner almost self-abnegating, the poem—remind one of Wagner's description of the union of poetry and music as a marriage, in which music is the feminine, poetry the masculine element. The peculiar genius of the poet, and the language, sentiment and spirit of the poem are comprehended in a wonderfully delicate, sympathetic grasp, the musical setting designed mainly to enhance the charm of the poetic gem, and to display it to the best advantage. It is this, with his use of the old contrapuntal and polyphonic art and his skillful, brotherly-sisterly mingling of the major and minor keys, which gives to Franz's songs their classic style. So he links together in them the severe classic and modern romantic schools.

He has illustrated the entire domain of German lyrical

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poetry, from Luther's sturdy hymns to the love songs of Heine. His favorite poets are Heine, Lenau, Eichendorff, Burns and Osterwald, while Goethe, Ruckert, Geibel, Moriche and Roquette are found in secondary rank. Between Burns and Franz there must have existed a special spiritual and artistic telepathy. It seems as though poet and musician must have known each other in some previous state of existence.

Try the exquisite setting of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and you must feel the heart-breaking loveliness of the whole scene. The accompaniment rises and falls in plaintive sobbing cadence, the simple perfect melody for the voice, running all through the different parts like a delicate vine, asserting itself markedly in the tenor. One hears the lapping of the clear rippling water over its stony bed, and against its green flowing banks and feels the tender evening breeze sighing around the poor desolate girl, who pours out her grief to it all.

In the vehement, almost spoken voice part of "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie," accompanied in restless, rugged triplets, there is an overwhelming breathless grief portrayed, the utterance of the first astonished realization of desertion and faithlessness in which slow lament can find no time or place, save in the last two lines, "Soon my weary een I'll close, never mair to waken, Jamie, never mair to waken." Here the slackened, half-halting music suggests forcibly the physical collapse, the drooping head, and relaxed, nerveless arms which must follow such frenzied grief. "Her Eyes," so dainty and finished (which is the first song Franz wrote, by the way), and "For Somebody" are two more perfect expressions of the Scotch poet's exquisite feeling.

No other composer uses two elemental forms, which are the basis of what is most German in music, namely, the Chorale and Folksong, in such a wonderful way as does Franz. The everyday musical nourishment of the German nation is, and ever has been, its superb harmonic chorales, heard constantly in church, and its melodious folksongs, with which it is familiar from infancy. No wonder the Germans are the most deeply musical of peoples with such a rich inheritance in their daily life. Many of Franz's most beautiful songs are chorales in modern harmonic garb, romantic love and religious devotion blending most exquisitely in them. Among

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other songs of this type one would select as fine examples the following: "Supplication," in which the harmonies are particularly rich and stately; "Marie," "Sunday," and "Ave Maria."

As to the other form, that of the Folksong, Finck's remarks apropos of Franz's use of it must be quoted. He says "Folksongs spring up among the people like proverbs, one man originating, another improving them, until, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, they become polished and smoothed to perfection. Such songs, we are inclined to think, were made only in old times, but here, in Franz, is a genius who not only originated scores of them, but also polished them with his own hand until they surpassed in brilliancy the oldest of the song pebbles."

Fräulein von Mitzlaff of Northampton, Mass., in one of her recent Historical Song Evenings, prefaced the program, which included many folksongs, with the following remarks upon their origin and nature: "The folksong originates among the humblest classes, is sung by the people, and is handed down by tradition. It appeals usually to the heart in the most direct manner and asserts sway over the uncultured and the refined alike. The songs of this class are, moreover, associated with the most beautiful melodies, the creation of which necessarily presupposes those strong emotions which animate even the humblest classes of the community. All peoples possessed beautiful national melodies long before artistic compositions were presented to them. The words, together with the tune, both originating simultaneously, constitute the Folksong. It is only conceived as a mere melody, and if harmony is added this is limited to an accompaniment with simplest chords. The musical construction is that of two phrases, in which the second phrase always appears as a parallel to the first." In studying this type of composition as Franz has presented it, one is particularly struck with the following examples "The Sorrowful Maiden;" "Dearest friend look kindly on me;" "Oh, happy, happy little birds;" "From the Eyes to the Heart;" "Sweetheart Is There;" "Folksong from Krain;" "Dance-Song in May," and "Hunting Song." In some cases the polyphonic character of the accompaniment has blended the Art-Song type with the Folksong.

Op. 20, No. 5, represents the pure lyric, while "On the

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Ocean," "Fogland," and "In Autumn" carry us into the most intensely dramatic feelings and musical atmosphere.

In concluding, what Franz writes about himself as a song composer, is of much interest: "That I almost exclusively cultivated the song-form," he says, "and wrote only very little else, was at first the consequence of an irresistible need; afterwards I became convinced that in this form culminated my most individual contents. It was therefore a matter of principle with me not to leave this path." And again, in one of his letters to L. C. Elson, which appear in the latter's "European Reminiscences," he says: "That you do justice to the form of the Lied gives me great pleasure. Until now many have looked on this form with a compassionate shrug of the shoulders, and yet there rests upon it one of the chief factors of music. * * * You regret that there is no work of mine in large form; in my opinion, however, after Beethoven, there was only room for specific lyrical expression, and just in this field have the true modern results been attained. I do not say this to justify or excuse myself, but rest upon the actual facts in the progress of our art. Music began with the lyric, and ends with it; a process of development that is true of poetry also."

Whether we contrast Franz with Schumann, Schubert or Brahms, that trio of this century's song composers whose genius has given us such lovely, bewitching lyrical song gardens, Franz must impress us as a rare master, a marked and unique individuality, complete and perfect in its way.

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SHAKESPEARE AND MUSIC.

BY IRA G. TOMPKINS.

PRELUDE.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.

Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.

Music is
The patroness of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;

—Shakespeare.

Music undoubtedly takes precedence and prerogative of all the fine arts and those faculties and functions of the mind that vocally voice the highest conceptions, aspirations and ideals of the human soul.

The arts of painting and sculpture give outward or external expression to thought, sentiment and beauty, as has been graphically portrayed by Byron in this exquisite description:

There the Goddess lives and loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty.
The veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail:
There—forever there
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphant Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.

—Childe Harold.

"Poetry," as Voltaire says, "is the music of the soul, and, above all, of great and feeling souls." It expresses in pertinent and felicitous language the highest and grandest thoughts and conceptions of the mind; but music gives voice to those divinely tender and holy emotions of the soul that language alone is incapable of giving utterance to.

Elocution and the actor's art strive for the same end as

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music, but when poetry, acting and music are all combined, as in opera, we probably have the highest verbal expression of thought, sentiment and feeling of which the human mind is capable, as well as the acme or ultima thule of music.

That marvelous mind personified by the name of Shakespeare, whose infinite faculty is a microcosm of man, an epitome of the universe, seems to comprehend within its all-enfolding repertoire nearly all themes in the vast world of thought; and not the least of these in importance is that melodious theme which is the sum of all harmonies, and which, as has been said, gives to thought and sentiment its highest vocal expression, and which is the subject of this paper.

It is probably a surprise to most minds that any one mind should know so much of all themes universally. That a poet should know all about poetry, as well as something of music—which is an allied art, "affined and kin"—is not so surprising; but that this knowledge of the latter should extend to the minutest technical details, even to the finest "physiognomy of shades," is a little marvelous, to say the least.

This remarkable acquirement, however, our poet seems to possess, and he has sounded this knowledge through the whole gamut of music, from its lowest note to the top of the compass.

Reference is so frequently made to the poet's wonderful acquaintance with this divine art, that this paper is prepared with the view of giving the reader an exhaustive, classified exhibit of this rare knowledge, which is not only valuable and important—convenient for reference and quotation—but which takes an additional charm from the incomparable language of the master, which in itself is—

> **"As sweet and musical as bright**
> **Apollo's lute, strung with his golden hair."**
>
> **—Love's Labor Lost, iv. 3.**
>
> **"And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears**
> **To steal his sweet and honied sentences."**
>
> **—Henry V., i, 1.**

Incidentally and collaterally the quotations here given, also throw light upon many other important themes, illustrating the wonderful knowledge, wisdom and penetration of this—

> **"Great observer, who looked quite through**
> **The deeds of men; and knew all qualities**
> **With the learned spirit of human dealings."**

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As indicated, poetry and music are considered as allied arts; as Shakespeare calls them, "brother and sister."

POETRY AND MUSIC.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.
—Passionate Pilgrim.

The co-relation existing between poetry and music is so extremely intimate that it seems difficult to conceive of a person who could love poetry and still be insensible to the charms of music. "One god is god of both as poet's feign." This inseparable coexistant relation was recognized by the poet in the very dawn of the arts; and hence we have in ancient mythology, in the person of "the fire-robed god golden Apollo," the tutelar deity of both poetry and music. He is represented as accompanying his verse or song upon the lyre, a peculiar harp-shaped instrument; and this has given name to that style of verse known as the lyric, or lyrical, which is supposed to express especially the individual sentiments or emotions of the poet.

This intimate relation between poetry and music Shakespeare expresses in connection with the demi-god Orpheus, and his lute—

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
—Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 2.

The miraculous and enchanting power of music as personified by this god of melody and song, swaying and controlling even the inanimate elements, the poet has further illustrated in the following quotations:

Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
—Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

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SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

—Henry VIII., iii. 1.

The mythical story connected with Orpheus, as the god of melody and song, is especially interesting, poetical and beautiful. He is said to have been a Thracian poet, musician and philosopher, who lived some fourteen centuries before our era, and was reputed the son of the god Apollo, by Calliope, the silver-voiced chief and most beautiful of the nine muses. He was given to wife the lovely nymph Eurydice, who died from the effects of the bite of a serpent when fleeing from Anstoeus. Orpheus, disconsolate, determined to descend to the lower world, and to obtain permission for his beloved to return to the regions of light. Armed only with his musical instrument, he entered Hades, overcoming Cerberus—"the three-headed Canis," the monster who guarded the gate of the infernal world—solely by the subduing and hypnotic charm of his marvelous music; to which incident our poet has here made this reference:

Had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

—Titus Andronicus, ii. 3.

At the music of his "golden shell"—in the beautiful language of ancient poetry—it is said the wheel of Ixion stopped, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the vulture ceased to gnaw at the vitals of Prometheus.

Pluto and Proserpine—the god and goddess of the infernal regions—were so charmed with the music of Orpheus, that they granted his request; on condition that he did not look

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back on his beloved until he had reached the kingdom of light. Like Lot's wife, he did look back upon her, and the lovely nymph vanished from his sight forever.

Throughout all his works Shakespeare seeks to give to music a supremacy, a potential power and lofty eminence superior to all the other arts, and in pursuance of this his muse invokes supernatural and ideal agencies and effects in portraying it.

His poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, his poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
—Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1.

This may be further seen in that other mythical creation—the mermaid—who is so wondrously endowed with the power of uttering heavenly harmonies, that, with Orpheus, even the material elements are swayed by her magic art.

SEA MAID'S MUSIC.

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
—Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1.

SONG OF THE SIREN.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
—Comedy of Errors, iii. 2.

The poet also clothes this theme with deep and solemn mystery, and lays under contribution the elements of air, earth, and sea, "and they obey him," and serve to grace his subject and give to it a more pronounced emphasis and wonderful effect.

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MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this place.

—Cymbeline, v.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

—Tempest, i. 2.

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

—1st part Henry IV., iii. 1.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather.

—Tempest, i. 2.

Cal. That's not the tune.

(Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.)

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Ib., iii. 2.

Cal. Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing. Ib.

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It sings well, does it not?
What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

—Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 3.

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But to come down from the lofty ideals of the poet to matter-of-fact realities, it will be seen how potent are the charms of music upon the dumb beasts of the field, and the animal kingdom—

> **Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:**
> **With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear**
> **And draw her home with music.**
> **Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.**
> **Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:**
> **For do but note a wild and wanton herd,**
> **Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,**
> **Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,**
> **Which is the hot condition of their blood;**
> **If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,**
> **Or any air of music touch their ears,**
> **You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,**
> **Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze**
> **By the sweet power of music.**
> **—Merchant of Venice, v. 1.**
>
> **Then I beat my tabor;**
> **At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,**
> **Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses**
> **As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears,**
> **That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd. —Tempest, iv. 1.**

If the effect of music is so manifest upon the brute creation, what ought it to be upon man, that "paragon of animals—so noble in reason, so infinite in faculty."

It is so rare to find, and so difficult to conceive, of a person so wanting in sensibility and those finer feelings of the soul as to be insensible to the concord of sweet sounds and the power of "heaven-born melody" that the poet very properly points a most significant moral of such a one, in the oft-quoted lines—

> **The man that hath no music in himself,**
> **Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,**
> **Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;**
> **The motions of his spirit are dull as night,**
> **And his affections dark as Erebus;**
> **Let no such man be trusted. —Merchant of Venice, v. 1.**

Incredible as it may seem, however, there are people utterly callous or insensible to the divinest airs ever sung or played; and such a one was the celebrated Lord Chesterfield—that king of courtesy, lord of manners, and master of the art of compliment—who once wrote a caustic tirade against music.

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As all true courtesy springs spontaneously from the heart, it hardly seems necessary after this to say that his courtesy must have been but the merest gloss, essentially heartless. As the poet significantly says: "Let no such man be trusted."

Shakespeare has presented music under nearly a hundred different aspects or phases; and they will here be given place in as appropriate order as may be, and with but few comments.

One of the most important features of music to be considered, and one where its effects are most apparent, is that in connection with association or conditions—as music in the stillness of the night—by moonlight, or on the water; as may be illustrated by the following quotations:

MUSIC AT NIGHT.

Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect: Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. (Music ceases.)

—Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

—Ib.

How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

—Much Ado, ii. 3.

MUSIC BY MOONLIGHT—SERENADE.

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses with feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy.

—Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1.

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MUSIC OF LOVERS' TONGUES.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

—Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2.

SWEET COMPLAINING GRIEVANCE.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 2.

THANKS FOR A SERENADE.

I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

—Pericles, ii. 5.

HYMN AND CAROL.

No night is now with hymn or carol blest:

—Midsummer Night's Dream, iii.

MUSIC ON THE WATER.
CLEOPATRA'S BARGE—FLUTES.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes.

—Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2, 3.

LOVE, POETRY AND MUSIC.

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

—Love's Labor Lost, iv. 3.

MUSIC THE FOOD OF LOVE.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food of us that trade in love.

—Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5.

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Duke. If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor!

—Twelfth Night, i. 1.

OLD, ANTIQUE SONG.

Duke. Give me some music.
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:

—Ib., ii. 4.

THE OLD AGE.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

—Ib.

SUNG ON EMBER EVES AND HOLY ALES.

It hath been sung at festivals,
To sing a song that old was sung,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.

—Pericles, i.

FAIRY MUSIC—PIPES OF CORN.

When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida.

—Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1.

Shakespeare's muse presents wonderful specimens of the strength and music of our language, as well as facility and felicity of construction; and this power of transferring the inmost truth of things into musical verse makes him—as Emmerson says—the highest type of the poet.

(To be continued.)

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HEARING MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WELTON, A. C. M.

By the sole agency of hearing music can the highest musical culture be attained.

This proposition will delight those musical enthusiasts who have no other means for acquiring musicality, and will suggest to the philanthropic a universality of musical culture not hitherto deemed possible; but it may be doubted by such martyrs to fashion as, having sat through ten seasons of grand opera and symphony concerts, of solo recitals by world-famous artists and unnumbered classic musicales, without appreciation or pleasure, have risen from the last with ears stunned and distracted and with faculties harassed and stupefied. While the proposition will be disputed by many professional musicians who, though devoted to so-called music study, the major part of their lives, though they are of the Brahmin caste in the art world (disdainfully rejecting all things common, thanking God every day they are not as other men), are yet unable to comprehend music in its higher forms well enough to enjoy it without piecing out their partial music-conceptions with rhetorical and verbal patches.*

To such sceptics it may be replied: "There has hitherto been no systematic training in the hearing of music. Neither school, conservatory, private teacher, nor other keeper of the mysteries has provided a systematic exposition of music for the hearer. A few professedly historical concerts have been given, but the programs of concerts and other musical occasions were commonly constructed to exploit an artist or an artistic fad of the conductor—to exhibit one's pupils or to fulfill some social or other exigency rather than to train the hearer. Failure to comprehend and enjoy music has therefore been general. Success would be as general were systematic training in music hearing adopted."

But a still stronger reason for systematic training of this

*See Appendix A.

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kind is the fact that musical culture can only be effected through the ear. Stating the proposition in another way: What is heard, and only that, promotes musical culture.

It is evident that vocal, instrumental or theoretic study cannot promote it except as they increase opportunities for the student to hear music, for efforts of the eye and intelligence in interpreting the signs of music, or action of the muscles of the hand or the throat in producing sounds cannot affect the musical nature. Nor does the possession of any degree of technic (though it were the highest possible) imply musicality if the memory that controls the more or less automatic production of the tonal sequences be visual or muscular—if it be other than aural.

The deficiency in sympathetic musical expression exhibited by many virtuosos of world-wide celebrity is thus explainable. With them music is an affair of the eye or muscles. So also with many theorists, students of harmony and others, who promptly perceive violations of rules or agreement with them with the eye, but cannot perceive them through the ear because they are musically deaf.

To be musical one must possess a specially sensitive ear, an emotional nature particularly susceptible to tonal effects (aural impressions), and an intelligence trained to perceive tonal relations. Only by hearing is the ear's sensitivity increased or maintained; only by hearing music is the emotional nature made responsive to tonal effects; while a theory of tonal relations learned from textbooks or otherwise than from aural observation tends to musical pedantry, not culture. (The outer deafness of a Beethoven or a Smetana is but an apparent exception to the foregoing. With them remained the power to imagine sound—a sensitive inner ear, so to speak. By its exercise the musical nature, turned upon itself in the isolation of such a one, was intensified.)

Music can be presented to the musical intelligence directly, as when it is actually performed, or by the mediation of the eye, when, therefore, its sounds must be imagined. That the value of these modes of presentation may more readily be ascertained the more common forms of each mode are presented in the following table:

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TABLE OF THE WAYS MUSIC CAN BE PRESENTED TO THE INTELLIGENCE.

MODE I. The music is actually performed:

(1) by one's self.

(a) as in playing or singing from notes.

(b) as in playing or singing in conformity with visual memory.

(c) as in playing or singing in conformity with muscular memory.

(d) as when in improvisation the fingers lead the inventive faculty captive.

(e) as when composing(?) at the keyboard. ("Clavier-riding." Bach.)

(2) by another than one's self.

(a) as in a concert, recital or other occasion.

MODE II. The sounds of the music are imagined:

(1) through the eye.

(a) without the intervention of any instrument.

(b) while the reader plays a dumb keyboard that produces the rhythms, but not the tones.

(c) while the reader sings or plays a sounding instrument.

(2) through the musical memory.

(a) the hearer sings or plays in conformity therewith.

(b) the hearer does not sing or play.

(3) through the inventive faculty.

(a) as when composing away from the keyboard.

(b) as when developing an idea in improvisation.

In all the forms of Mode I the music is heard coincidently with its performance.

In all the forms of Mode II the music is heard by an image in the mind before it is performed—that is, independent of its physical production.

For the executive musician, player or singer who would be an artist skill in the second mode is essential. As in reading a language, grasping the idea with the mind and uttering the words with the voice are independent acts, so may similar acts in music be independent. Reading in advance of performance permits one to compare the present musical conception with self-erected standards or the effects observed in other artists,

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and thereby secure a better rendition, while the effort necessarily made by the musical nature in reviving tonal impressions and recombining them in the order of the music that the eye surveys deeply graves the tonal images on the mind, is a most effective aid in musical culture.

In the form II (1) (b) one element of difficulty—that of imagining the rhythms—is removed; the hand produces them. The difficulty in imagining the sounds is also considerably lessened. For on most instruments of this class, such as the Virgil Clavier, the organ keyboard (without sounding stops), etc., some effects of force, speed and cadence endings can be actually realized. Such instruments may be used as a help toward music reading with the eye alone in the earlier stages of study, but are to be dismissed as soon as possible, for it is not what can be produced from such instruments that makes for musical culture (technical skill is not now in question), but what can not be so produced—what must therefore be imagined. (Appendix B.) But actual hearing by some of the forms of Mode I. must precede such an exercise of the imagination. The latter is a reliable guide only within the limits of previous aural experience. The mind creates nothing. It but recollects and recomposes (recombines) experiences. Concerning an effect not previously heard, such as that of an unknown instrument or an unknown tonal combination, the imagination may make a happy guess, but the chances against it are as infinity to one.

It is only by actual hearing that the creative(?) or executive musician ascertains what effects are desirable or otherwise—what to imitate or to avoid. Only thus does he acquire a fund of practical, musical experience. Doubtless dogmatic rules are otherwise obtainable, but rules without experimental knowledge are but hindrances, not helps.

Whether the music that must be actually heard will be self-produced or produced by another will depend on circumstances. If possible it should be the latter. Listening to another permits a degree of mental abstraction and concentrated attention that personal activity, as in one's own performance, would limit or thwart. Indeed personal activity may so far engross the attention in self-produced music that the performer is unable to listen to the music and consequently remains musically uncultured and unformed. Many a student

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continues in error because, unable to listen (having never learned), he does not perceive his faults. Then there are many effects, choral, orchestral, etc., of which no solo performance can give an adequate idea, and there are many vocal and instrumental effects of which the piano can give but a feeble imitation.

It is evident, therefore, that students of music and advanced musicians occupy a status identical with that of a musical enthusiast such as was described in the opening paragraph of this work, as having no other means of acquiring musicality beside hearing music.

To hear music is the need of all.

To hear music produced by another the best mode for all.

And there is a common need of a systematic course in music-hearing.

The order in which the various forms of music must be presented in a systematic exposition of musical literature is that of gradually increasing complexity in structure and significance in content from a beginning with simple forms, substantially as follows:

ORDER OF PRESENTATION FOR A COURSE IN MUSIC-HEARING.

I. Ballads, folksongs, etc.
II. Dance music for the piano.
III. Comic opera in any language.
IV. Grand opera in any language.
V. Church music.
    (1) Chants, hymn tunes.
    (2) Anthems.
VI. Cantatas, oratorios.
VII. Piano music.
    (1) Variations.
    (2) Imitative and descriptive pieces.
    (3) Songs without words.
VIII. Concerted music for the piano with another instrument, preferably the reed organ, vocalion or pipe organ.
IX. Band music.
    (1) Marches, quicksteps, etc.
    (2) Transcriptions of choral music.

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X. Overtures, incidental music, etc., for small (theatre) orchestra.
XI. Rondos, sonatas, etc., for the piano.
XII. Chamber music, mainly for string band.
XIII. Symphonies, etc., for grand orchestra.
XIV. Organ music.
XV. Organ fugues by Bach and others.
XVI. Virtuosity in all classes.

The first advantage afforded by the foregoing "order" is that the hearer whatever his degree of skill, can readily ascertain his grade thereby; ascertain with what forms he is familiar or unfamiliar; can thereby guide his studies in hearing. Thus he will be able to select the program suited to his present needs (his grade) should choice offer, as is common in large cities. Or he will be guided in the expression of preference in home music and impromptu occasions and will know for what to listen in all programs and in individual pieces at each stage of his progress. He will thus pass by insensible degrees from one class to another. Whether the entire course will ever be heard in the order of the outline may be doubtful. But the order can be approximated by the method just stated.

The choice of individual pieces within each class will be governed by the principle of gradually increasing complexity, influenced by a preference for the common, the popular, expressed in the musical idioms of to-day, rather than for the uncommon, though classic, if expressed in idioms remote in time or sentiment. The choice is practically limited by the student's frequent inability to hear a particular piece at a particular time. Titles of pieces are therefore not written. Nor is it essential. It is rather the qualities that are common in all pieces of a class that the student should observe than those that distinguish particular pieces. What those general qualities are can be learned from the syllabus below. It is also true that if Classes I. and II., in which the most general structural and esthetic relations of music are presented, are thoroughly studied (i. e., heard) as directed in the syllabus some portions of the course can be omitted without great detriment.

Classes I. and II., in which simple forms of melody, rhythm, harmony, timbre, etc., clothe single states of feeling or one chief state (readily perceivable states of feeling in readily dis-

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tinguishable forms) are the only absolutely essential classes. Fortunately these are the classes most conveniently studied. They can be presented well enough by some member of any family, high musical skill being less necessary than patient continuance in well doing. Should patience become exhausted or should a severer taste prejudice the player or singer against the necessarily simple (and popular) pieces necessary for first studies in hearing, the eolian, the symphony or other automatic instrument may be available. Because the personal element is eliminated from them; because of the opportunity they afford the hearer (if also player) for the exercise of taste, and because of their practically inexhaustible catalogues such instruments are an admirable recourse. The zealous student is also referred to the street piano, the street band, hand organ, restaurant orchestra and other incidental sources of sounds, commonly considered afflictions. The botanist or poet does not despise the common grass or "flower in the crannied wall." Why should the music student despise the common things in the world of sound?

But a better and more practicable course in most cases were to form clubs in music hearing. For them superior singers and players might be engaged. Though it would be impossible to present operas, oratorios and other similar works in their entirety, preliminary analyses of such work as could be heard elsewhere might be made before the club. Such a club, from its nature, would encourage all forms of musical activity, and by united action would furnish opportunities to its members to hear the higher forms of music.

In such enterprises, managers of music schools and conservatories, private teachers and artists (indeed, all musicians) would co-operate if actuated by other than sordid motives and would find pleasure no less than follow duty in promoting in every possible way concerts, recitals and every musical undertaking, whether public, semi-public or private. That his art (and his own personality) may be respected and favorably regarded by his vicinage, the musician should aid toward their musical cultivation by frequent students' recitals and concerts as well as his own—giving his best efforts, not grudgingly or disdainfully, but benevolently and graciously.

But we have digressed too far. We cannot justly be holden to furnish opportunities for hearing music to the student.

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Resuming the main line of thought, it may reasonably be claimed that when in following this course the modern symphony is reached the hearer will appreciate and enjoy the complicated rhythms and harmonies, the new and strange timbres, the bizarre melodies and the abrupt dynamic changes that now are without significance.

By hearing only he will have attained the highest musical culture.

II.

As was seen above, musical culture consists in training the ear, the emotional nature and the intelligence. Corresponding to the two last conditions are two typical modes of hearing music, namely:

I. The passive, in which the emotive sensibilities mainly respond, in which one is only conscious that he feels, if even conscious of that.

II. The active, in which the intellect takes cognizance of tonal and structural relations (musical science) and the worth of the rendition (musical criticism).

To the first mode belong those supremest moments in emotional experience when the tenderness or might of music are most clearly revealed, of which the memory forever abides.

That such moments are so rare is because this mode of hearing is commonly neglected by students, the sensitive in human nature receiving only incidental recognition. Purely emotional hearing has even been condemned by some as morally weakening. To be entirely consistent such moralists should wholly interdict music, for its metier is its appeal to the emotions, as its function is to develop and train them. By the influence of usual methods of study and practice the attention is habitually engrossed in structural and formal considerations with the technic of composition and the manner of rendition (the second mode of hearing) to such a degree that the hearer misses the spiritual message, the loveliest and most exquisite part. By excess of musical learning becoming unmusical. (Like dry-as-dust commentators on classic poetic texts, without sentiment or fancy.)

Such listeners must resign their sophistication: close one sense by shutting the eyes, fixing them on a color or a crystal; seek to regain the innocence of the ear and then feel the primal simplicities of music, sense-impressions of tones,

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rhythms, timbres, inflections and modifications of force, speed, etc., uninfluenced by intellectual or extra-musical considerations. Thus losing themselves, they will gain higher selves; thus speechless, they will interpret a mystical language—the language of all time and the universe!

This mode of hearing is evidently available for any one, as the only requisite is a sensitive physical ear. A specially gifted nature or one systematically trained can in this way appreciate the most advanced art work without other training. Let us be understood. A rustic, a tramp or a man-of-affairs can thus appreciate and enjoy a Beethoven symphony as well as the most skillful artist if the sensibilities by nature or through training are as keen.

But hearing by the second mode must not be neglected. It has its utilities and its peculiar pleasures.

Its chief utility is that of criticism. The active hearer must sustain the whole burden of criticism. For in the passive hearer, by the definition the critical faculty is silenced. So the latter be drunken he cares not whether the liquor be Chian wine or of some baser quality. Such a one may say if a piece be potent or otherwise, but as his judgment will vary according to the variation in his moods or physical conditions, it has slight critical value. On some occasions, sublimest music will leave him unmoved except for the mild disdain he feels for such impotent stuff. On other occasions he (more commonly she) is hypnotized (perhaps self-hypnotized) so completely that inanest or most vulgar music, produced by wretched singers, with disgusting tremors and exasperatingly false intonations, that lacerate sensitive nerves, do not awaken him (or her). The music ends and such a one murmurs, ecstatically smiling, "was not that exquisite?" Plainly such a hearer is disqualified for the role of critic. But, unaware of disqualification, mistaking strong feeling for deep science, such a hearer will assert valueless opinions with passionate fervor. Were specimens of this genus less common or less prejudicial to the purity of art the occupation of so much space in their description were inexcusable.

The function of critic, therefore, must be assumed by the active hearer. He must compare the art work and the manner of its rendition with standards of the same classes and thus determine their comparative worth.

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But his jurisdiction is limited. In the absence of a standard, as when a novel art form or effect appears, his judgment has only the force of an individual opinion. The final court in such cases—the court that places a Schumann or Chopin or other pathbreaker is the consensus of feeling (but not of intellect) of a public habituated to the composer's (or artist's) idiosyncrasy, through dilutions and infusions of the original lymph, so to speak, derived from his imitators. The final court is the public of a succeeding generation.

The pleasures afforded by active hearing may briefly be noted.

There is a keen intellectual delight in perceiving tonal and structural relations as the music is unfolded, for no human invention is more subtle.

Anticipation of a composer's treatment of his themes in a new work and the erection of standards through frequent rehearing of old (classic) works are enjoyable. For these and many other reasons those who are unable to think of music in terms of its science must sometimes give o'er the anodynes of music dreaming and awaken the intellect.

By which mode of hearing—active or passive—the total of utility and pleasure is greater cannot be answered categorically. It depends on the mental, moral and physical constitution and condition of the hearer and the performer and the nature of the work. Less broadly, it depends on the dominancy of the emotions or the intellect in the hearer.*

For the fullest enjoyment both faculties should, doubtless, be alert, the temperament being so plastic that the hearer may pass to either psychical condition—activity or passivity—at will: Floating (passively) on melody's pinions when the composer wills, but exercising the intellect when for contrast or relief the composer passes to other altitudes or zones.

(To be concluded.)

*Oratory and poetry exhibit a similar conflict. In each there are moments in which passion bears us away, others in which the reason is appealed to. So also in the methods of religious instruction there are intellectual expositions of the doctrines of dogmatic theology. Which is better? It cannot be answered. Both are necessary. So also with the two modes of hearing music.

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A GREEK MUSICAL COMPOSITION OF THE THIRD CENTURY, B. C.

BY LUDVIK KUBA.

It is really strange that whereas, in poetry and sculpture, ancient Greek culture has served as a keystone for all modern nations of Europe, has been a model, an ideal at times unattainable, a mother who has educated generations after generations—in the art of music, the Greeks have left us to ourselves and our own efforts.

We have inherited only a few fragments of musical theory, which, however, render greater services to science than to art. It is true there are still a few specimens of ancient Greek musical compositions extant; but they are either of doubtful origin or authenticity ("Chrysea Phorminx," a hymn by Pindarus), or they are works of the period of decadence of Greek musical art, the second century after Christ (the hymns of Mesomedos), or the fragments are too small to be of any importance. In all, the number of these compositions hardly exceeds that of fingers on one hand.

The character of Greek music has consequently been the subject of much fruitless speculation, and the most varied theories and opinions have found currency in the learned world, all being the product of fancy rather than research. On one point, however, there has been a general consensus of opinion, to wit, that in the field of music the Greeks had accomplished very little. This view has been supported by a grim fact: the absence of musical compositions. Though it appeared quite strange that a nation of like talents, a nation which has laid foundations for nearly all branches of science and art, and built proud structures upon those foundations, should have been so poor in music, yet the general view, hardly flattering for the Greeks, was finally adopted even by the most zealous of all Graecophils.

And yet it was not necessary to give up all hope, inasmuch as the most powerful argument, the absence of musical

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compositions, is not entitled to such weight in this matter as it is usually given. Just let us compare the three arts.

The plastic arts work both in time and place. A statue, or a palace, if once completed, will, thanks to their physical substance, last until they be demolished by some mechanical means. In order to save them for future generations it is only necessary to exercise a passive care, that is, protect them against destruction by the elements. Music, however, exists in time only. It dies the very moment it is born. With its last tone it dies away, it ceases to exist. It must be remembered that notes are not music; they are simply a means to revive dead music. Notes are written music, and as such they could not exist before music; music did not find an alphabet ready for its reception.

It is true that, in this respect, the character of poetry agrees with that of music—and yet the Greeks have preserved a great many poetical works in writing. Why did they not preserve any musical compositions?

Here we are at the very bottom of the dispute: the poets were not obliged to invent or create for themselves any new characters or signs, they could simply use at once the marks generally employed in expressing ideas in a visible form on marble or parchment. The musical composers, however, found no such marks or characters for writing music, they had first to invent them.

Even if the Greeks should have had no means of writing music, it would by no means follow that they would not have had music. We may point to an analogous case. The common people of all nations have their songs, their melodies and instrumental music; they have cultivated this art for thousands of years—and yet they know no notes. At times their productions are of admirable beauty, such as the polyphonic choruses of Russia, or the gypsy songs—and yet they are performed without any notation. The people feel no need of musical notation; their sensitive heart and musical memory serve them best, and you may hear a group of fifty Russians singing faultlessly a magnificent polyphonic chorus without notes.

And the Greeks advanced far enough in music to feel the need of musical notations, and they were able at least partially to satisfy that need; melodies connected with definite

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texts they notated by placing above the text letters indicating tones, their pitch and duration.

It is true they did not know how to write down independent, instrumental music; with them instrumental accompaniment was either improvised or memorized. Still it is evident that, having gone so far in musical notation, they must have accomplished much in practice.

It is now definitely settled that those who have entertained unfavorable opinions concerning the Greeks in this respect, have really been mistaken.

In May, 1893, there has been discovered at Delphi a Hymnus to Apollo, of which more than two-thirds were found, and which surpasses everything that has heretofore been considered as Greek music, both as regards its unquestioned authenticity and its artistic and musical value.

In digging at Delphi, the French school of Athens unearthed two large plates of marble engraved with twenty-three lines of text and almost eighty bars of music in the five-quarter measure. Both the text and the notes prove that there must have been a third plate, for which a careful search is being made.

It took M. Th. Reinach, who is a renowned Hellenist and, happily too, a scholarly musician, almost all winter to decipher the musical notes. Interesting for musical palaeographists is his statement to the effect that it is much easier to decipher Greek musical notes than to write a musical score in characters of the XIV. century. He declares that deciphering Greek notes is merely a matter of patience. His words are, of course, but partially true, at the same time bearing testimony to the eminent scholar's modesty.

On the 26th of March, 1894, that interesting composition was performed the first time at a soiree given by the French school. The king of Greece himself was conscious of the solemnity of the occasion, and was present in person in order to do homage to the spirit of his great ancestors. On the 12th of April the composition was performed in Paris, in the circular hall of the Palace of Fine Arts, immediately after in Bodinier's theater, and finally in the hall of the Hotel des Savartes, at a soiree of the learned historical society, the Cercle de Saint-Simon.

There have been, and will be, but very few performances

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which could boast of so attentive and devout listeners as this particular composition. Although musicians and scholars of repute were alone admitted, the halls were always crowded, and many had to go unsatisfied on account of lack of space. It was undoubtedly owing to my being a foreigner* that I was honored with an invitation to that interesting performance.

The great find in question is really an event in the history of music and of civilization. The Hymnus was written in the third century before Christ. It was composed in honor of a victory of the Greeks over the Gaul. On that occasion prizes were offered for the best hymns in honor of Apollo. The composition in question must have been awarded the first prize, else they would not have had it engraved on marble.

The opening verses praise Apollo, the son of Zeus, then follows a condemnation of the Gaul whose armies the Greeks, assisted by the god Apollo, had driven away from the walls of Athens; thereupon the muses are addressed, and the Greek women exhorted to sing a chorus in honor of the gods. Here the text is broken. A third plate must be found if we are to form definite opinions of the whole.

As regards the music of the Hymnus, it may be divided into three parts. The first part moves in the diatonic scale, in the Dorian mode (our A minor with G, with a closing in E). This grave, solemn and festive music is followed by something that is a perfect surprise for any musician who has some notion of ancient Greek music. The rigid diatonic scale has ever been considered as the principal characteristic mark of the unknown music of the Hellenes. And see! The middle part of the composition moves in prolix chromatics such as we have been accustomed to find only in Wagner! The striking, self-conscious introduction is followed by a strain of yearning marked by soft, delicate and warm transitions from tone to tone. The third, unfinished, part is identical with the first in both its character and its mode.

If the third plate shall be found, too, the find may be declared to be epoch-making, inasmuch as it will furnish us with a truthful, though partial, conception of ancient Hellenic musical form. For the present all our interest is centered in the chromatic middle part of the composition. That part is really

*The author is a noted Bohemian musician and collector of Slavonic folksongs.

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a new discovery that will broaden our knowledge of Greek music.

In regard to rhythm it deserves to be noted that periodicity is here disregarded. Hearing those long lines of sound we are instinctively reminded of the endless Wagnerian melody, and the figure of that famous musical reformer becomes all the more prominent in our immediate impressions as we listen to the chromatic middle part of an ancient Greek composition! We are quite astonished to see the great man of the nineteenth century A. D. join hands with the unknown composer of the third century B. C., over the heads of the numerous representatives of various schools and systems of musical art which have flourished during the intervening centuries.

Personally I am interested chiefly in the fact that the views which I have ever entertained concerning Wagner and his relation to folk-music and the music of ancient Greece, have been fully confirmed here. Since 1888 I have visited the Balkan peninsula every year for the purpose of studying its folk-music, and I have found that the people of the Balkan are still governed by the same principles that governed the art of the ancient Greeks and which found in Wagner an able interpreter. With the Greeks the melody and the text represented a married couple in which the word was the husband and music its obedient wife. Both were usually the product of one mind. It is the same in the Balkan peninsula. The song is sung not for the sake of the melody, but for the sake of the word, the creation of the poet. And Wagner simply attempted to free the word from the fetters with which music had bound it. It was a reaction, but a wholesome one, in the direction of the views of the people and the ancient Greeks.

The Hymnus to Apollo was performed with an accompaniment by the harp and the harmonium, composed by M. Gabriel Faure. It is necessary for the public and it does not offend the musician. It is a piece of hard work which deserves praise. The Hymnus, with a piano accompaniment and Greek and French text, has just been published. This edition will surely be hailed everywhere with great joy. The joy, however, will not be complete until we shall hear from Athens that the third plate has been found.

Let us cherish that blissful hope!

Translated from the OSVETA by

JOSEF JIRI KRAL.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL CONCEPTION.

LESSON I.

BY BERTRAM C. HENRY.

As stated in the September number of MUSIC, imagination is the faculty concerned in musical conception. Reproductive imagination must be trained before the creative power can become active. Reproductive imagination presupposes clear perception, and this in turn depends upon the comparison of likenesses and differences. Practical exercises must be constructed in accordance with these principles. Exact discrimination and mental reproduction of what is heard give the key to the whole subject.

STEP I.

Tone, the material of music, offers the first subject for study. Noises are plentiful and cannot be entirely shut out from the most secluded class-room. Let the teacher call attention to the difference between any of the noises that force themselves upon the ear—the rattle of carriages in the street, the sound of footsteps, the banging of a door, the clatter of a stick falling to the floor—and the musical tones produced by the voice or by any instrument which may be at hand. Careful listening will lead to the discovery that the sounds we call tones are steady, while noises wave up and down. Tones, moreover, seem to be compact and regular—we speak of a round tone—while noises are irregular, like a blotch. Finally, and most important of all, tones can be combined in various ways, consecutively, in melodies, simultaneously, in chords, making new wholes in which the parts are still perfectly distinct. Noises do not make us feel that they belong to each other as do the tones of a melody or a chord. Now let a simple melody be sung by several different voices in succession and played on as many different instruments as may be at hand. In this we get several different kinds of tone, but the tune remains the same, whether given by the voice, the piano, the violin, or

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the flute. The tone depends upon the pitch and time-relations of the tones, and it is definiteness of pitch—the tune-capacity, so to speak—which distinguishes tone from noise.

For the sake of securing the most attentive listening, some practice may be given in distinguishing different instruments by the quality of tone they produce. Children may be exercised upon toy-instruments, according to Schumann's suggestion. The variety of tone-color may be increased by using a few glasses, tuned by being filled with water to different depths, and played by being rubbed on the rim with a moistened finger. In a class, each individual in turn may try to distinguish the voices of the others as they sing short phrases or single tones, at the same pitch and with the same vowel. All this is intended simply to cultivate the habit of attentive listening. Reproductive exercises now begin.

STEP II.

Definiteness of pitch we found to be the most important characteristic of tone, as distinguished from noise. Pitch is what we are thinking of when we say that one tone is higher or lower than another. The simple relations of up and down are first to be considered. Play and sing short scales and arpeggios, and let the pupil say whether the movement is upward or downward. Let him sing the figures after you when they are within the compass of his voice, as they should be at first. If he has no difficulty in distinguishing the direction of the movement, then play figures still higher and lower. Next take pairs of tones in natural intervals, and let him say whether the second is higher or lower than the first. These should also be sung by the pupil. Make the intervals large at first, and gradually decrease them. A moderate degree of tone deafness can be cured by starting with tones which can be recognized as different in pitch and gradually lessening the distance, though in this case reproductive exercises would have to be confined to the imitation of the speaking voice for a while. When the pupil can hear that tones a minor second apart are different tones, and can tell which is the higher when they are sounded in succession, he is ready to go on to

STEP III.

Play or sing an octave of a major scale, first up, then down, starting with the tones, and let the pupil sing it after you. Call

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his attention to the finished impression it leaves. Now play the same scale up and down an octave, but beginning and ending with the second degree. Call the pupil's attention to the fact that now the scale seems unfinished. Start in similar fashion from each degree of the scale, and let the pupil feel how much it seems like getting home finally to come back to the tonic. No other note gives the same sense of repose as the keynote. Take other short and simple melodies, first play the correct form, then substitute some other note for the final tonic, and let the pupil contrast the effects.

Take some tone in the middle of the pupil's range of voice, say g. Strike it upon the piano and have the pupil sing it. After dwelling on it long enough to let it completely dominate the pupil's mind, play g, a flat, g, then g, a, g, and ask which sounds the more natural. The answer will be in favor of the latter, whereupon the pupil should sing g, a, g. Next play g, a, g, f sharp, g, then g, a, g, f, g, and ask once more which sounds the more natural. If the pupil favors f sharp, as he undoubtedly will, let him sing the phrase, being very particular about the intonation of the f sharp. From this point on, the method of treating the reproductive exercises should be as follows: Tell the pupil to listen carefully, while you play the phrase through, then tell him to sing it to himself as you play it a second time, finally let him sing it by himself. Now go on comparing g, a, b flat, a, g, with g, a, b, a, g, then g, f sharp, f, f sharp, g with g, f sharp, e, f sharp, g, then g, a, b, c, b, a, g, with g, a, b, c sharp, b, a, g, and g, f sharp, e, e flat, e, f sharp, g, with g, f sharp, e, d, e, f sharp, g. After each comparison play the whole series of notes accepted so far, beginning and ending with g. At last we get the seven principal tones of the key of g. Now something may be said about the fact that the tones constitute a family called a key, and that g is the head of the family and is called the keynote or tonic. Nothing need be said previously of any names for notes. The sounds alone should receive attention. In the succeeding steps names will be used.

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THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.

BY ARTHUR CYRIL GORDON WELD.

(Fourth Paper.)

BRASS AND PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS.

The combined group of brass and percussion instruments brings us into an almost entirely new field of coloring and tone painting. That is to say (with one exception), the instruments with which we now have to deal are of a wholly different nature from any which we have thus far encountered. Drums and trumpets breathe the impassioned but barbaric strains of war and the mighty chords of the trombones inspire us with thoughts of great and noble undertakings. But aside from these poetical and sentimental views, the practical value of this double group cannot be overestimated in modern instrumental combinations. The brass adds a volume and breadth to the fortissimo which could be unobtainable in any other way, while the rhythmic importance of the various percussion instruments is one of the most indispensable characteristics of the orchestra.

But, as we said above, all this applies to this group—with one exception, namely, the French horn, one of the most beautiful instruments at the disposal of the modern composer, and with a detailed consideration of its characteristics we may well begin our review of this group.

It is known by various names: In English we call it the French born, while the French name it "cor de chasse" (hunting horn), which latter appellation is practically duplicated by the German name, "waldhorn." These two last terms are both derived from the original form and usage of this instrument which was primarily used as a means of calling and signaling during the chase, its circular form arising from the fact that it was carried around the huntsman's neck (and under one arm), in order to leave his hands free for the manipulation of his horse and his weapons. although the instrument was always in

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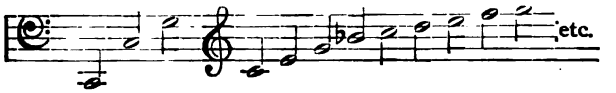
such a position that the mouth-piece could be seized by the lips without help from the hands. Such horns are still used on the Continent in this way, and if well played (as is seldom the case, however), they possess a perfect beauty of tone which their improved prototypes have lost, for reasons which will be explained later.

With the horn we enter the realm of the more difficult "transposing instruments," and a detailed explanation of all which this phrase implies would more than occupy the entire space allotted to this article. Fortunately the recent improvements have caused the old transposing horns and trumpets to be almost wholly superseded and the modern ventil, or piston instruments, which now occupy their places in the orchestra, possess the chromatic scale with remarkable evenness and equality of tone.

Yet we cannot properly pass over the old "natural" instruments without a few words of explanation. We must assume that all students sufficiently advanced to be interested in the study of instrumentation, are familiar with the fact that all tubes are capable of producing a certain series of notes which are called "natural" or "harmonic" tones.* The manner in



NATURAL NOTES OF THE TRUMPET.

which they are produced is independent of any mechanism and depends entirely upon the greater or less tension of the lip muscles. If then it is desired to obtain any note which is foreign to this series, this can only be done by shortening or lengthening the tube and thus creating a wholly new instrument, as it were, which possesses a different series of "harmonic" tones. Or rather, to speak with greater scientific correctness, the same series of tones harmonically, but in a different key. This point should be entirely clear, as this principle applies to all brass instruments.

It will be seen, then, that in old compositions the music for the horn and kindred instruments was subject to the following annoying conditions:

A.—Either the composer having selected a horn in a certain

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key, was obliged to write absolutely no other notes than the "harmonic" tones of the instrument thus selected, or,

B.—He was obliged, in case some foreign note was indispensable in the horn, to write it in such a manner that the performer had time to lay down the instrument not possessing that note, and take up one with a longer or shorter tube, as the case might be, which did possess the required tone.

Certainly a clumsy process and one which filled the composer's path with obstacles at first apparently not easy to overcome. How could it be expected, for instance, that a poor orchestral player in the olden time would possess half a dozen or more horns in the various keys? And here was the first obstacle to be overcome, which was accomplished in the neighborhood of 1740, as nearly as can be positively ascertained, by the introduction of various "crooks," so-called, which were slipped into the instrument, thus lengthening or shortening the tube. This requires some further explanation. The actual hunting horn was an unbroken tube twisted into three circles, the mouth-piece also being immovable. The orchestral horn, as improved, consisted of three pieces, the body, the crook, and the mouth-piece. The length of the body, which terminates in the fifteen-inch broad bell, was a fixed factor, namely, seven feet and four inches, or eighty-eight inches, and the length of the various crooks varied with the key desired, as follows:

A natural, 26 inches.
A flat, 31 1-2 inches.
G, 40 inches.
F, 55 inches.
E, 63 1-3 inches.
E flat, 68 3-4 inches.
D, 79 inches.
C basso, 105 inches.

In other words, the length of the tube increases as the pitch descends. Thus, the entire length of the instrument in A natural, with the proper crook in place, is 114 inches, or 9 feet, 4 inches, while that of the horn in C basso is 193 inches, or 16 feet, 1 inch. The various crooks are so constructed that they can be put in place, removed and changed with great rapidity, and the whole instrument is curved in a manner causing the greatest economy of space, the orchestral instrument being much smaller and more compact than the hunting horn proper.

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In this manner the first obstacle was overcome, namely, a horn-player only needed one horn, with a few of the more necessary crooks, to enable him to play his various parts. But the second obstacle was hardly less great, namely, that it took as much time to change the crooks as it did to change the whole instrument, and consequently a tone foreign to the instrument in hand had to be preceded by sufficient rest to enable the player to change the crook and substitute that which could produce the desired tone.

An accident led to the partial overcoming of this difficulty. When the horn was first used freely as an orchestral instrument, round about 1750 let us say, it was fashionable to consider its tone as too rough and loud for in-door music, and it was freely criticised on this score. Similar strictures were passed on the tone of the oboe at that time (and it must be admitted with much more foundation), and the oboe players had endeavored to correct this alleged fault in their instruments, by partially stopping the bell with a wad of cotton, a measure which was quite effective in producing the desired softening of tone. In 1770 it occurred to one Hampl, a Dresden court horn-player, to adopt the same means with his horn, but to his infinite surprise, on inserting a wad of cotton into the bell of his instrument he found the pitch raised a semi-tone! Being a man of quick intelligence he saw in his accidental discovery the means of correcting the chief fault of his instrument. Using his hand instead of the wad of cotton he found that he was able to produce nearly all the semi-tones missing from the "harmonic" tones, by more or less "stopping" the horn, as the technical phrase goes, and this method of playing the instrument became the standard until the introduction of pistons or ventils in 1824. This first patent was taken out by an Englishman named John Shaw. It was followed by a still better improvement, in 1838, and since that time the admirable inventions of the great instrument-maker, Sax, as well as others, have brought the various ventil instruments to a high stage of perfection. This improvement may be easily explained in a few words. The modern horn is constructed in such a way that the depression of the keys or ventils opens valves, which lengthen the tube, or in other words, place the entire instrument in another key, as completely as the intro-

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duction of a new crook would do; in fact, a new crook is introduced, but by mechanical means. These valves, pistons or ventils are generally three in number; one lowers the instrument half a tone, another a whole tone, and the last a tone and a half; all three together then would lower the instrument three tones, etc., etc. Thus the entire instrument can be instantly transposed at will into whatever key contains the desired note, and with this perfection the orchestral horn has become not only one of the most beautiful but one of the most useful, indeed indispensable, instruments at the disposal of the modern composer.

The regular complement of horns for the modern orchestra is four, but these are to be rather considered as two pairs, so to speak, than as a group of four. In other words, the first and second horns are one pair and the third and fourth horns a second pair. After the first horn the most important passages are thus entrusted to the third, the second and fourth being in each case subordinate and supplementary.

Their position in the partitur, as we have already learned, is at the head of the group of brass and percussion instruments. It is true that Wagner removed them from this place and installed them in the wood wind group between the clarinets and the bassoons, but few composers have followed him in this decided innovation. His reason for so doing is based on the claim that the manner of their usage classes them rather with the wood than with the brass, but this is open to considerable discussion, and the fact remains that they are brass instruments, and this, together with the peculiarities of their mechanism, entitle them, in the opinion of most composers and theoreticians, to the traditional position which they have so long retained.

The horn is always written in C, preceded in the partitur by a note as to the pitch of the instrument to be used. Thus, if we read in the score "Horn in F" we transpose the passage a major fifth lower to obtain the correct notes. In other words, the C of an F horn gives F. The longer the tube of any brass instrument the better the quality of tone, and for this reason the higher pitched horns have become entirely obsolete excepting in military bands. The horns commonly used at the present time are those in E, E flat, D (unusual), D flat (unusual), C basso, and B flat basso, the latter chiefly for

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its low tones, and most of all the horn in F. Indeed, nine out of ten orchestral hornists play everything on an F horn, preferring to transpose passages written for other horns than to change the instrument. The F horn possesses remarkable mellowness of tone, a peculiarly even scale and its high G gives C with remarkable clearness and beauty, all of which advantages, together with other minor ones, have given it the palm over its fellows. It is probably no exaggeration to say that ninety-nine out of 100 composers use the F horn exclusively, and this fact is also accountable for the cause of its popularity among the horn-players themselves. That is to say, they use it so much oftener than any other that they become accustomed to it and thus, as stated above, would rather transpose than change the instrument. This, however, is something which should not be permitted by a completely artistic conductor. The great composers of the present day are so thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of orchestral instruments that when they call for a certain instrument in their scores it is invariably for some well-defined reason. Such instructions should be carried out to the letter by an earnest and serious conductor. In the introduction to the third act of The Meistersinger Wagner's score calls for four horns in D, and for the reason that this noble instrument, while lacking certain of the above mentioned desirable characteristics of the F horn, possesses in their stead a peculiar breadth, nobility, and we may say fervor of tone which is singularly adapted to the chorale which these instruments play in conjunction with trombones and bassoons. The great public would undoubtedly be equally satisfied with the passage were it played on four F horns, but the difference would be distinctly noticeable to the trained ear.

This rule, however, not only applies to the horns, but, as we have seen on several other occasions, to the whole score. A conductor who makes the slightest alteration in a score excepting when forced by absolute necessity, does not deserve his baton.

No other wind instruments have such manifold and varied duties in the modern orchestra as the horns. As solo instruments they possess wonderful beauty for the production of broad cantabile melodies, but in such passages the student should never write higher than G for the F horn. The C which this note gives is of wonderful beauty, and while play-

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ers of remarkable ability can produce one or even two semitones higher with equal security it is unsafe to write these notes for players at large. In pairs the horns may be used in many ways, none of which is more characteristic than such passages in thirds, fifths, and sixths, as recall the old hunting fanfares which were this instrument's chief duty before it passed through the system of evolution which has made it what it is to-day. Indeed, in Germany such passages are still called a "Hornsatz" (horn passage), as if the instrument were capable of nothing else. Furthermore, two horns "crossed" with two bassoons produce chords of peculiar richness and beauty, which differ entirely in quality of tone from four note chords produced by the two pairs of horns. For more vigorous effects two horns may be crossed with two trumpets, while all four combined with all the other brass instruments produce rich crashing chords which possess a fullness and breadth which the powerful trumpets and trombones cannot produce without the assistance of the horns.

An especial characteristic worthy of note, is the use on the modern horn of "stopped tones," produced exactly as they were formerly for gaining the chromatic intervals before the introduction of ventils. On a modern horn, a note blown fortissimo, when the horn is "stopped" by pushing the hand into the bell, has a very peculiar tone, which can be produced in no other way. The quality of this tone is nasal and jarring, conveying a coloring of what might well be called mysterious and dramatic melancholy. An excellent example of the use of this tone coloring may be found in the second act of Lohengrin, where, after Elsa has sung her song from the balcony, Ortrud calls her by name. The horns here, by the "stopped" notes in thirds, warn us, as it were, of the danger lying in any association between these two women.

No better example exists of the use of several horns in a melodic "Hornsatz" than the introduction of the overture of "Die Freischutz," while useful examples of the cantabile uses of the solo instrument can be found in the works of almost all composers. As an important feature in orchestral accompaniment of the voice, note the beginning of the finale of the second act of Weber's "Oberon," the chorus of mermaids, in which number the horn is most effectually introduced. Further details may easily be acquired by the study of

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any modern score. In closing this brief account of this beautiful instrument, it may be noted that the mouth-piece of the horn differs from that of all other brass instruments, being conical instead of cup-shaped. It is also customary for the first horn-player to use a mouth-piece one-eighth of an inch less in diameter than those used by his fellows.

The mechanism of the trumpet is practically the same as that of the horn, it being distinctly understood that only the true orchestral trumpets will be considered here, the cornet being a hybrid, vulgar instrument unworthy of notice. It is unfortunately true that many conductors use cornets instead of trumpets in their orchestra, but this unworthy fact does not in the least alter or improve this shoddy instrument's actual musical standing. As a matter of fact, the chief scientific difference between them is that the trumpet, to use the organist's phraseology, is an eight-foot instrument, "overblown," while the cornet is a four-foot instrument. The trumpet, in one or the other of its primitive forms, is doubtless the oldest instrument known, as we find it frequently mentioned in the Mosaic books, while the old Egyptian hieroglyphics indicate that similar instruments were known as far back as any record reaches. It is essentially a martial instrument, and the keenness and remarkable carrying power of its tones, has caused its use in all ages as a means of giving military signals. Its compass, as far as the natural tones are concerned, is like that of the horn, excepting that good players extend the range several notes higher. Pistons have been added, as was the case with the horn, and it was thus transformed into a perfect chromatic instrument. The most effective trumpets are those in C, A, and B, while that in D flat is a simply magnificent instrument, wonderfully noble, pure and dignified in tone.

No better description of the trumpet's characteristics could be imagined than that given by Berlioz:

"The tone of the trumpet is noble and piercing, it is suitable as well for warlike ideas, and cries of fury and vengeance, as for shouts oftriumph. It lends itself to the expression of all sentiments of power, pride and grandeur, to most tragic accents. Even in joyous passages they may be used, if the joyousness is of a boisterous or grand description."

Regarding all that has been said of the effect of turns, crooks

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ventils and the like, in affecting the tone of these instruments, the opera of Aida gives us a most interesting example. In the well-known middle theme of the March, the long, straight trumpets used on the stage were originally devised merely for historical correctness, and it was thus more or less by accident that their remarkable beauty of tone was discovered.

By means of technical device known as "double-tonguing," extremely rapid repetition of the same note is possible on the trumpet, which is of great value in the rhythmic accentuation of florid orchestral passages. If used with two horns, or two trombones, it is well to "cross" the instruments, as has already been explained, as the tones are thus better blended and the resulting chord sounds fuller and richer. Many writers on instrumentation express regret that with modern composers the trumpet has largely lost its distinctly military character, and they point proudly to the fact that Beethoven seldom employed them other than as "tutti" instruments, or for reinforcing or marking a rhythm. In answer to this, it may well be said that much as Beethoven did for the progress of the art of orchestration, he by no means closed the book of this department of music, and regarding this particular instrument, it may be pointed out that even his contemporaries saw more clearly than he its many possibilities, in proof of which I will content myself with a single quotation, the beautiful manner in which Schubert uses the trumpet as a pianissimo accompaniment to the main theme of the slow movement of the magnificent C major symphony. As in the case with every other orchestral instrument, Wagner developed the use of the trumpet amazingly, and in his scores we may best study its use as far as the needs of the modern composer are concerned. Concluding this brief account of this ancient and noble instrument, it may be well to warn the beginner against writing the trumpet higher than G in alt; it is true that skilled players produce higher notes with perfect ease, but it is also true, lamentably so, in fact, that all orchestral trumpeters are not skilled players.

What is called "the heavy brass" of the modern orchestra consists of a quartette formed of two tenor trombones, one bass trombone and one bass tuba. It is understood that in first-class orchestras only slide trombones are used, their tone being greatly superior to that of the keyed trombone, and also

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that these instruments shall be those known as "orchestral" trombones, in distinction from those used in brass bands, the tube being smaller in diameter, the bell fuller and the metal somewhat thinner. This instrument is richer in tone and less "brassy," as the phrase goes, than the heavier instrument common in military bands. While these four instruments are in reality transposing instruments like horns and trumpets, they have been so long and so universally used as complete chromatic instruments that they are now considered and written as non-transposing instruments, that is to say, instead of writing for them in C major with the key of the instrument especially noted, they are written, like other instruments, in the regular key of the composition in question. The tenor trombones, however, are usually pitched in B flat, and are always written in the tenor clef; the bass trombone it pitched in either G or F, and written in the bass clef. Tenor tubas pitched in B flat are common in brass bands and were most effectivey used by Wagner in the Niebelungen Tetralogy, especially in Die Walkure, where their majestic intoning of the Hunding motive in the first act can never be forgotten once one has heard it. Still they are not essentially orchestral instruments, and should only be used for especial effect that cannot be produced otherwise.

The tone color of the trombones is remarkable for its great variety, although all of its differing phrases are tinged with a certain solemnity and nobility which is its foundation characteristic. Still, within the limits thus imposed, the tone is very varied; in fact in no other instrument does there exist, for example, such a difference between the pianissimo and the fortissimo. The latter is rich and sonorous in the utmost degree, and imparts a fullness to the "tutti" of the orchestra that could not be obtained in any other way. The tone is singularly clear, and, so to speak, direct, and has great carrying power. On the other hand the pianissimo is full of sombre and dramatic mystery, this character having been wonderfully exploited by Mozart long before the trombone had acquired its present orchestral importance, in the highly dramatic music of the graveyard scene in Don Juan. A third prominent variety of this instrument's tone color is the religious nature of the mezzo-piano and mezzo-forte, which again differs wholly from either of the others and the realization of which prop-

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erty led to the almost universal use of trombones, as early as the last century, for the accompanying of four part chorales and other ecclesiastical music. Regarding certain differences between the two instruments themselves, while neither is well-suited to rapid passages, this is even more true of the bass trombone than of the tenor, and still truer of the bass tuba. On the other hand, the bass trombone has greater power and majesty. Wagner is particularly fond of short chords play s forzato on the trombones, or a similar effect produced by a crescendo ending in a s forzato. This detail of orchestral color is astonishingly effective, especially in passages of marked rhythms, or of notable dramatic character.

All in all, the trombone is a wonderfully noble instrument, and this fact leads Berlioz to class it as the leader of all epic instruments; it possesses nobility and greatness to the highest degree, as well as all earnest and strong characteristics of elevated musical poetry, from religious passages, inspiring quiet devotion, to the wild shrieks of agony." And this is indeed true. These wonderful instruments are equally at home in toning a priestly chorus, a song of death, a hymn of praise, or the mighty accents of a raging battle, yet none of the extraordinary versatility was thoroughly realized or developed until along in the thirties and forties of this century, Wagner, as usual, being the chief experimenter in making propaganda for the trombones, enthusiastically seconded by Berlioz, although it would be unfair to pass over without comment the appreciation shown by Gluck, in all his works, for the capabilities of the trombone. Leaving aside the more thorough work of Wagner and Berlioz in behalf of these instruments, I will point out from the works of other composers of the first half of this century the repeated passages for trombones in Schubert's C major symphony, veritably immortal passages; the opening and closing phrase of the Hymns of Praise in which Mendelssohn gives them the greatest passages he ever wrote; their use by Schumann in the Manfred Overture, and the superb pianissimo passage in the Benediction of Beethoven's great Mass in D major.

The most important of all percussion instruments are the kettle drums, owing to the fact that they not only possess greater technical possibilities than any of their fellows, but also that they are capable of being correctly tuned to all the

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chromatic notes of a scale of one octave. For ordinary orchestral purposes one pair of drums is used, only occasionally is a third drum, or second pair, added, although Berlioz, the indefatigable experimenter in instrumental novelties, dreamed of all manner of combinations of drums, even going so far as to use eight pairs, all differently attuned, in his great Requiem.

One of the kettle drums is somewhat smaller than the other, that one taking the higher notes, and the ordinary method of tuning is in the tonic and dominant of the key in use. It will be easily seen that by sometimes giving the tonic to the deeper drum and the dominant to the higher, and sometimes vice versa, all possible chromatic interval of tonic and dominant within an octave can be obtained without its being necessary to alter the pitch of either drum more than a few notes. Three kinds of drumsticks are used according as to the quality of tone desired, ranging from the sharp sound produced by the drumstick with a wooden head, through the fuller and less rattling tone of the wooden sticks covered with leather, to the soft richness of the sticks with heads made of compressed sponge, this latter form being the best and most musical.

It is evident that any and all rhythms are possible for the kettle drums, and so exactly can they be reproduced that in slow tempi the drummer can make an appreciable difference between sixty-fourth notes and the complete roll, which fact should be noted by the composer. The method of tuning referred to above is by no means universal, Beethoven, for example, in the scherzo of the Ninth Symphony, tuning the drums in octaves—and the tuning may be changed at any time during the progress of a composition, provided that the drummer be given a sufficient number of bars of rest to enable him to accomplish the change. This is done very quickly on the modern drums, which may be tightened or loosened by a treadle apparatus connected with a needle on a dial which indicates the note approximately, while the exact pitch can then be attained by one, or two, of the hand screws, instead of by the use of all the hand screws, as was necessary on the older drums. The best usage of the drums, aside from their rhythmical capabilities, can best be learned by experience, although, by way of a noted "solo" passage I may quote, the remarkable drum passage in the burlesque funeral march in Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music, and quan-

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tities of other examples exist, indicating how cleverly the drums may be introduced. The notes for the drums are written on the bass stave, the upper note for the higher pitched drum and the lower note for the other; but if the composer desires a single note struck on one drum with both sticks, this is indicated by putting two tails to this note. A fortissimo roll, especially on the lower pitched drum, backs up the tutti of the orchestra in a wonderful fashion, and the admirable manner in which the roll can be executed in crescendo adds greatly to the effect of such a passage, especially if the climax be accentuated by the addition of the brass drum and cymbals.

These two latter percussion instruments, unless some especially dramatic effect is sought, are only used in strongly accentuated passages, and then as a rule only in fortissimo, although the cymbals can sometimes be most effectually introduced in piano or even pianissimo, for instance as is the case near the close of the prologue to Lohengrin, where the orchestra is decreasing the volume of tone in a steady diminuendo after the climax of the crescendo has been reached. In order, however, to obtain the best results from the cymbals, they should be played by an individual musician and struck together with an up and down movement, which leaves each cymbal free to vibrate as long as desired after the blow has been struck. The practice of fastening one cymbal to the top of the brass drum in order to enable one player to manipulate both instruments is wholly reprehensible, and Berlioz describes the ensuing tone as resembling the fall of a glass bottle into a box of nails, which is quite correct. If, however, it is not desired to have the tone vibrate, either an eighth note may be written, or a definite instruction entered in the score to that effect. In fact, with regard to all such matters, the more clearly and unmistakably a composer makes his wishes known in his score, the more likely are conductors to see them carried out exactly and to the letter. Sometimes if still greater vibration is desired, the cymbal is hung up and struck with a kettle-drum stick, but this is encroaching upon the duties of the tam-tam, and the tone of the latter instrument is in every way preferable. Other percussion instruments, such as the triangle, tambourine, castanets, bells, and so on, are only used in the orchestra to obtain certain local dramatic effects, and

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the same is true of the snare or military drum, which is not, properly speaking, an orchestral instrument.

And therewith we may close the long list of instruments of this group, and also of the entire orchestra, which, in the next and final paper, will be considered as a whole.

A DREAM.

A voice stole on the silence
  Where I dreamed, alone, apart,
A low and plaintive echo
  Of the pain in my own heart.
But dwelling for a moment
  On its quivering minor air,
It rose into such beauty
  That I fairly trembled there.

Just as a wondrous rainbow,
  Bursting on a weeping sky,
Leaves with our world a promise
  As it quickly passes by,
The music left its brightness,
  And a hope and trust within.
The voice so pure, uplifting,
  Was from my violin.

PRISCILLA ALDEN.

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1797—1828.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY IN HONOR OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

In writing this tribute to the memory of Franz Schubert, the immortal creator of the modern, romantic art-song (Das Kunstlied), I perform an act of personal homage and of unbounded admiration to the genius of that master. It is certainly one of the noblest duties of mankind, to honor, perpetuate, and commemorate the birth and death days of those masters who, by means of their gift and powerful genius, have stamped distinct epochs of musical history with their individuality.

At a first glance it would appear as if the powerful language which the six classic masters, Bach, Handel, Glück, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, had spoken, had exhausted all available art forms and modes of expression, for they stand to-day as the unrivaled representatives of church music, the oratorical cantata, the oratorio, opera, and instrumental music in the classical form.

It is not untimely to advance the question, whether after Beethoven any master could be considered the originator of a new art form, and whether the modern art-song is to be regarded an art-form in the same sense as those mentioned above.

Is the song rather not the most primitive utterance of music which existed ere we could speak of a distinct development of art, for all nations possess them, even those which have had but little influence upon music as an art, in the form of the folk-song, folk-lore, or volks-lied?

A nation must indeed be on a very low degree of civilization that cannot claim at least a few typical and characteristic folk-songs, although, according to the degree of civilization, one nation may possess a much richer and more poetical treas-

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ure of folk-songs than another. To be an art product the folk-song cannot lay claim, for it originated from the people, and will live henceforth as an inheritance among them. But little mention is made of the song ere Schubert gave to the world that which lived within him, but he enhanced and transformed its contents as to form and expression in such a manner as to create the modern romantic song, which claims a much higher artistic significance. That which makes Schubert's position so unique is the fact that he not only created "Das Kunstlied," but he reached in all directions the most perfect results; and being unrivaled and unexcelled as a composer of songs, he stands, in the history of music, as the seventh of the great masters.

Students of musical aesthetics discover since Bach an ever-increasing predominance of the personality and individuality of the composer in his works. Instrumental music, which reached in Beethoven a never dreamed of culmination, permits this of course in a stronger degree than does church music, oratorio, or opera. The song, as lyric music in its original form, and particularly the modern song, permits, however, a still stronger penetration of the personality of the tone-poet; for, whilst the song is linked to the words of the poem, and thus demands a certain objectivity, the composer will only choose such poems as correspond with the sentiments which live within him.

A song is, therefore, more the outflow of subjective feeling, humor or mood, than the musical illustration of existing characters and situations demanding such objectivity as is imperative in oratorio and opera. To estimate the full artistic value of Schubert, and to learn in what manner he advanced lyric art, it is quite necessary to properly define the difference between folk and art songs.

The musical construction of the folk-song is as simple as the poetical of the poem. The folk-song is strophic, the melody invented for one verse is adopted for all, irrespective of the poetical contents of the words. This would prove that it is not so much a question of illustrating the various, though somewhat related sentiments of the poem, but rather the invention of a melody which would express the general idea of the underlying poem. It consists usually of two similarly constructed parts, the first of which leads from the tonic into the domi-

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nant, the second, from the dominant to the tonic. The sub-dominant is less frequently used, but among the Roman and Slavic nations we find an inclination to lead the melody from the tonic into a parallel minor scale. It is, furthermore, characteristic of the folk-song, that it is always referred to as a melody; that its rhythmical and harmonical accompaniment is of no significance, as it bases upon the fundamental chords of the respective key and in even rhythm with the melody. Whenever submitted to a notation, the accompaniment is left entirely to the taste and judgment of the writer. The treatment of the art-song is, however, totally different, and the most significant difference between the latter and the folk-song is the fact that the art-song is not strophic, but as the Germans term it, durch komponirt (composed throughout.) The musical treatment follows the contents of the poem in the most minute changes of either perception or sentiment. A further difference is the emancipation of the voice from the accompaniment, and vice versa. The song which Schubert found was monodic; the voice declared itself sovereign and the accompaniment submitted slavishly to the despotism. Schubert was the first composer to pronounce the equivalence of the accompaniment and the melody. Since Schubert the former does not stand in a sub- or co-ordinate relation to the melody, but has an independent musical and poetical significance. It communicates to us what cannot be uttered in words, what appeals directly to the feelings, and thus it heightens the perception of both poem and music.

This is particularly true of the position which Schubert has given to the accompaniment. It is often noticeable that he retained certain musical figures or note-groups throughout a whole song as an accompaniment to a melody, which, interwoven with the latter, form a truly artistic and perfect whole. With the emancipation of the accompaniment from the voice, the song experienced further and never dreamed of enhancement, for it served as a transitory and connecting link of different thoughts and from one verse to another. The accompaniment does therefore not only follow its own independent path, but comes to still higher significance when the voice stops at the end of a verse, in the display of a more interesting treatment of rhythmic and harmonic modulation and of thoughts and ideas of which the instrument only is capable.

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Another point in consideration is the different formal construction. The art-song shows but seldom a division in two parts, unless with the intention to imitate or approach the folk-song. Even the division in three parts, by inserting an independent middle part, proves insufficient to the completely developed art-song, and often necessitates four parts, in which case the middle part referred to is repeated, in a somewhat changed form, after the repetition of the first part. A master of Schubert's capacity goes frequently even beyond the last, in itself so richly developed form, and shows such manifold and many-sided treatment of melody and accompaniment that every one of his more important songs bears an entirely different and individual character.

If productivity be the chief proof of genius, Schubert is certainly one of the greatest ever lived, says Schumann in speaking of him. Not the quantity, however, but the quality of his works has given him a place near the greatest tone poets of the last centuries. He was a romanticist of undisputed genius and yet a classicist in a certain sense. The pure and innocent naivety of his inventive gift, the crystal-like clearness of his products, their nobility, dignity and total freedom from all the hardships of the world, often remind one of the fact that his youth fell into the golden age of music. It is safe to assume, that the whole scale of human sentiments of whatever character, be it joy or sorrow, love or hope, longing or anguish, found adequate reflection in his songs in an indescribable and innumerable variety of expression. This activity culminated in his lyric gifts and the mission which the muse of music led him to fulfil, was the advancement of an art-form which was not cultivated by any of the classic masters, which preceded him. It must be admitted that the auspices under which Schubert began his artistic activity were in one direction very favorable. The lyric poetry of Germany had furnished him, in connection with Goethe and other cotemporaneous poets, an abundance of poetical material, while on the other hand, the technical resources of the accompanying piano were well nigh exhausted by Beethoven in his sonatas. Schubert had therefore but to connect with Beethoven's cycle, "An die entfernte Geliebte," to inaugurate a new phase in the development of lyric art. No reflection or aesthetic speculation led him to deepen the spiritual, or rather the poetical, contents of the song or to

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upbuild it in a lyric-dramatic direction, for he was g
merely by the true instinct, which nature endowed him
The possessor of an incredibly exuberant, passionatel
cited imagination, of a peculiar gift for the proper mu
illustration of almost every subject, and endowed with a
exhaustible flow of melody, his lips overflowed with pre
songs. Out of his almost boundless resources he chose
out limitation. His inner voice caused him to compo
all times, and with that naivety and ease which is alway
proof of high gift, as it causes a genius to find the prope
pression for any thought unconsciously.

The musical world inherited from Schubert over eight
dred songs, which could be classified in five styles. E
they are strophic, in imitation of the folk-song and, like
latter, of the most naive simplicity, or as the modern art-
in a smaller form, but in plentiful variety regards the ch
of major and minor mode. Others are more completely
veloped and received a very elaborate melodic, harmonic
rhythmic treatment, such as those precious gems of the
literature, "Die Muellerlieder," "die Winterreise," "der Sc
nengesang," etc. Further, those of balladlike character,
as "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "Der Wanderer," "Am M
"Der Erlkoenig," and finally those which are noted
strong declamatory tendency, such as "Der Doppelgaen
"Orest auf Tauris," etc. It must be admitted that the art-
which Schubert devoted himself to almost exclusively is
cifically German, and it is mainly on account of Schub
songs that the German nation is considered the richest in
domain of lyric art. Where is there indeed a song which
claim such favor and popularity as the "Staendchen," the
king," the "Wanderer," etc.?

Moreover, through Schubert the song has become im
tant enough to follow its fate to the present day. It is no
teresting to write the history of mediocre efforts, but only
were the songs until Schubert's appearance, with but very
exceptions. Mozart wrote the ever-charming "Das Veilch
Beethoven his "Adelaide," the cycle "Au die entfernte Ge
te," a few sacred songs and the Scotch transcriptions.
what was to Beethoven that art-form? Those sentiments w
led Schubert to compose songs, inspired Beethoven to
beautiful, large-hearted "Adagios," in other words, that

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form had not room enough within him, it demanded the inexhaustible resources of the orchestra. How many of Schubert's instrumental compositions are but songs in orchestral disguise, and are not Beethoven's songs rather orchestral in character? In his Scotch songs Beethoven adds the violin or the 'cello, as if he was afraid to be with the human voice alone, says Louis Ehlert. Mendelssohn and Schumann are those masters which, after Schubert's death, are most conspicuous as composers of songs. The former places the exterior beauty of form above all and chooses poems of a more pleasing character in preference to those which demand a strong, serious and passionate treatment. Schumann prefers the latter, is more interesting, deeper, and more intense. He is more inclined to localize melodically the situation, while Mendelssohn attributes more attention to the invention of a beautiful melody, and in writing at times forcibly for the voice places his inventive gift into the accompanying piano. A thoughtful German critic compared Mendelssohn's and Schumann's songs to a beautiful, but less interesting, and an interesting but less beautiful young girl. After Schumann we find in Robert Franz an unusually gifted tone-poet, who, however, awaits more recognition in times to come. Franz' songs found their models in those of Schubert and Schumann, and by strange coincidence his name embraces the two Christian names of the masters which preceded him, and whose styles he united in his works. Whatever the individual merits are of either Mendelssohn, Schumann and Franz, as master singers of modern time, for they have certainly added many interesting and original features to lyric art, regards originality of invention, naivety of expression and melodic sweetness, Franz Schubert, the master singer of all ages, excels all. His versatility knew no bounds, and there is hardly any art-form, from the smallest to the most complicated, which did not receive the imprint of his genius. As a composer of instrumental music he should have never gained the position which he occupies presently, although his chamber music, his symphonie in C, and the unfinished in B minor—which but recently received such a glorious interpretation by the Chicago orchestra—belong to the best and most remarkable contributions to musical literature. Beethoven prophesied him a great career and his prophecy became true. To that master he stood in a manifold relation

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artistically, but not personally, and Schubert is in a certain sense to be considered a younger follower of Beethoven. Many a point could be cited which would lead to the conclusion that there existed a strong similarity of character between the two masters, for both had tested the bitterness of life in a martyr-like manner. It is indeed distressing to think that as posterity honors him and calls his name with those of the immortal masters, he should have suffered during his, alas! so short life the necessities to sustain it. Schubert's faithful companions through life were not so much prosperity and success, but rather hardship, want and misfortune. He died young, unknown, and not recognized in his artistic maturity. He says in his diary: "Those of my compositions which want and sorrow dictated, the world seems to enjoy most." How large and generous was his heart, how pure and innocent his thought! Is it not as if the good and great men were chosen to endure hardships and to be denied and ill-treated by Providence? Does Jehovah still punish those he loves? None of the blessings which a kind Providence gives to its favorites, neither gold, fame or domestic happiness were his. Poor as he entered the world he left it. Whatever lies between the cradle and the grave is a bitter battle with life. Unnoticed he went through life, living to himself as a bird in the air, singing at all times because he could not help it, until death commanded him, the inexhaustible, silence, and until the world lost ere it knew what it possessed in him. How little the publishers thought of him proves the following correspondence. Two weeks before his death he received a letter from Schott's, which read: "The four impromptus were returned to us from Paris as mere 'bagatelles.' They are too difficult, and cannot grow popular in France. We therefore ask you to pardon us for returning the manuscript to you. The quintette we shall publish soon, but wish to state that your price is too high for this small opus." His songs had but little better success. A letter from Probst, in 1827, one year before Schubert's death, reads: "It would afford me much pleasure to insert your name in my catalogue, but presently I cannot do so, as I am very busy with the publication of Kalkbrenner's complete works. I also wish to state that your terms are too high and that the manuscript is at your disposal." For the first four songs of the "Winterreise" he received six gulden ($2.50), after offering them to

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Haslinger through his friend, the composer, Lachner. The latter invited Schubert one day to join him in a trip to the mountains. He would have gladly accepted the invitation, but did not have enough money to defray the expenses. "Where are your new songs?" asked Lachner. Schubert handed him his last collection. Lachner brought the manuscript to a publisher in Vienna, who was befriended to him. "Schubert's songs do not sell well, friend Lachner," said the dealer. Lachner convinced the publisher of the high musical value and persuaded him finally to make an offer. "I shall give for them fifty gulden ($20) at the utmost." "Put five more to it," said Lachner. "Never!" was the reply. Lachner brought the money to the over-happy Schubert, who could now undertake the trip. Fifteen years later, long after Schubert's death, Lachner met the same publisher. The latter showed him some of the transcriptions which Liszt had made to some of Schubert's songs. "You have no idea, dear Lachner," said the merchant, "how well these Liszt transcriptions for the piano sell, but I had to pay 500 gulden ($200) to Liszt for his work." Thus changes the monetary value of the same art work within twenty years. The musical value, however, remains the same inestimable one at all times.

Nearly seventy years have elapsed since Schubert's spirit breathed its last. Upon the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth, we place in mournful reverence a wreath upon his early grave. His spirit, however, will live forth in the immortal works which bear his name, for it is safe to assume that they have become the common property of the whole civilized world and as a veritable treasure of the literature of music they will fulfill their high and noble mission in art for generations and all times to come.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 8, 1897.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

Apropos to the opinion expressed in these columns
month that the time was at hand, if not already present,
certain of the works of Beethoven would stand about wher
majority of those of Mozart unquestionably do stand (na
in the category of the classics which are praised but
read), I have been met by rejoinders, of which no doubt
more are in store. They say, for instance, "What do you
by saying that the world has moved, and that these work
longer answer to the spirit of the age? Has human n
changed? Is not the heart of man always the same?
we outgrown Homer, Shakespeare, Michel Angelo?" To
I answer: Certainly the heart of man has changed.
the inmost principles of human nature are probably abou
same as they were in the Garden of Eden or in the tim
Homer, Aeschylus or Dante, the content of consciousnes
changed a great deal, and especially what we might cal
form of consciousness also.

It is very easy to test this. Assign any classic you ch
to a young person to read, or better, to twenty indivic
all young, all intelligent, and all fairly representative o
times. What will be the verdict? With certain ones there
be pleasure at having opened to them glimpses into worl
thought belonging to earlier times. But the general ve
will be that the books are "slow." Almost every reader w
conscious that the mental attitude is quite different in rea
a story written two hundred years ago, and in reading
written just now, the quality of the literary workmanshi
ing as nearly as possible of equal merit. In the older
there is a vast amount of what might be described as si
still; the story moves slowly; its times belong to tho
truth, of which we are told "the eternal ages of God are h
a meditative attitude is required. In the modern story,
description still prevails and the story sometimes moves
ly, the interest nevertheless is better kept up, and the mi
continually on the qui vive. I will not enlarge upon thi

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ment, because I believe that every reader will be conscious of it in his own experience.

The same which meets us in literature meets us in music, and in much stronger measure. Music speaks the inmost spirit of the composer. Not alone his inmost heart, but the heart in the form of his consciousness. When a composer is over-self-conscious, as Wagner, and introspective, his music follows this form and conflicting motives draw the current this way and the other. The whole consciousness is in a spirit of profound unrest, tumult, now sinking into pessimism, now rising to a very passion of conflict. Climax after climax overwhelms us only to be succeeded by yet other periods of discouragement, aspiration and again the conflict and the culmination. Is not this the type of Tristan and Isolde?

This is what I mean by implying that man outgrows the music of former generations, no matter how able it may be. Even Bach, that giant of musical genius, does not wholly escape. His French, English and Italian Suites were written as poetry—genuine music for the enjoyment of amateurs and professionals. Each work was like a new cycle from a Browning, William Morris, or whom you please. Within the range of the insignificant instrument for which they were originally written, these works fairly represented music as it was about the year 1725. But who is able to play one of these works entire and retain in doing it the attention of his hearers? Perhaps Paderewski, Godowsky, Liebling, and a few others, and then only by great finesse in the playing. Each one of these little tone-poems is clever and well enough; but when you have heard a half-dozen you suddenly remember that life is too short for this kind of thing, and you take up something more modern. Is it not so?

* * *

Take the most conscientious artist you know. Suppose Mr. Godowsky were to undertake in public one of the great sonatas of Beethoven. He would prepare it with the utmost care. All sorts of editions would be gone through in search of ideas and readings, and at length he would arrive at his own reading; this reading again he would mature with the utmost care and would give it in public with a spontaneity very like improvisation, and you would hear it with delight.

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But let the same artist turn to a modern work, and hov
ferent is the spirit. All that in the former work had cor
a result of study now comes of its own accord. The mo
work may not meet his academic principles of taste, and
places in it he might fancy better if done differently. N
theless he feels the modern form of consciousness in it
it awakens him, stirs him, and interests the hearer active

It is not different with such an artist as Mr. Theo
Thomas, a man who regards Beethoven as having summe
in his music all that we are and all that we have achi
The Beethoven work he plays with most poetical and sen
appreciation, and he gets a beautiful result; but the mo
work, if of the first order, stirs him up without his kno
it, and everything comes with an inner spirit very diffe
Tschaikowsky represents one of the ruling modern forn
consciousness.

While this is true of Mr. Thomas in Beethoven, still
is it true in Mozart, for in everything of Beethoven we ha
suggestion of this inner striving of modern life, where
Mozart the striving of life is reflected scarcely at all.
mainly the play of free musicianship, delicate fancy, and
poseful enjoyment of symmetry, form and color. These
excellent qualities in their way. It is quite as moral t
upon the grass and passively contemplate a beautiful su
as to do anything else. But as an occupation, contempl
is not sufficiently productive. In the Garden of Eden, t
turn again to the primitive tradition, contemplation wa
served for the cool of the day.

* * *

I do not know whether I am making myself clear. I
take the most slow-moving modern novels we know (are
those of Mr. Henry James?), there is this peculiarity in t
that the fates are continuously grinding even while the s
seems to be standing still, and when we awaken from
studies of the real we discover that the fates have comp
the story—perhaps not after our pleasure, but complete
nevertheless.

In one of the older novels, even those as recent as
Waverley group, many pages are spent in occupations w

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advance the story none at all. To read them pleasurably the mental attitude of contemplation is necessary.

* * *

Moreover, nothing is more certain than that the bounds of the "classics" are continually being enlarged. Just as the canon of the Old Testament reached its present form by a series of accretions, in which Genesis was first compiled from old traditions, Deuteronomy added later, the Psalm and Prophets later, and the Apocrypha placed upon the waiting list for still later inclusion, so the world of classical music is continually being increased by the addition of that part of the total product of every generation which most happily represents its tonal consciousness. And we might even go further and define the term classics as consisting of those works in literature and art which most perfectly represent obsolescent states of consciousness—no work being made classic until after the state of consciousness which it represents has become sufficiently passed for purposes of contemplative criticism. So long as it is still active the unconscious and involuntary cooperation of "human interest" awakens the hearer or observer into a mental condition incompatible with true contemplation.

* * *

In this progress many traits ordinarily emphasized are merely incidental—accidental. For example, take the regular increase of complexity in music. From diatonic folks-tone art instantly rises to the chromatic, and from that presently goes to the enharmonic, and with this adds endless complications of accessory tones (appoggiaturas, passing tones, suspensions, and the like) introduced sometimes in very rapid movement, where they cannot possibly be heard and realized in their individual movements and resolutions, but are felt in the total, in the flavor of intense conflict, drive, passion (as in the scherzo of the Tschaikowsky pianoforte concerto, for instance). It is like the complicated noises of the city, unhearable as voices, but all together forming an index to a commercial and social life of extreme intensity. Every well made and truly living modern work of serious import manifests a restless interchange of keys, a grinding conflict of dissonances and tone-colors, and a driving energy of rhythm, in the highest degree representative and characteristic of the modern spirit.

Nevertheless nothing is surer than that a generation later

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will find these things tame. A recent theorist, Mr. Julius Klauser, has shown in his "Septonate" that the material for music is far from exhausted, even in the elementary matters of scales and key-incidents. And nothing is surer than that in the same degree as brain cells are developed more and more as the mind needs more instruments, so also the musical spirit of man will find ways of bringing into use all these potential resources.

This progress is illustrated even in those composers who mean to be conservative and desire to remain loyal to the eternal laws of beauty. Take Brahms, with what Messrs. Finck and Kelley call his "reserve." I should say so! Thank heaven for the reserve, for in his Paganini and Handel variations there are many things previously undreamed of. Brahms simply represents the unconscious drift of the world. While apparently one side the world movement, his spirit nevertheless partook of the inner force which operates and impels us all. His works are in the world-swim, and, like the world for which they were written, they are full of this same driving, soaring, complicated human consciousness of the nineteenth century.

* * *

There is also a moral. Since progress is the certain law under which we live, it is better to recognize it and work by it. While we have as yet no safe way of assuming again in music the attitude which St. Paul describes of the Athenians, who desired always "to see and to hear some new thing," we might at least take it for granted, officially, that our future in music as well as in life is still ahead of us. But whether we do or do not, the world moves and we go with it. Music is the art which, whether we like it or not, represents the form of consciousness, ideal consciousness if you like, and it is bound to change from one generation to another with each characteristic shade which advancing intelligence, humanitarianism and civilization give it. This is the spirit in which we might profitably and pleasurably hear new master-works. And if in such a progress we should ourselves acquire towards the masterpieces of the past a little of that gentle superiority which Mr. Lowell once characterized as a "certain condescension of foreigners," Mozart and Bach will have to stand it. Our own turn will come later.

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I have just come across a bit apropos to this position in the charming "Musical Recollections" of the great oriental scholar, Max Muller, who is a son of the celebrated German poet, Wilhelm Muller, so many of whose poems were set to music by Schubert and many other composers. Max Muller was so named from the Max in Weber's "Der Freyschuetz," Weber himself standing godfather. In his boyhood Max Muller was intended to be a musician, and he was a companion of many of the men whose names are now among the very celebrated in music. The passage of which I am just now thinking is this:

"There is habit in music, for the music that delights us sounds often hideous to uneducated ears. . . . Beethoven's compositions were at first considered wild and lawless. Those who admired Mozart could not endure him. Afterwards the world was educated up to his Ninth Symphony, but some of his later sonatas for piano and violin were played by Mendelssohn and David in my hearing, and they both shrugged their shoulders, and thought that the old man had been no longer himself when he wrote them. We have grown into them, or up to them, and now many a young man is able to enjoy them and to enjoy them honestly. I remember the time when Schumann's songs were published at Leipsic, and the very same songs which now delight us were then by the best judges called curious, strange, interesting, promising, but no more. I have passed through a long school. I began with Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, lived on with Mendelssohn, rose to Schumann, and reached even Brahms; but I could never get beyond, I could never learn to enjoy Wagner except now and then in one of his lucid intervals. No doubt this is my fault and my loss, but surely the vulgus profanum also has its rights and may protest against being tired instead of being refreshed and invigorated by music."

I have gone through the whole of the passage, because while the main part of it lies entirely my way, the close is not less instructive. Here is this great old man, one of the most genial and tolerant of his time, a highly gifted nature, conversant with music all his life, the intimate friend of all the great musicians of his times, himself recording the remarkable progress of taste outlined above. Nevertheless at the end, what? Simply the old story of the Philistine. "Thus far, and

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no farther." To be "refreshed" and "delighted" by music means to hear precisely that grade and style of music which still contains enough of freshness to awaken the mind and afford a gentle stimulus to attention, without passing beyond into the realm of the laborious and unaccustomed. To refresh by means of music is therefore an art to be acquired by accurately divining the status of the musical faculties of those whose refreshment we have in mind. But nothing is surer than that the same progress which has given us Beethoven after Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann after Beethoven, and Brahms after Schumann, has also given us in a slightly divergent line Wagner, and is destined to give us other geniuses of even more spirit-stirring potency. This is the lesson. Progress rules the world.

* * *

In Max Muller's paper there is a facsimile of the signatures of Kalliwoda, Ferdinand David, Ferdinand Hiller, Mendelssohn and Liszt, written by them on a little piece of paper for the enthusiastic young Muller one day when they had been playing quartettes at the house of Professor Carus in Leipsig.

On another occasion, and this was much later, on hearing that he was the son of the poet Muller, Jenny Lind held up her hands and said: "What? the son of the poet of the 'Mullerlieder?' Now sit down," she said, "and let me sing you the 'Schone Mullerin.'" "And she began to sing, and sang all the principal songs of that sad idyll, just moving her head and hands a little, but really acting the whole story as no actress on the stage could have acted it. It was a perfect tragedy and has remained with me for life."

* * *

Naturally the Schumann personalities occupied less of young Muller's attention than that of Mendelssohn, who had the happy faculty of being admired and befriended by every one. There is, however, one bit concerning the Schumanns which is interesting:

"Many a time have I watched young Schumann walking alone in the neighborhood of Leipsig, being unexpectedly met by a young lady, both looking not so happy as I thought under the circumstances they ought. This went on for some time until at last, as usual, the flinty-hearted father had to give

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way and allow a marriage which certainly for many years was the realization of the most perfect happiness, till it ended in a terrible tragedy. There was the seed of madness in the genius of Schumann as in that of so many really great men, and in an access of mania he sought and found rest where Ophelia sought and found it.

"I did not see much of Schumann, nor of Madame Schumann. I only recollect Schumann as a young man sitting generally in a corner of the orchestra, and listening to one of his works being performed under Mendelssohn's direction. I remember his very large head, his drooping eyes; I hardly ever remember a smile on his face. And yet the man must have been satisfied, if not happy, and he lived to see his own creations admired even more than those of Mendelssohn. He lived to see his critics turned into admirers; in fact, he educated his public, and gained a place for that thoughtful, wistful, almost metaphysical music which is peculiarly his own."

* * *

In this last bit we have again a "water-mark" of chronology, for Schumann is no longer the "wistful, almost metaphysical" composer, but the composer who of all others is fullest of the very life of music, pouring it forth as from a freely flowing fountain, having its source far within the walls of some distant and unknown Eden.

* * *

Very full of interest is a passage in this same paper concerning the late Ferdinand Hiller. Muller speaks of a letter he received from Hiller about a year before his death:

"His idea was to write a great oratorio, and he wanted me to supply him with a text. It was a colossal plan, and I confess it seemed to me beyond the power of any musician, nay, of any poet. It was to be a historical drama, representing first of all the great religions of the world, each by itself. We were to have the hymns of the Veda, the Gathas of the Avesta, the Psalms of the Old Testament, the Sermons and Dialogues of Buddha, the trumpet calls of Mohammed, and lastly, the Sermon on the Mount, all of them together forming one mighty symphony in which no theme was lost, yet all becoming in the end the accompaniment of one sweet song of love domi-

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nating the full chorus of the ancient religions of the wo
It was a grand idea, but was it possible to realize it? I
ready to help, but before the year was over I received
news of Hiller's death, and who is the musician to take
place, always supposing he could have achieved such a W
Oratorio?"

* * *

In another part of this issue appears a letter advocating
claims of the American composer, roundly reproving
Thomas for not occupying a larger place in his programs
the works of this much advertised individual, and giving
tistics of works still in manuscript, locked safely in de
which are equal to any of the classical masterpieces—al
which belongs to the category of "gratifying, if true."
possible that there may be a manuscript symphony by
American composer (even what the late Autocrat of the Br
fast Table might have called a "fresh-water" composer) e
to any of Beethoven. But since there cannot be an e
without a cause, it is in the highest degree unlikely that
such case exists. We have in this country composers in
greater numbers than is generally known, who have ma
script symphonies, string quartettes, operas, and the like—
bitious works in the highest forms of music. But that
are generally or exceptionally equal to any of those of Bee
ven, even the earliest of Beethoven, is entirely unlikely. W
a talented man like Arthur Weld, for instance, a Boston
a Harvard graduate, a student of music with his other hum
ties, goes abroad and remains six or eight years under
best masters and in the midst of the best influences, the
no reason why he should not produce something which
the same time technically correct and also capable of b
played for the pleasure of hearers. All the indispensable
ditions have been fulfilled in his case, and it remains to d
mine whether he possesses the necessary tonal fantasie
the poetry of nature affording him something to say in t
lofty walks of the ideal.

But with the inland boy, untrained technically, who stu
by himself, and at length takes up composition and stra
way hitches his wagon to the star of symphony, the ca
different. Without tonal incitation from constant hearin
first-class orchestral works, and without opportunity to

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his effects either upon himself or others, it is improbable that in any of his first twenty attempts he will reach the level of respectable student tasks, and perhaps never will he outgrow his innate crudity of musical expression.

What an ambitious person of this kind ought to do is to come to the larger forms gradually. He should master fluent musical expression by writing in the smaller forms, and at first in the forms which are in practical demand, such as the piano and song. Here, if he turns out to have originality and freshness, his works will find a hearing. Look at that emotional genius, Ethelbert Nevin. Who pushed him? Why is his "Narcissus" played so much more than Mr. Wilson G. Smith's excellent "Gavotte Moderne?" Simply because it is melodious and of a grace which appeals to the amateur. Here, however, I am perhaps proving too much; for I shall be met by the suggestion that one might write "Narcissuses" until doomsday without being any nearer producing a good symphony. Very true, so he might. Nevertheless, it would be which are equal to any of the classical masterpieces—all of something in favor of an unknown composer of symphony to know that he had shown ability to interest musical people in lower and less difficult forms. And this one certainly ought to do before venturing into these high provinces of tone-poetry.

* * *

America is not alone in denying to new symphonists the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of popularity. Take the case of the late Anton Bruckner, who died the other day in Vienna about seventy years old. Bruckner occupied a very honorable position in Vienna as professor of counterpoint and composition, and as a celebrated organist. Twenty years ago he brought out two symphonies in Vienna (had them played, I mean), when they were regarded as well made but ineffective or uninspired. His fourth is not mentioned in Riemann's dictionary, from which I take these particulars, but the seventh, played in 1885, made a distinguished effect and is generally regarded as one of the greatest works of recent times. This, however, was the verdict of the small circle immediately around the talented composer, the world at large knowing nothing whatever upon the subject. Even in Leip-

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sic last autumn they were surprised to find the seventh
phony of Bruckner so fine a work.

If this happens in Europe, where orchestras exist in
town of moderate size, and symphony concerts are
every year, so that the classic symphonies have been p
literally to death, much more might we expect it to b
case in America where there are not more than eight c
orchestras all told, and where the classical repertory re
still comparatively unknown. In the American city
conditions approximating the best European have been
ually evolved during about fifty years (Boston), clever
posers are coming to the front and are being accorded a
ing and an appreciation. In Chicago we are naturally
what slower in arriving, but later on our advent may b
pected.

The fact remains, however, that any American com
imagining himself possessed of a call to symphonize his
men should make himself very sure of his ground; and
then should not build any hopes upon celebrity to be th
quired in this life.

* * *

Among the curious institutions of ancient Britain wer
Eisteddfod (es-tetdfod) of the Welsh. These were music
literary festivals in which bards were promoted from one
to another, and grand competitions of bards and cho
were had, with laurel wreaths and all that sort of thing.
official eisteddfods of Wales were suppressed about a ce
and a half ago, because they were being employed for
ing the sentiment of Welsh nationality as distinguished
that of England as a whole. Lately they have been re
without the objectionable spirit. In this country such
vals are held every year, but they are commonly a sort of
impromptu town meeting of choruses and contestants,
ered for the occasion. Each eisteddfod is a local ente
Funds are raised for the prizes, and arrangements mad
adjudication. As soon as the notices are sent out cho
begin to be collected and trained for competing for the
The result is a great deal of enthusiasm, no little disap
ment, and at the end some hard feeling. The Welsh ar
ticularly musical in temperament, and to them proper
longs the type of best English melody, such as the folk

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"Home, Sweet Home," and similar tender melodies. It differs but little from the tender type of the Scotch melody, but the Scotch have also a jocular element, as shown in their inverting the rhythm and placing the sixteenth before the dotted eighth, occupying the last part of the beat. ("Comin' Through the Rye," etc.)

Socially considered the Welsh in this country belong mainly to the industrial classes, wherefore literary cultivation has not been so generally disseminated among them as among some other strata of the population, but the Welsh stand far above most others of the industrial classes in accuracy and fineness of musical perception, and in art instincts. I have myself known Welsh musicians who were laboring men, but who as musicians had a sensitiveness of ear and a musical refinement rare in any class. These qualities come to expression in their eisteddfodau.

* * *

The Racine Eisteddfod was a case in point. During the day (Jan. 1) there were no less than about twenty competitions, whereof a list was given in the January issue of MUSIC. Although the choruses represented had been hastily brought together for the competition, the voices were very good indeed, and in many respects their work would have done credit to older choirs. The first prize was awarded to a Racine chorus, led by Mr. John E. Williams.

* * *

Among the interesting incidents of Chicago music since the last glimpses in these pages was the Carl Wolfsohn jubilee, celebrating his fiftieth year of connection with music, and the thirtieth since he had previously played Beethoven's fifth concerto with Theodore Thomas as orchestral director. There was a chorus gathered from the ranks of the old Beethoven society of Chicago, the voices perhaps not quite so young as twenty years ago, and they gave the "Hallelujah to the Father." Mr. Carl Halir played the Beethoven concerto for violin —played it, they say, admirably. The concert was a benefit, the funds going to present a bust of Beethoven to Lincoln Park, in the name of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.

* * *

Mr. Henry T. Finck, musical editor of the New York Evening Post, and author of a musical polemic entitled "Richard

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Wagner and His Works," is one of those fortunate gentlen who know a daisy when they see it. In his musical notes "The Looker-On" for January he quotes the critical opini of certain New York newspapers concerning the impropri of permitting Signor Mancinelli to conduct the Wagner operas at the Metropolitan, and goes on:

"I shall perhaps be pardoned if I cite from my own cr cisms a few lines which cannot be repeated too often."

"Cannot" is good.

* * *

At the thirteenth concert of the Chicago Orchestra th were several interesting features, chief of which was Mr. G dowsky's performance of the Tschaikowsky concerto in B minor, for piano and orchestra. The work is a very stro one, intensely impassioned, very brilliant and difficult. In line of technic it demands unusual power and endurance, the variety of technic is perhaps no greater than exists in s eral other works. In the line of very heavy chords, interlo ing passages, and rapid and exacting finger passages foll ing immediately after long passages of heavy chords and taves (liable to divert the hands from finger conditions) work belongs to virtuoso tasks of the first order, being perh the most difficult pianoforte concerto as yet composed, un it be those of Brahms. Moreover, while many of the pianof passages are in themselves not such as a pianist would pre the piano is employed in combination with all sorts of orch tral colorings more discreetly and originally than perhaps any other work. The rhythm, also, while very strong, is places rather subtile, and the piano and orchestra answer e other upon beats and parts of beats requiring accuracy co bined with apparent abandon. It is therefore a concerto, satisfactory musical and virtuoso performance of which set the status of an artist as conclusively as any single work co possibly settle it.

The fitness of Mr. Godowsky for just this task was doub by many, and from opposite standpoints. On account of slight physique many feared he would not have strength robustness of tone, and the endurance for carrying it out to end. Others, besides these possibilities of dissatisfaction, fo saw what they term "coldness" and inability to respond to emotional demands of Tschaikowsky. It is enough to say t

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none of these dismal prophecies were realized. In point of power, endurance, most lovely musical quality and perfect sympathy between the piano and the orchestra, the listeners felt exactly as Mr. Thomas himself did, that never in the history of the orchestra had they accompanied a concerted work so satisfactorily. The orchestra played con amore, for Godowsky is a great favorite with them; Mr. Thomas conducted with the warmth often noted of his interpretation of modern works; and Mr. Godowsky gave a performance which was everything a first-class performance could be—virtuoso to the very highest degree, musical in every phrase and nuance, masterly in repose, in abandon and in instantaneous and complete recovery after climaxes, and withal having apparently unlimited reserve force still in store. Everything was done with that economy of motion which so singularly distinguishes the playing of this artist, and with an apparent quiet to the last degree misleading with respect to the tasks so easily overcome.

In point of varied but always musical tone-quality, in swiftness and clearness of delicate finger work under the most trying passages, in massive brilliancy of chords and bravoura, yet with a manner and spirit apparently devoted first and continually to the musical idea in hand, and to carrying the piano in its proper position as part of the combined orchestral klang, this was as masterly a performance as can be heard anywhere.

In respect to sureness and amplitude of playing, Mr. Godowsky stands in the very front rank of virtuosos. As compared with Mr. Joseffy's playing, there are interesting questions which might be raised. Joseffy has a delicate staccato or elastic quality which brings out the figures and individuality of tones and tone-groups in the most rapid passages with a delightfully pleasing quality. Mr. Godowsky reaches equal rapidity and perfect clearness, but without the staccato quality. On the other hand, Mr. Godowsky has a legato connection of tones by the fingers only which is very rarely equalled. It would need to hear both artists many times before one could determine which particular style one would prefer.

The audience was warm both in the afternoon and in the evening; there were several recalls and the Scherzo from Saint-Saens' second concerto was played delightfully, by piano and orchestra.

Having the opinion I have of Mr. Godowsky's proper posi-

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tion in the piano-playing world, I was naturally intere
to find the newspaper notices all favorable. As for my
while I do not find in Mr. Godowsky the singularly ample e
tionality of temperament of the dashing and opulent Carr
I do find him one of the most satisfactory artists I
ever heard. He is a pianist with whom technic always sit
the feet of the musical idea. Everything in his practice,
the whole spirit of his public play is of this kind. Hence
concerted work he is in the very highest rank; while as
terpreter in solo work he covers the whole literature of
piano, and always in the same masterly way. Nothing is
cult; everything has music in it when he plays it. He dese
the widest possible currency, and in the United States par
larly, because his work is so peculiarly cosmopolitan.

* * *

Another uncommon work of this concert was the secon
the Serenades of Brahms, opus 16 in A, the first having
played last year. The work is in four movements and rem
able for not having the violins. It is delicately written
very lovely. While it is long and well worked, it is alw
delicate, like chamber music: Its want of sensationalism
unfavorably noticed by some; but the originality and
viduality of the work were highly prized by others—an
whom I place myself.

Goldmark's overture to Prometheus Bound was played
is a well-made work, full of striving and sensational eff
perhaps for this reason I do not care for it, despite its rich
of orchestral coloring. Later in the program there were
Forge Songs from Wagner's "Siegfried," played with
warmth and richness. The whole ended with the Kaiserm

* * *

The program notes of Mr. Arthur Mees continue to be
mirable in every way. In evenness of execution and in
sense generally they seem to me the best the Chicago orch
has ever had. The encyclopedia is sometimes to be recogn
but rarely. When you think you recognize something, t
hunt it up. Mr. Mees is a diligent and reflecting orche
student.

W. S. B.

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

PREFACE.

I am not one of those who fancy prefatory remarks. From this the reader will understand that the following introduction is necessary or it would never have been written. For he must know, among other things, that no part of this history is fictitious, and that while it was entirely constructed and written by myself, I am indebted to Mr. Barrington's experiences for my incidents, and to extracts from his diary, and to remembered conversations, for the remainder of the book.

An apology is perhaps necessary for the publication of an avowedly literary history in a decidedly musical magazine. My excuse and my reason lie in my belief that the underlying and fundamental laws of all of the various forms of Art are the same. Whether an artist works with pen, brush, finger or voice, the development of his talent must be along the same great high roads which we may call Observation, Comparison, Emotion and Expression. The Musician will find, if he read carefully, that Mr. Barrington's development from a lazy, effortless mass of receptivity to an alert, well-organized power of expression, was along these roads which I have mentioned; and he will realize, if he thinks a little, that he has traveled or is traveling those roads himself in the study of Music.

I must further explain why I chose Mr. Barrington, and not one of the great geniuses, as the subject of this history. My reason is the very simple one that I know nothing whatever about genius, while I believe myself possessed of a very fair knowledge of talent and its development. The former is exceptional; the latter is universal. The Magazine writer and the Musician who performs in public, are possessed of a certain degree of talent, which may be developed and increased in the proportion of their effort and capability. It therefore follows that if I am to benefit the musician by this history I must tell about someone whose experiences and capabilities are

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very nearly like his own. And such a one is Mr. Barrington.

The frankness of the narrative precludes the possibility of revealing the real name of its hero. Suffice it to say, that he is considered one of America's most talented writers. His work has made the world more graceful and pleasant and wholesome to live in, though it has not caused a moral revolution. The characteristics of his style are grace and wit and ease, and his sentiments are manly and old-fashioned.

He has very strenuously objected to the publication of the fragments which compose the first chapter of this history. They were written, for the most part, at the time of the occurrences which they describe, though they have since been revised. My reason for disregarding his wishes is that the reader may have the picture of Mr. Barrington as he was and with this he can compare him in the various future stages of his development.

And this is all that I have to say.

E. L. A.

New York, Jan. 1, 1897.

CHAPTER FIRST.

I.

I was breakfasting at Delmonico's a trifle earlier than was my custom, (though the clock pointed to half-after twelve) when, happening to look out of the window I saw him. I waved my hand to attract his attention and he turned back toward the door. I suppose that I should have gone to meet him instead of waiting for him to come to me. That I did not is to be ascribed, not to a lack of filial respect, but rather to the indolence of my then disposition. We shook hands, he with a slight constraint, caused no doubt by my inattention, mingled with a pleased delight at seeing me. For I was his son, and this was our first meeting in over a year.

"An early lunch, John?" he asked brightly.

"Breakfast I call it, sir."

"What," said he sternly, "is it your habit to breakfast at this hour?"

"It has been for the past year," said I with a shade of defiance.

"Your year of independence has not improved you."

"I am not sure that I agree with you," said I coolly.

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"So," he exclaimed, with ironical interest, and added, "You of course pay no attention to your literary studies?"

"Why," said I lightly, "I can hardly say that I give any time at all to that occupation."

In itself, this was a simple statement, but situated as I was, it was proof of my courage or of my impudence. To understand why this was so you must know that my father was a man of very strict ideas and that I had previously had to conform to them. He was possessed of great energy and force of character, and few men would have cared to face his irony or his angry sarcasm.

As I spoke, I noticed that he straightened himself and in the glance I gave him the comparison was forced upon me of his clear-cut, vigorous, manhood, with my sluggish, laziness of deportment. I dropped my eyes before his steady stare and to cover my embarrassment, leaned back in my chair and lighted my cigarette. (It was a La Ferme.) I do not suppose that he could have looked at me in this manner above two minutes but at the time I would have multiplied that figure by sixty. For I knew that he was regarding me with the light given to him by his knowledge of his own and of my mother's character, shining full upon his twenty-three years' observation of me. He had, in his mental eye, the picture of my character and habits as they had been at the time when I first left Barrington Manor; and he was comparing me as he now knew me to be with that picture. Meantime I traced the white letters of the word Telegraph on the hotel window across the street. I remember that they were white celluloid, though of course that does not matter. I spelled the letters into the word a great many times, but at last forgot them as my father said, in the coldest and hardest tone imaginable—

"My legal business will prevent my having the pleasure of seeing you again before my return to the Manor. I wish you a very good morning," and he bowed to me with great condescension and left me. For a moment my vanity misinterpreted, but then I understood; and I sat down with the white light of self-knowledge flowing in upon my mind and illuminating every nasty thing it contained in memory or of motive. So mean I felt, and so little respect was left me, that I hastily rose and attempted to follow my father, hoping by a few manly

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words to rid myself of this moral nausea and set myself right in his opinion. But I could not succeed in finding him.

About five o'clock I dressed and went to Mrs. Watson-Howard's "at home," where She was to pour tea. It was some time before I could speak to her. At last she glanced up, as though she had only just seen me.

"So unexpected," she murmured. "How could you do it?" Her manner of saying this was as lazily comfortable and so like my habitual pose that I smiled in appreciation and replied:

"It was an effort."

"It must have been, poor fellow! but I will reward you. I shall be relieved in a half hour and you may take me home. I want to talk to you about announcing the engagement."

"Of whom?" said I, wondering.

"Why, of you and I, goose," said she, with a quick eye of scorn.

"But I haven't proposed—yet," I objected, feeling that I was being badly treated and enjoying it, rather.

"Run away now and come back for me at six," said she, with an air of proprietorship.

"I'll be dashed if I do," said I under my breath. She overheard and called after me:

"Oh! yes, you will," and she smiled charmingly.

And I'm ashamed to say that I did.

II.

Fortunately there was a smoking-room, containing comfortable chairs. As a rule this is not the case, which I consider a great social evil. A man cannot remain for an hour with comfort on a frail straight backed chair.

At last she was ready.

"We will walk, John," she said, speaking brightly, as if I would of course be pleased.

"Why, it is more than two miles!" said I, dismayed.

"Two and a half," she replied, as if that were an added pleasure. She straightened my collar, looked me over approvingly and we started. She looked wonderfully pretty and fascinating in her high collared sealskin jacket, and her headgear was becoming. Even by the electric light one could admire the delicate pink flush of her white skin and the

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luxurious masses of her light brown hair. Her eyes were a dangerous blue—any bachelor will understand the adjective.

"You had better say it now, John," she began.

"What?" asked I, puzzled.

"Why, propose formally, dear!" said she, looking straight ahead.

"But suppose I do not want to," I asked, banteringly.

"Do not be a fool, John; do it at once," said she, seriously; and she gave me her eyes in speaking, and they of course decided me.

"Certain privileges must be allowed if I agree," said I, shrewdly.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, joyously. "First," and she held out one shapely finger, "you may send flowers," and added, parenthetically, "every day of course. Then I will select a ring, which you shall buy," and she extended a second finger, "and third" (very reflectively), "well, third, shall be left to your ingenuity."

"I suppose that I must fill it," said I, "with bracelets, and diamonds, and dogs, and books, and candy, and——"

"Oh! do not forget the candy. You must order that for every day at once."

"And are these what you call privileges?"

"Oh, it's just as well that you should know your obligations. I suppose you will want to kiss my—my hand, and all that sort of thing; and I know, of course, that children have to be amused."

"You agree to allow the privilege then?" I urged.

"I suppose so—why, John! in the open street. This is quite shameful of you. Call a cab if you are so impatient, but you must make your formal proposal first."

"Will you, Miss Ruth McEnery Loveton, engage yourself to marry me, John Bainbridge Barrington, on Saturday, February third?"

"Why, that's to-morrow. I'll agree if you add a year. Here is the cab."

"I'd rather walk," said I, obstinately.

"Well, good evening, then," said she, forcing my hand; and of course I followed her into the cab.

"John," tenderly.

"Well, Ruth?" inquiringly.

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"You do not think me bold, do you? I was only dear, really, when I first spoke, and then you know th have been in love with me for over a year! You never have had the energy to do it if I had not given you hint."

"Little?" ejaculated I, with scorn, and at this she was a horrid thing, and began to cry softly. I comfort tenderly, and so engaged the cab traveled too rapidly arrived at her home, and when we were in the brightly l hall I looked to find her eyes red from her weeping.

"Why?" asked I, wonderingly.

"You did not suppose that I was really crying? inquired, naively.

"I know I was really kiss——"

"Hush! Here's papa. Papa, dear, Mr. Barrington ha made me his fifth proposal. I have accepted him, of co with a glance at me, "to get rid of him."

Loveton never could understand anything, and he sa

"Is this so, sir? Have you persecuted my daughte accepting you?"

"I am afraid I have, sir," said I, ruefully. I was after handsomely rewarded for my bravery.

"Ruth, do you love this young man?"

"Why, papa! Of course not, but he is stupid and natured and will be rich, and so I am going to marry hi

"That is quite proper," said old Loveton, and he duly b us. How we afterwards laughed at his stupidity!

"I shall stay to dinner, Ruth," said I.

"Oh, if you insist," said she, with an indifference tha noyed me.

"If you put it that way I'll not bother you," I replied, hauteur.

"Well, really now!" she said, appealingly, as if reason the right were quite on her side, "don't you think you sh order the things for me for to-morrow?"

"Why," said I, with sarcasm, "how forgetful of me."

"There—there, you can't have another one," and she from me, blushing, her hands to her face.

Later I learned that young Converse dined there that n and went to the dance at the Starr's with her. Of cours wore the roses I had sent.

(To be Continued.)

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THE MAINE FESTIVAL.

A festival in the state of Maine! Rather does the reader picture a summer sail on her bays and harbors, a morning on her picturesque hills and mountains, or an afternoon on her balmy shores! These are the features of Maine that are fixed on the memory of many summer tourists, and naturally enough, for they are Maine's greatest glories. New England, and more especially Maine, is particularly a magnet to musicians in the warm summer months. The music season in the centers is short, not always sweet, crowded with concentrated effort and prolonged nervous strain. From such scenes the musician hurries to seek out some quiet place to rest, and from similar scenes the distinguished choral conductor, Mr. William R. Chapman, of New York City, has come each summer to seek health and rest in his old home at Bethel, Maine. Indeed, to say that Bethel is Mr. Chapman's old home is to state also that Bethel, Maine, is the birthplace of the Maine Festival, since for several seasons past Mr. Chapman has been heard there to remark, with hardly verbal deviation, "Some time I am going to do something for music in my native state," and now he is doing it by arranging for a Maine festival for next October.

On the evening of November 27th last the corner-stone of the Maine Festival was laid in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and as a chronicler of the time facetiously remarked, "Mr. Chapman took off his coat (to be taken literally) to do it." Mr. Chapman made the trip from New York especially to be present for the occasion. It was a rehearsal of the first Maine Festival chorus, with two hundred voices, and a total attendance of over three hundred. This at first glance may seem nothing remarkable; but when it is understood that only two weeks before that time, the first preliminary rehearsal of the chorus was called in Lewiston with a membership of only eighty voices, then it should be said, "Credit to him to whom credit is due." To be sure, considerable allowance should be made for the attractiveness of the cause, but to bring a chorus

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from a membership of eighty voices to that of two hundred voices in two weeks' time, with only two intervening rehearsals, takes some of that quality which the Chicagoans would call "hustle," and which belongs to Mr. Homer N. Chase, of Auburn, Maine, general manager of the Maine Festival. It

MR. WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN.

may be stated here that the chorus of the city of Lewiston, and it should be added, Auburn, which is kept from being identified with this first branch of the Maine Festival under the same municipality by only a narrow river, has at the present time of writing a membership of over three hundred voices.

But coincident with the choral development local to Lewis-

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ton and Auburn, and following immediately the initial rehearsal of the Lewiston and Auburn chorus on November 27, the Festival continued to grow as a Maine product under the efficient management of Mr. Chase, until it has now justly earned the title of "The Maine Festival."

But to go more slowly. Portland, Maine, was visited by the management, and the Haydn Society of that city extended a cordial invitation to Mr. Chapman to come before them.

HOMER N. CHASE.

This he did, on the occasion of his second visit to Maine on December 28th, when the Haydn Society, as a result of Mr. Chapman's presentation of the subject, voted to open its doors for the remainder of the season to all singers in Portland and suburbs so as to increase the volume of the chorus as much as possible for the coming festival. The Haydn Society is one of the oldest musical organizations in New England, and has for its director Mr. Herman Kotschmar, of Portland, one of the beneficent pioneers of music in Maine. It is upon such tried and trusty voices as these under Mr. Kotschmar's direction

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that the timbre of the Maine Festival chorus will to a
extent depend. Mr. Kotschmar will, according to the pr
arrangement, direct at some time during the festival
October.

After the work of festival organization had been start
Portland, Mr. Chapman then conducted a series of re
ably successful rehearsals in all the leading cities of M
but not without much efficient and necessary preliminary
being done by the manager, Mr. Chase. Rockland, wi
Philharmonic Society; Waterville, with her Cecilia Club
Gardiner, with an extemporized but enthusiastic choru
held successful rehearsals, closely following one another
der the leadership of Mr. Chapman. Then Mr. Chapman
called back to New York to attend to his concerts and rehe
in New York state. Since, and up to the time of writing
capital of the state of Maine, Augusta, has organized a
rehearsing weekly a chorus to send to the festival, as are
Bangor and Bath. Besides these cities that will send c
delegations to the festival, are numerous towns, among w
are Bethel, the native place of Mr. Chapman, Norway, B
wick, the home of Bowdoin College, and Farmington
birthplace of Madame Lillian Nordica. Of this last p
Madame Nordica at a recent reception to the delegates o
Maine Festival after the Nordica concert at Portland, M
spoke very interestedly and hoped that her old home w
be represented at the festival. Anent Madame Nordica's
tude toward the festival, the following letter from the d
guished prima donna speaks clearly:

Portland, Maine, December 31, 18

My Dear Mr. Chapman:

I am perfectly sure that all I have heard regarding the
ing festival is true and that it will be the greatest musical
in the history of Maine. As a daughter of Maine I am n
ally most enthusiastic myself; and how can I evince my en
siasm more substantially than by pledging myself to lend
voice to the great and glorious cause in October, 1897,
which time I shall not sing again in my native state.

Knowing well your ability to electrify a chorus, I hav
difficulty in believing that a mammoth chorus from Maine
accomplish results which will be astonishing and lasting
feel perfectly sure that the people of Maine will be impre

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with the importance of this great movement by the fact that you are willing to give your valuable time thereto in the great hope of arousing them to a sense of their musical duty.

With cordial hopes of your success in this great undertaking,
(Signed) Lillian Nordica Dome.

For tenor soloist for the festival, the still ascendent star Evans Williams has been engaged, and the famous New York baritone, Dr. Carl E. Dufft, of Worcester Festival fame, is to sing at the festival. The final rehearsals of the festival chorus in its sections in the various cities and towns of Maine will be held next May, when Mr. Chapman, and, it should not be forgotten, his charming wife and efficient co-worker, will come from New York to Maine for the remaining months and drill the choruses with a view to the amalgamation in October next. As regards the orchestra, besides the players from the state of Maine who will assist, Mr. Chapman is to arrange to bring to Lewiston, Maine, the scene of the festival, a large per cent of Seidl's orchestra of New York.

Of the programs for the several days of the festival, I have left no space to speak, but more of that later. Nor has any comment been made relative to the wonderful quickening of the musical pulse of the state of Maine, or the astonishing musical results that have already been effected. The facts must speak for themselves. They are somewhat bald, and, perhaps, uninteresting, but so is truth at times. Already one thousand copies of the chorus books for the festival concerts have been sent in all directions over the state of Maine, and an order for five hundred more has recently been sent in to meet the demand. It is at present impossible to read between the lines of these selections from oratorios and operas, made by Mr. Chapman himself, anything other than that the Maine Festival to be held under the direction of Mr. Chapman at Lewiston, Maine, next October, is a permanent organization and doomed—to success.

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TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSE

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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FIFTH EVENING—SCHUBERT AND MENDELSSOHN.

PROGRAM.

Schubert: Waltzes.
Minuet, opus 79.
March, from four hand collection.
Fair Rosamonde and Variations.
Song, Hedge Roses.
Wanderer.
Hark! Hark, the Lark.
Gretchen.
Fruhlingsglaube.

Mendelssohn: Songs without words. The first.
Hunting Song, No. 3.
Folks Song, No. 4.
Gondellied, No. 6.
B flat minor, No. 8.
Table Song, No. 28.
Duetto, No. 18.

Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream; four hands.

O rest in the Lord.
If with all your hearts.
It is enough.

Scene from Elijah, "Lord God of Isaac," etc.
Hunting Song for voices (part songs).
Farewell to the Forest.

The two composers upon the present evening have distingu themselves in almost every walk of composition. Schubert large quantity of manuscript, most of it unheard until aft death, consisting of about seven hundred songs, nine symph various pieces of chamber music, pianoforte sonatas, d marches, overtures, one opera, and many miscellaneous co tions. In every department of this vast activity there are works which stand out as masterpieces. To begin at the to "unfinished" symphony and the great symphony in C are in th first line of orchestral masterpieces, standing well up alongsi greatest of Beethoven, and with an originality of style and

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wholly independent of the overshadowing Beethoven, who was just at the moment of their composition engaged in his last works, including the immortal ninth symphony.

Nevertheless, while Schubert was great in all musical directions he marked an epoch in one direction, and therefore has a fame peculiarly his own. As a song-writer he was one of the greatest the world has ever known. His fame in this department rests upon two wholly different considerations, the union of which in the same composer forms the epoch-marking peculiarity already mentioned. As a melodist he stands in a rank by himself. His melodies move easily, now within the diatonic mode, and now branching out into the chromatic, but generally within the periods in the diatonic mode. The melodies are flexible, well balanced, very singable, and natural. Each comes up, lives its day and dies away into silence like a lovely flower, unfolding from its own germ, in the moment of the year when the sunshine and the showers have brought the time for its appearing. In this case the predisposing external cause leading to the appearance of one of these melodies is found in the poem chosen for text. Whatever Schubert read, if it interested him, immediately called up within him a melodic form. These melodies not only differ from each other by degrees of indescribably delicate gradation, but each as it comes proves itself adapted to the text which gave it birth. These lovely melodies moreover, are supported by pianoforte accompaniments which at times rise to a co-ordinate rank with the melody itself as part of the expression of the poem. Sometimes the so-called accompaniment is itself almost the main thing. Such cases are found in the "Erl King," "To Be Sung on the Waters," and "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel." At other times the accompaniment is as simple as the melody, and serves no other purpose than that of supporting the voice. A typical case of this kind is found in "Hedge Roses" and in "Hark! Hark, the Lark." It is another peculiarity of Schubert that beginning with an entirely simple melody he sometimes digresses to a remote key, within which for a moment he goes quite as simply, only to return again immediately to the main key. The "Hark! Hark! the Lark," is a case of this kind. (Note the transition to G flat in the ninth measure.)

The universal type of Schubert's music is the melodic. This we find in the pianoforte sonatas quite as plainly as in the songs themselves. In the Minuet and March on the present program the melodic ideas are the main thing. Charmingly naive are the little waltzes upon the present list. Beautifully simple, delightfully symmetrical, their simplicity relieved by short modulations into neighboring keys, it is not possible to find elsewhere compositions so short, so simple, and yet so beautiful. In spite of their brevity and simplicity, the student will find them worth knowing thoroughly. It is also an excellent exercise for the student to learn some of these by heart and to play them in several different keys.

As an illustration of Schubert's cleverness in treating the pianoforte (which is already sufficiently evident in the dramatic accom-

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paniments of his larger songs, mentioned above), attention is c
to the Impromptu in B flat, the Air and Variations known as '
Fair Rosamonde," the title due to the appearance of this melod
his opera of "Rosamonde." At least three of these variations dis
great finesse in treating the pianoforte. The first needs to be
with the utmost delicacy and lightness, the melody suggested ra
than brought out. The third has a new rhythm and a melodic
ondary figure in the left hand part, which taken with the treat
of the variation in the right hand part gives this piece a wh
new content and effect. The fourth, again, is equally novel
equally significant for the pianoforte. The remaining variat
are of little importance, although, as matter of course, all ar
be played.

Mendelssohn as pianoforte composer represents two very im
ant and characteristic moods, the Scherzo and the Song Wit
Words. It is probable that by the good fortune of the latter r
for his collections of little piano pieces, Mendelssohn rendered
musical world a greater service than he did even by the ele
quality of his compositions themselves. It was the happy tho
of the title which at once puts the listener upon the right t
and disposes him to try and discover what the words of the unwo
songs ought to be. It was a fortunate guess rather than a somet
thought out by reason, and if he had been pressed to assign a re
for including some of these pieces under the name, he would prob
have been driven to confess that they were so included because h
not know what else they were.

The Songs Without Words embody many types, the most impo
being the true cantabile—pieces in which there is a flowing ly
melody with a soft accompaniment. These pieces are in effect r
ing else than "nocturnes," quite after the manner of Chopin,
less elaborate in treatment and less extended. Among the
types of this class are to be mentioned the first, the two folks s
in the program above, and the Duetto. In all these the conn
legato of the melody is of the first importance; and second
proper sinking and swelling of the melody in true manner of
passioned singing. The accompaniment follows closely and sh
in the fluctuations of intensity and mood.

Another type of these pieces is illustrated by the Eighth, in E
minor. This piece, which has the speed and restless moveme
a Scherzo, has also the true Mendelssohnian flavor of sweet m
choly. It goes at great speed, and often the melody is suggeste
an accent rather than fully expressed. Such cases are foun
measures three and four, and elsewhere. In these instances
is a fragment of melody in the middle voice.

Somewhat between the cantabile type and the Scherzo is t
mentioned the "Table Song," number 28, in G. This is like a
song of light and pleasant yet somewhat sentimental character,
able to be sung at table.

As a composer for voice Mendelssohn attained a very high

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producing melodies of great sweetness (yet often also of inherent coldness) and very singable. One of the most beautiful examples of this kind is found in the "Oh for the Wings of a Dove," first sung as soprano solo and then later for chorus, in his setting of a psalm. Another well known example for alto is the "Oh Rest in the Lord." The latter melody derives additional beauty from the contrast it makes with the rather dramatic place in the oratorio where it occurs. Further illustrations of Mendelssohn's powers in this direction may be taken from the list above, which there is not time at present to more fully discuss.

The part songs of Mendelssohn for mixed voices deserve to be more sung. They are extremely beautiful and delightfully written for music and for the voices. While of moderate difficulty, they belong among the very best of part-songs for mixed voices unaccompanied. The omission of the accompaniment is of very great importance, as these pieces are strictly written, in such a manner that the voices have the complete ideas, both melody and harmony, and when given independent from accompaniment it is possible to obtain a purer intonation and better sympathy.

The present progam permits a somewhat greater latitude of arrangement of parts than those of the preceding evenings. The works do not contrast with each exactly as was sought in previous programs, but rather form phases of lyric melody, to be sung in such order and combination as best suits the performers, taking care, however, that an agreeable succession of keys is generally observed.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE.

CARRENO AND L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

My Dear Mr. Mathews: It is always enjoyment to me to r
your magazine every month, and to-day the first thing that
tracted my attention when I opened the last number of MUSIC
"Personal Glimpses of Teresa Carreno." I read it through,
finding that an "lacune" open space, I may say, exists between
age of 9 to 12, I hope you will pardon me, for devoting a few l
to fill the open space I refer to. Teresa Carreno studied
ing that time with my late brother, L. M. Gottschalk, and the
cert given by that then wonderful child was after she had sta
with him. Many times I remember Teresina working on the pi
for hours in the front room, while my brother was in the b
parlor, reminding her now and then by some remarks that
was hearing her all the time; many times in the same house
Ninth street in New York city have I heard her studying Ch
and that very sonata appassionata, the child listening to her m
ter's playing and remarks on Beethoven. Madame Carreno,
that broad-heartedness and artistic nature for which she is so
known and which partly accounts for her wonderful playing, alw
has given credit to L. M. Gottschalk for having taken her into
broad field of classical music, thus enabling her from that te
age to understand the meaning of a composition, besides the pu
technical rendition of it, and giving her from the start the po
bility of going through her career as a star of the first magnit
I hope, my dear Mr. Mathews, that you will kindly publish
letter in justice to my brother's memory, who though not teach
having no time for it besides his concerts, had, for pure love of
several talented children under his instruction. Believe me
kindest regards and thanks, yours sincerely,

L. G. GOTTSCHAL

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

I was glad to see you take the stand you did (last summer) r
tive to American composers. With all deference to Mr. Tho
I must say that he is pursuing a wrong course in keeping from
programs (as a rule) works by American composers.

I should think that he, of all American conductors, would be
one to foster and encourage American productions. Why not?
poor American composer has only luck and chance for his comp
tions, even to operatic works. Of course a great deal is rubb
born of young brains not yet out of study; but there are meritor
works by American musicians that would credit any prog

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Thomas' not excepted. But then, anything by Saint-Saens, Grieg, Wagner, etc., looks better on a program, than anything by plain Jones or Smith. America, of all countries on the face of the globe, will be the coming nation in music, as we are made up of all nationalities, are new, and our future is boundless in any pursuit. We have the models of the Old World for a guide, and who knows, when our time comes we shall produce a sweeter singer than Mozart or a greater philosopher than Beethoven, or a grander operatic composer than Wagner.

I know of a number of compositions that are fine, very fine; but the author keeps them locked up. Why? Because he never had a fitting opportunity to produce them, and in all likelihood they will stay where they are. I know of an album of songs that are gems, of a quartette for strings that a Beethoven player would go in raptures over, and of a symphony that even Beethoven himself could sign his name to. I know of a grand opera that is being composed that, if Messrs. Abbey & Grau could hear, might even produce, for it is better than some of the old ones that have been palmed off on a confiding public for the last ten years. But enough. The American composer must wait even till Gabriel toots his horn. If he be so fortunate as to find a chance to produce a work, well and good. If not, let it lay by until someone, a hundred years from now (provided he doesn't throw it in the fire) finds it and wonders how it was that such a work was permitted to sleep an endless sleep and all the rot and rubbish of the present day to be heard. But 'twas ever thus, even with Schubert. Talent and genius have chance. What more do they want? Everything that can aid them in their art productions. I doubt if there ever was or ever will be a man of genius who had everything at his command as he should have. I am speaking of men of the Beethoven stamp, and God knows they are scarce enough.

Wake them up, Mr. Mathews, and nine-tenths of the musicians of America will be with you. Genius is born, not made; born of the hand of the living God, and he can as easily produce one in America as in Germany. But you cannot convince the old fogies of this. They think that music is exhausted, that the last great symphony has been produced; that music, in fact, has been composed. They probably thought so in Monteverde's time, also in Palestrina's. Music is eternal, exhaustless and boundless, and Beethoven but opened up the way in which composers (I speak of composers) should go. He gathered all of the century's work before him and built a kingdom of tones and in this kingdom he builded a fairy palace. Unlock the gate and enter. Be bold! Music. What are the composers since his time but followers in the thoughts and by-ways which he left?

But this is a very long letter for me, a stranger, to write to you. I take great pleasure in reading your magazine, and with many well wishes for its success and prosperity, I remain,

Yours truly, CH. M. THOMSON, Conductor.

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MUSIC IN KANSAS.

That Kansas, the wind-burned, grasshopper-eaten, chinchl plagued, drouth-dried, tornado-torn (?) state, the target for all ki of opprobrious epithets, should astonish eastern musicians by high standard already reached in music is doubtless surprising.

Many people, especially those who were at the World's Fair d ing Kansas week, will remember the ludicrous picture, aimed to ridiculous, that appeared in a Chicago paper the morning after Kansas chorus sang. It represented the members of the chorus grasshoppers singing the music from a barb-wire fence. Mult in parvo!

A wonderful interest in music was awakened throughout the st by the invitation from the World's Fair committee to Kansas send a chorus to participate in the exercises Kansas week. committee of ladies, Mrs. Gaston Boyd, president; Mrs. Kate Sm Cross, secretary; Mrs. S. R. Jones, Mrs. A. M. Dunlap, Mrs. M. Hodge, Mrs. G. H. Parkhurst and Miss Kate Blunt, all thoro musicians appointed by the World's Fair commission, worked ceasingly for the success of the undertaking.

The Commercial club of Hutchinson announced that a mus contest and jubilee would be held in that city in May and offe prizes for the best in chorus, quartette, duet, solo, violin and pi work. Mr. B. S. Hoagland of that city identified himself with state committee for this work and rendered invaluable aid in m ing it a success. Through Mrs. Boyd, Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins offe gratuitously his services as adjudicator and they were gladly cepted. The enthusiasm was wonderful, and from the "Columbi jubilee spring the "Kansas Musical Jubilee," that has grown interest each succeeding year. The contest music selected by committee is of the highest grade; the contestants are critic judged according to the science and art of music. The prizes from $25 to $400.

In '94, Frederick M. Archer was secured to act as adjudicator; '95, W. E. C. Seeboeck filled the position, as he did last year of the instrumental work, F. W. Root being the judge of all vo contests.

The advancement in music found in this "wilderness" was looked for, and the judges frankly acknowledged their surpr One adjudicator said he was not only "astonished but amazed at w he had heard. Of the rendition of the "Hallelujah" chorus (Han by one of the choruses (90 voices), one said it was "worthy the g composer himself."

Other states are seeking representation in these jubilees and department, soprano, has been made an open contest for this y as an experiment.

There is an effort being made in a neighboring state for a jub and contest organization similar to Kansas', but it will not be fected for some time yet on account of opposing factions. unity of interests and purposes has been one of the secrets of s

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cess in this state and has given the contests their growing strength. The losers were, of course, disappointed; but the next year found them trying again, often with better success. One soloist had been a contestant every year; ranking fourth the first year he gained only one in rank each year and carried off first prize in the last contest over a large number of worthy contestants.

Another season of music of an altogether different character to the state jubilee is the chorus, composed of those who are in attendance at the Chautauqua Assembly held each June in Ottawa. This Chautauqua, by the way, is second only to the great New York Chautauqua. A chorus director of reputation is present each year who organizes and conducts a chorus which participates in the exercises and gives at least two concerts. One or more soloists add to the interest. Last year music was made a special feature of the Assembly. A solo orchestra, selected from the Symphony orchestra of Kansas City, under the direction of Prof. John Behr, was engaged. This Symphony orchestra is one of the finest west of Chicago, its leader was formerly a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mrs. Ella Backus-Behr, who each year is associated with Prof. Sherwood at the New York Chautauqua, was pianist; a quartette of soloists led the chorus singing. One of these, Mrs. J. Otis Huff, contralto, was soloist at the New York Chautauqua, also; a ladies' chorus was also engaged.

The closing concert of the ten days' session was the rendition of "The Messiah," with piano, organ and orchestra accompaniment. While, of course, it was far from perfect, it was a prodigious undertaking gloriously accomplished.

The study and enjoyment of music heretofore largely superficial, is, as a natural result, more thorough and critical. In fact, there is a new order of things musically in the state. If the songs of a nation reflect the character of its people, as someone has said, it is hoped the Kansas musical jubilees and contests will be a standard by which Kansans are judged.

S. K. RIDGE.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

This Christmas in San Francisco has an exceptional appeal to the remembrance of all music lovers, and the very atmosphere is redolent with the gratitude of the many worshipers at St. Ignatius', the magnificent church of the Jesuits of this city. Through the beautiful liberality of a cultured and wealthy woman the grandest organ in this country has been given. Mrs. Andrew Welch, the donor, has bestowed more than a costly gift; she has given possible years of divine music and thus has predestined not only the higher life that commingled religion and music impacts upon the soul, but also the uplifting of the spiritual to an envisagement of God's intention. The humblest of His creatures may stand within the dim aisles—shadowy as it were with the reflex of sorrows left there, where the

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soul solaces itself at the foot of the altar, and the sanctuary lamp illumines the faltering heart on its further way to better things. I feel—

"I have no words to bring,
Worthy of Thee, my King.
And yet one anthem in thy praise
I long, I long to raise.
The heart is full;
The eye
Entranced above.
But words
All melt away
In silent awe
And love.
How can the lips be dumb,
The hand all still and numb,
When Thee
The heart doth see, and own
Her Lord and God above?
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
And open Thou my lips
That I may
Show Thy praise.

(F. R. Havergal.)

In this Western World the sun awaits a closer coming of the stars—that on this sacred night seem in galaxy and battalion to guard the humble crib at Bethlehem—consecrate these nineteen hundred years. In this Western World Christmas dawned sunlit upon the hushed earth. At earliest morn the bell of St. Ignatius rang out a clarion of Peace and Good Will. Crowds surge the streets, and everywhere—the stir of glad tidings. In this vast temple of the living Christ, the very air is fraught expectant—impalpable presences and wings triumphant agitate the solemnity. On the grand altar, waxen tapers pulse tremulously before the tall, pale, spiritual lilies that droop adoringly. The very nimbus of Heaven rests luminously over all. In a stillness that is breathless, priest and deacon and acolyte, in splendid pageant, come with reverent steps into the ceremonial, sacerdotal splendor and sight and sound and slow movement make a wondrous harmony. The greatest organ in the land is touched to vibrant voice by the faultless magic of a master, and there swells forth an avalanche of chords and superchords, as if the congregate winds of all space had engathered as a choir of the Eternal. Strain upon strain of divinest meaning discloses to the soul the mystery of incarnate favor. Higher and higher climb the notes until they seem the reverberant foot-falls of approaching hosts along the pathway of God's own kingdom—a procession of the invisible—the unseen before the semblance of the Great White Throne. Incense hovers and lifts censored fragrance as a breath of the unutterable. . . . The great organ

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stops with a mighty silence and stillness lays a soft touch upon the heart of the multitude. Angel and archangel and cherubim and seraphim are worshipers at the tabernacle door. The air is heavy with the precious weight of prayer. . . . For a moment the pulse of the world stands still. Then, from the threshold of infinity a divine Gloria steals into the soul of the great organ, and the master is at the priesthood of his art. The stained radiance, crimson and purple and sun-wrought, gleams magnificence like a royal anthem of soundless praise. The white lilies burn now in a scarlet passion of divine fervor, and the tapers flicker white-lighted as if a Madonna Moon had touched them with her fair holiness.

Ceremonials are epochs of deep emotions. In their grandeur is the ecstasy of supreme moments, when in exaltation the spiritual vision is unfolded and we know that Heaven is real and eternity but a single word of God's promise. From the great organ on this Christmas morning when the dawn was faint before the mystery of the midnight, a note of celestial melody sounded the everlasting hymn, undying in the universe as hope in the heart, ceaseless forever henceforth—ceaseless as God's love. At this joyous hour Chicago's musical soul must have gone out responsively, when the unapproachable touch of Mr. Clarence Eddy held hundreds spellbound to the wonderful tones poured out like a rare vintage of heavenly melody, intoxicating the soul with a sudden bliss, a foretaste of what the ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. ANNA COX STEPHENS.

ADOLF BRUNE, PIANIST.

Mr. Adolf Brune lately gave a piano recital which showed a gratifying advance. Serious program, containing Brahms-Handel Variations and Fugue, Chopin's E Minor Concerto, his own Bourrée, op. 8, and Liszt's Midsummer Night's Dream. Clear interpretation and sufficient technique, needing more variety of touch; brilliant playing of the encore number, a Moszkowski Etude, op. 25, No. 1, and remarkably intelligent presentation of the Brahms Fugue; promising future; one of the most earnest and thorough of our younger pianists, and striving for high ideals in composition.

"THE WAGNER BOOM."

Dear Mr. Mathews: I have lately come across the enclosed in an old scrap book, from a paper published in 1882. I thought it might interest you, too, so I copied it. What do you think of it, and what is your opinion of the author? It is one of the many I have, especially from German papers as far back as 1865, in which Wagner is given such abuse as you never heard of. Yours truly,

FREDERICK GRANT GLEASON.

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THE WAGNER BOOM.

"This entire business of the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth is one of the most curious bits of musical history. Although there is a general impression abroad that great art works are generally in advance of their time, the historical facts do not confirm it. Not to speak of the ancients, the moderns such as Raphael, Michael Angelo, Handel, Bach, Shakespeare, Meyerbeer, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, have written their masterworks to supply a current demand. That the lasting value of the works so produced should have been unknown to the public that inspired and paid for them, is natural enough. Even the masters who have struck out in new paths have not gone beyond the appreciation of the public of their own day. Wagner has reversed all this. He does not even pretend to supply a demand. His music dramas are neither instruction nor amusement. They are neither music, drama, nor spectacle purely, but a combination of all three under the most severe restrictions. They are so far from being adapted to the stage that he thought it necessary to build a theater expressly for them, at an expense of more than half a million dollars. Nor are they adapted to any existing public, but a public has to be "naturally selected" from all the earth, by means of a process of the most unexampled free advertising. Yet every one of these seemingly fatal obstacles has been met, and the wonderful art works produced. The works of Shakespeare have met the music of Beethoven, and they have kissed each other on the hill just out of Bayreuth. Actors and players have given their services for well nigh a whole summer. Men have traversed half the circumference of the globe to get there. Newspapers four and five thousand miles away have printed columns of cable 'specials' about it. And what of it? Has the stage been elevated? No; many of his scenes could not be produced in an English-speaking country, they so exceed the conventional limits of decency. Has the art of music been advanced? No; if music goes on in this direction it will become intolerable. Has the drama been made a lesson of human life? No; the stories of the Wagner operas are inordinately gross and inhuman, and unrelieved by elevating motives of any kind. What, then, has been done? Simply this, that Mr. Richard Wagner, having written a lot of operas that no manager would have as a gift, and no city police tolerate, has had them produced under conditions which must satisfy even his wonderful vanity. This, mainly, is all there is of it."

The foregoing I believe was written by the present writer one Saturday afternoon in a furious hunt for Sunday "copy," amid the desolating influences of a fortnight of Wagnerian opera with the slender Pappenheim (weight about 350, avoirdupois) as Elsa, Elizabeth, and Sentz; and the further incitation of some columns of "slush" from Bayreuth correspondents. My opinion of the author, therefore, is that it was a case of a good man momentarily gone wrong, in liver or nerve, or both; and at that time comparatively ignorant of the astonishing qualities of Mr. Richard Wagner as

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advertiser, publicist, and above all as progressive musician. We live and learn. The moralities in the article I probably had from the Bayreuth correspondents, for none of us had seen these works at that time. W. S. B. M.

ORATORIOS WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.

By Fountain Meen (Organist of Union Chapel, Islington).

Among the various duties that fall to the lot of an organist, the accompaniment of an Oratorio or Cantata is undoubtedly the most exacting, as in addition to the actual exertion of playing, it entails a great strain upon the mental faculties, and therefore requires considerable power of endurance. In short, to use a common expression, it "takes it out of you" very considerably.

Of course, an oratorio should, if possible, be accompanied in the manner intended by the composer, which is, as a rule, by a full orchestra, in which case the organ, when used at all, is treated as an orchestral instrument, and is heard only occasionally. It is only necessary to refer to Mendelssohn's works of this class as being absolutely perfect examples of the use of the organ with orchestra. Performances of such works with organ accompaniment only, are, however, frequently given, and although the best of such accompaniment cannot adequately atone for the absence of an orchestra, it must be admitted that if, as in very many cases, it is difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to have a band, it is certainly better to have such performances than none at all.

The organist who undertakes this duty should have the work he is called upon to play, well in his mind, because he has so much to think of in the way of combining his stops suitably, and must follow the vocalists so attentively throughout, that it is essential that he should be most intimately acquainted with the work, as well as with its traditional rendering. Then again, he has to play from the vocal score, the accompaniment to which is arranged for the pianoforte, so that it is no uncommon thing to meet with passages which, if not absolutely impossible on the organ, will be altogether ineffective if played as written. For instance, the tremolando effects so often to be met with are, in many cases, merely a convenient substitute for the sustained notes to be found in the full score, and would have a very bad effect if played on the organ, besides being quite unnecessary, as the notes can be sustained. He has therefore to exercise his own judgment very considerably in adapting the accompaniment to the organ, particularly as regards the use of the left hand.

In choruses, where the accompaniment consists of the vocal parts in short score, care must be taken not to use the pedals when the lower notes belong to the tenor part, but to use them with the bass part of the chorus only.

In order to give some idea of the orchestral effects, it is most desirable to compare the copy with the full score, as it is often possible to produce on the organ effects which are not possible on

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the pianoforte, and are not therefore shown in the pianofor
rangement. It is not, as a rule, difficult to obtain access t
score. If it is in manuscript, it will probably be in the poss
of the composer, if living; but if printed, it may be had c
publisher, and I have always found both composers and publ
quite willing to afford every facility for examining it. In the p
forte scores of some works that have appeared during the las
years, the plan has been adopted of indicating the orchestral i
ment to which the various passages are assigned, and an exc
plan it is, as it materially increases the interest of all re
besides being of great assistance to those who may have to a
pany the work upon the organ. In no work has this plan
carried out so completely as in the Messiah, Mr. Best in his ad
ble edition having given the accompanist all possible help i
direction. At the same time it is very necessary to exercis
cretion in following these indications, as, although it is no
wise to make the accompaniment as orchestral as possible, it
no means wise to try in every case to imitate the instruments
cated. There are, for instance, many passages given to the cla
which would sound simply abominable if played on the clarionet
The value of this stop is greatly increased if it be enclosed
special swell-box, as it can then be used in chords with very
effect, but as a rule it is so loud that it can only be used for ce
solo passages. The gamba and lieblich gedacht will be fou
useful combination for such chord passages, being very sugg
of the subdued tones of the instrument, much more so in fact
the clarionet stop itself would be. Flute passages as a rule
out well on the organ, and if the reeds are of good quality the
and trumpet stops give a fairly good imitation of the tone of
instruments.

In solos, the accompaniment should be played (as far as pos
in accordance with the text, and orchestral effects as indic
should be introduced, provided always that they can be obt
without disturbing the flow of the music itself. I have frequ
heard passages quite mutilated, in consequence of the orga
frantic endeavors to effect some change of stops. On no ac
should this be done, for the proper rendering of the music sh
of course, be the first consideration, and if, therefore, such cha
cannot be effected without spoiling musical phrases, they sh
be abandoned. In choruses the organist has frequently to su
the voices, in addition to playing the accompaniment, and w
the latter is obligato, considerable judgment is necessary in
to do justice to both.

As a general rule, the eight and four feet stops of the great c
will be found most useful for choruses, and, excepting for b
and massive effects, it is better to avoid the sixteen feet
altogether, particularly in fugal movements. For example, in
del's "Hallelujah," they should only be used for "full" pass
Again, in the first chorus of Elijah they may be drawn for

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opening bars, but should be shut off at the tenor lead, "The harvest now is over," and not used again until the "ff" towards the end is reached. Passages are frequently left without accompaniment in the pianoforte score, which are really meant to be played upon the organ, as, for instance, in "Behold, God the Lord!" from Elijah. If, therefore, it is thought desirable to play these passages, there need not be any hesitation about doing so.

It is often very difficult for an organist to tell how much organ he can use without overpowering the voices, and so much difference of opinion is to be found, as to the proper amount of tone to be used in accompanying, that it is decidedly unwise to place too much reliance on the opinions of others. For instance, if two musicians of experience, in whom equal confidence may be felt, sit side by side during a performance, it is not at all unlikely that one will describe the accompaniment as being too loud, and the other, as not loud enough. Experience teaches that the only safe plan is to find out for oneself the effect produced by various combinations at a distance from the organ, and rely upon one's own discretion. It may sometimes happen that solo vocalists will complain that they cannot hear enough of the organ when they are singing. In such cases the organist must be very careful about using more power, as in very many cases it will be found that if the singer can hear the organ well, the accompaniment will be much too loud. In this matter, as in almost everything else, the medium course is the safest—do not be too reticent, but endeavor to give sufficient support to the voice without overpowering it.

It is quite possible to accompany any of the standard works upon the organ with very good effect, but in the case of works of more recent date, where so much more prominence is given to the orchestra, it is not wise to rely upon the organ only. Take, for example, Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Rose of Sharon. It is a beautiful work, and may fairly be described as the finest of recent oratorios, but it could not be effectively accompanied by organ only. Given a good three-manual organ of average size and fairly up-to-date, and it is difficult to imagine anything more thoroughly enjoyable (although exacting) than to play such works as Elijah, Messiah, Redemption, and others; but the organist cannot take his instrument with him, and has, therefore, to put up with what he can get, and play these works, perhaps, upon instrumentsof short compass, heavy action, and poor tone, so that all the presence of mind and readiness of resource of which he is capable may be called into requisition. His enjoyment may, therefore, be considerably qualified, but although it is, of course, much harder work to accompany on a small organ than a large one, the mere fact of having to overcome difficulties is productive of a certain amount of pleasure.

There is so much difference in organs, as regards size, quality of tone, touch, arrangement, position, etc., that it is somewhat difficult to give direct advice, but the writer of these few remarks hopes

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that they may not be without some interest, and may possil of some assistance to those who are, as yet, without experie this interesting branch of an organist's duties.—Nonconf Mus. Journal.

MR. JOHN C. GRIGGS WRITES.

My church music class in the Metropolitan College of Mus apparently been a move in the right direction. We have had interesting and enthusiastic time. Another session begins i ruary. The finest lecture course ever given in any American is to begin here in January. I will send you prospectus as s printed, hoping that when it is noted in your pages it v clothed on with some of that glory with which you are w kindly irradiate the humble efforts of us remote easterners. to continue in this modest vein I wish to intimate that I bel that much abused and much deserving profession which singers, and against which your sarcasm has been sometimes ed as not singing good repertoire, etc. I enclose you two lists, each of which I have given several times this fall. I al a good time at Smith three weeks ago singing for Dr. Blo Schubert program, as follows:

Der Wanderer, Der Lindenbaum, Die Post, Du bist die Ruh The Winter Journey; Das Wandern, Ungeduld, from The Daughter; Gruppe aus dem Tartarus (Schiller); Doppel (Heine); Au Schwager Kronos, Haedenröslein, Erlkönig, Goethe.

I did a Schumann program of similar scope from memo lecture for Gow of Vassar a week later. I shall hope to do t Chicago next winter.

Yours truly,

JOHN C. GRI

In connection with these recitals we notice that Dr. Gri published some small libretti of the more favorite German but in one collection without translations of the German This appears to us a mistake. While it is no doubt the everyone to know German as they know English, it remai some millions of the inhabitants of countries in other respec ized and appreciably enlightened have as yet failed to com this high privilege. It is altogether likely that Dr. Griggs' a contained a liberal sprinkling of individuals belonging to th For them it would have been an act of kindness to have English versions side by side with the German, to the e the listener might so find out what in particular it was all Ed. Music.

WILLIAM STEINWAY TO WILLIAM MASON.

New York, December 23.

It is with great interest and pleasure that I have read th letter of Mr. I. J. Paderewski, in which he expresses such

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approval of the piano method of my lifelong friend William Mason. As one of the principal objects of this work is the cultivation and development of a firm, full and sympathetic piano touch I have been reminded of what Liszt, Rubinstein and other great musicians said years ago in praise of the touch of its author, for their testimony, which I happen to know is authentic, goes to show that William Mason should be able to thoroughly understand the subject upon which he writes, possessing as he does such an excellent example of his own playing.

My recollection carries me back to the 23d day of May, 1873, when just prior to Anton Rubinstein's departure for Europe a supper was tendered him at the Hotel Brunswick by a few friends, among them Gustave Schirmer and several other well-known gentlemen.

During the evening, the conversation having turned on musical art in America, Rubinstein remarked that the prospect of our future development in this direction was favorable, as there were already a number of gifted native American composers and pianists. He referred to his visit to Liszt in Weimar during the year 1853-54, and said that while there he became acquainted with William Mason, whose playing was characterized by that peculiarly sympathetic and elastic touch which, unless inborn, could not be acquired by any amount of practice.

Again, on May 14, 1877, at the city of Hanover, Germany, Franz Liszt gave a reception to a number of artists and critics who had assembled in that city to attend a musical convention. Mr. Theodore Steinway, then recently returned from New York, was present on invitation, and Liszt on greeting him said: "Mr. Steinway, how goes it with my favorite pupil, William Mason?" Mr. Steinway replied that Mr. Mason was in good health and actively engaged in his professional duties. Liszt said, "Mason is by nature and temperament endowed with a wonderfully sympathetic touch of an elastic and velvety character."

This is certainly strong testimony, and in its light I am not surprised that Paderewski should so fully endorse Mr. Mason's touch and technic.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM STEINWAY.

IS HAENDEL'S "MESSIAH" INSPIRED OR SACRED?

In the Milwaukee Journal Mr. Arthur Cyril Gordon Weld takes the bull by the horns and maintains that it is possible to claim for Haendel's immortal work entirely too much. While his remarks are to be read with a grain of reserve, inasmuch as they represent a reaction from claims unduly pressed for the work, they are nevertheless in the main right as well as interesting. Mr. Weld writes:

Previous to this year's performance of "The Messiah," the Arion club, our justly celebrated choral organization, saw fit—imitating the Apollo club of Chicago—to indulge in a very novel form of ad-

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vertisement for this immortal work. Many columns of the newspapers were taken up in describing the "wonderful religious feeling" of this oratorio and so forth and so on. Furthermore, it was stated pretty plainly that Mr. Tomlins had a greater knowledge of this work than any one living and that fact was dwelt upon with infinite variations. Finally it was said that the Arion club was both artistically and financially stronger than ever before. All of these public announcements by the club give the critical press the right, firstly to criticize the club from a higher standard than ever before, as they claim a higher position, and, secondly, to examine carefully the claims made for both Mr. Tomlins and Haendel's great musical achievement. In this article some things will be said which will doubtless create both surprise and annoyance among those who have been hoodwinked into adopting Mr. Tomlins' widely advertized views of this oratorio, but it is as well that the truth should occasionally be told, even in newspapers.

George Frederick Haendel—not Handel—was a German who was originally attached to the court of the king of Hanover, and he was by profession court musical director and a composer of operas. Through the affiliations of the Hanoverian and English courts he eventually came to London, where, with a keen business sense, he perceived that there was much more money to be made in writing oratorios and other religious compositions than in writing operas for the Hanoverian court theater—consequently he settled in London. That he was essentially an opera composer, first of all, may be seen from the fact that he left behind him forty-two finished and ten unfinished operas, as opposed to but twenty-two oratorios. He was not a man of notable religious feeling, or manner of living, being openly given to the various pleasures of the world, the flesh and the devil. But there was money in religious music, and, to a master of his qualifications, it was as easy to write one as the other. Haendel had a positively extraordinary facility in writing—he finished the "Messiah" in twenty-four days—but he was also the most noted plagiarist of his times, or any other period in music, and through his wholesale excerpts from his own earlier works, as well as those of other contemporary musicians, it was naturally easier for him to work with unusual rapidity.

Speaking of the many plagiarisms which may be found in the "Messiah," one of his greatest chroniclers remarks that it is true, that innumerable subjects, harmonic progressions, points of imitation, sequences, etc., which the unlearned are accustomed to admire (and with reason) in Haendel, are no more the invention of that master than they are of Auber or Rossini. The works which are chiefly ornamented by these plagiarisms are the "Dettinger Te Deum," "Saul," "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah," and his great historian, Julian Marshall, points out that for them he made the most extensive thefts from a "Te Deum" by one Francesco Antonio Uria, or Urio, and from a very interesting work of Scarlatti's (still unpublished)—a serenade for three voices and double

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string orchestra. In attempting to excuse him, Mr. Marshall offers the following amusing defense: "That such wholesale pilfering as this should have been possible, or even conceivable, is a fact which points to a very different standard of artistic morality from that of the present day. Might, in fact, was right. In Haendel's case the greater part of the music he 'adopted' was, no doubt, saved from oblivion by the fact of its inclusion in his works. The only possible justification of the proceeding is afforded by success."

Finally, four of the most celebrated choruses of the "Messiah" are taken bodily from the "Chamber Duets," a series of thirteen operatic numbers orignally composed for the diversion of the king of Hanover while dining, while innumerable other of these "religious" numbers, both solos and choruses, are from his earlier German and Italian operas, not counting the "loans" from other composers. So much for the historical side of Haendel's "religious inspiration" while composing this great work.

As to the perfectly patent facts of the case, there are very few numbers in the "Messiah" which show any trace of religious feeling, although there are many intensely dramatic passages, which Mr. Marshall rightly points out as resulting from his thorough training and long experience as an operatic composer. If we place the "Messiah" side by side with any of his operas the music is identically the same, excepting that most of it is better and more carefully finished. To talk about exceptional "religious inspiration" in connection with this work is sheer, arrant nonsense, and entitles one to completely doubt the sincerity of any professional musician who lends himself to such deliberate artistic deception. Let us take one of the most celebrated choruses, for example, "For unto us a child is born." Why, the most every-day layman, if he have a trace of ordinary musical common sense, can see at a glance that there is not a single trace of religious feeling or conception in this number. It is a florid, operatic chorus, such as was highly popular at that period, and musically speaking, it is an exquisite production, and why, let me ask at last, should we speak other than "musically" in considering this work? To proceed, any musician who will claim that in "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," or "And with His Stripes," or "All we like sheep," etc., etc., show the faintest trace of anything else but the then prevalent operatic style of composition, that man is either not honest or he is wholly ignorant of his art. And so with the solos; is there any religious conception to be hunted out of the coloratura passages of "For He is like a refiner's fire," or in the splendidly dramatic, but essentially unreligious numbers, "Why do the nations so furiously rage" and "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron?" And finally, will anyone have the positive impertinence to tell us that the magnificent chorus "His yoke is easy" is religious music?

So then we see beyond the possibility of argument or dispute, that historically the "Messiah" is a pasticcio of Haendel's earlier dramatic works, together with new numbers composed in the same

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style, and in addition we know, from our own ears, that there are not more than a half dozen numbers in the entire great work which can be considered as distinctly religious music. Why then, I ask it in all seriousness, why then, will the public permit its sterling common sense to be imposed upon by this trashy talk? As a matter of fact this work is one of the greatest oratorios we have—(Mr. Tomlins says it is the greatest, thus taking upon himself a responsibility which other musicians would not care to assume) but it is great enough to escape criticism as to its musical merits. Now then, in view of the fact that this positively monumental work has existed for nearly two centuries solely upon its undeniable artistic merits, why in the name of all that is good and true in art, why attempt at this late hour to give it a fictitious value which it does not possess? The religious words of the "Messiah" are merely pegs upon which its beautiful tones are hung—for the oratorio is what we call "absolute music," pure and simple, excepting its few dramatic passages. And it is beautiful, exquisite, absolute music. Therefore the attempt to make out that it is "program music" of the religious sort is untrue, unjustifiable, inartistic and inexcusable. We do not want artifice in the place of art, nor shoddy sentimentality in the place of appreciation of noble musical accomplishment.

LEIPSIC NOTES.

To resume our notes upon the Gewandhaus concerts, the fifth consisted of Brahms' C minor symphony, magnificently played and interpreted with most appreciative sympathy under Mr. Nikisch's direction; the Pilgrim March from Berlioz' "Harold in Italy;" and the closing scene from the "Gotterdammerung." The singer of the occasion was Frau Gulbranson from Christiania, who gave with splendid declamation the Brunhilde music in the closing scene, and three songs of Grieg with orchestral accompaniment.

The main features of the sixth Gewandhaus were a rarely played overture of Cherubini, the "Abenceragen," in which leading motives are strongly suggested; some ballet music from Gluck, arranged by Felix Mottl, Beethoven's fourth symphony, with its spring-like humor, and Cesar Thomson in Goldmark's violin concerto and Tartini's "Devil's trill" sonata. It is needless to say that this lovely program was delightfully carried out by all concerned.

At the seventh, the concert opened with Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," Haydn's symphony, No. 13 (Breitkopf and Haertel), and strange to say the overture to Rossini's "Barber." "How came the overture to Rossini's Barber on the Gewandhaus program?" asks Professor Vogel. There were two solo artists—Frau Katherina Edel, who sang Schubert's "Mignon's Song," and Franz's "In the Spring," accompanied at the piano by Kapelmeister Nikisch; and the 'cellist, Leo Stern, from London, who played Dvorak's new concerto for 'cello. The work of the latter was praised for its excellent technic, its fine tone and tasteful interpretation. The singer also made a great effect.

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The eighth concert was given over to a performance of Handel's rarely heard oratorio, "Saul," which is one of his greatest. As the chorus was in fine form and the solo artists were strong and well selected, the performance was a memorable one.

The ninth concert was devoted to the memory of Beethoven. It consisted of the "Egmont" overture, the heroic symphony, and the fourth pianoforte concerto, the latter by Eugen D'Albert, who must be considered one of the greatest Beethoven interpreters of the present time. The concert was a grand success—as indeed are all of the present season.

The great pianist, Sophie Mentor, has lately been heard here in an extra concert of the Liszt verein, in which she played the Tausig arrangement of Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue, the Beethoven sonata in E major, opus 109, and lesser selections from Chopin, Schumann, Tschalkowsky, one of the Schubert-Liszt songs, a composition by her pupil, Gagellnilow, and at the end of the Liszt arrangement of the "Tannhauser" overture. Her playing was brilliant, expressive, and imposing in the extreme.

The fourth philharmonic concert, directed by Felix Mottl, was a very pleasant occasion. Mottl is a director free from affectation, reposeful yet full of inner life, and his interpretations are very interesting.

Time fails me at the moment to speak of a succession of lesser concerts, which, however, for the most part would be more interesting here where the artists are known than at the distance to which I am sending these notes. C. D. H.

VIOLIN AND PIANO SONATA BY MRS. BEACH.

The accomplished and industrious composer, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach of Boston, has lately brought out a new sonata for piano and violin, played for the first time by herself and Mr. Kneisel, at the fourth concert of the Kneisel quartette, January 5th. According to accounts the work made an excellent impression, being not only feminine in respect to delicate sentiment and a fine sense of tonal values, but carried through in a broad and masterful spirit worthy of a man in his best moments. In other words, the new woman composes with true abandon and craft. Among the critical opinions the following are the kernels:

The Boston Courier:

This sonata was found to be much beyond its composer's previous essay in that department and to merit being named with her symphony for its nobility of thought and feeling, its strong earnestness, its mastery of rhetorical form, its technical application of this to the two instruments, and its absolute musicianly spirit, uninfluenced by any purely feminine temperament or fancy. It was beautifully and correspondently played, of course, and it was received with unalloyed satisfaction by every hearer.

Mr. Elson, in the Advertiser:

Between Beethoven and Mozart came Mrs. Beach, and she was not

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crushed between the upper and nether millstones either. Her violin sonata in A minor is a fine work, greatest in its first and last movements, weakest in its largo.

Mr. C. L. Capen, in The Boston Morning Journal:

Of the new sonata by Mrs. Beach it is a pleasure to write, that from beginning to end it fairly teems with musical ideas, all fine, original and fresh. There is not a commonplace bar or cadence in it; neither anything feebly said at second-hand.

The short first subject of the opening movement is in the pure minor or hypo-dorian mode and has a quaint, incisive rhythm all its own. The second subject offers a fine contrast and is full of just such comfortable enjoyment as one derives from an idealized waltz.

The second movement, a quick scherzo, could but have put everybody in good humor, while leaving the appetite keen for the admirably contrasting movements that followed.

In the third movement, a largo condolore, there is a succession of distinct, delicately quaint and mystical changes, which seem also to present a series of musical interrogations. With a remarkably spirited Allegro con fuoco the sonata comes to an end, this final movement containing an abundance of free, clear and natural counterpoint, while at the same time being a bright and animated composition not without many a dash of fantasy, almost elfishness.

The sonata, as a whole, is an eminently sincere, spontaneous and able work, and one that bears the stamp of originality, as well as scholarship of surpassing merit. It contributed the most interesting feature of perhaps the most interesting concert of the Kneisel Quartet season thus far.

MINOR MENTION

The official report of the Galesburg meeting of the Illinois Music Teachers' Association is out and copies can be had by addressing the secretary, Mr. C. W. Weeks, Ottawa, Ill., or the president, Mr. P. C. Hayden, Quincy. In this connection it may be noted that the program committee, Messrs. Liebling, Spencer and Bentley, are preparing a very interesting program for the next meeting.

* * *

The Spiering Quartette gave its fourth concert January 19, in Handel hall with a larger attendance than formerly. The program consisted of Tschaikowsky's Quartet in D major, opus 11, the Mendelssohn Trio in C minor (Miss Emma Dahl, pianist), and a Haydn Quartet. In the first number, which was the main feature of the program, the playing was animated, but not always well intoned. The criticism is made by way of caution.

* * *

Miss Mary Wood Chase played a program before the students of the University of Chicago, at the Kent theater, January 13, with a list of selections embracing the Schumann Sonata, opus 22, the variations on the name Abegg; Moszkowsky's Masquerade and Unmasking, and Juggleress, an etude of Chopin and the Ballade, opus 23.

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Miss Chase plays with a great deal of power and assurance, and shows the advantages of much practice. She is also intelligent in her interpretation, and as she has a large repertory she is likely to be in demand.

* * *

Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave a recital before the pupils of the Chicago Conservatory, January 21, with a program embracing Beethoven's 32 Variations in C minor, Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, Impromptu in F sharp and Scherzo in C sharp minor, and the Tausig Invitation to the Dance, with certain additions by Godowsky. The playing was very beautiful and masterly, and it is a very rare opportunity for conservatory pupils to hear playing of this order close at hand, as one might say. In the Impromptu and Scherzo the playing on this occasion reached the standard of the highest finish and artistic abandon and success. Everything was good, but these were best of all.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young gave their second recital January 14 at Handel hall, assisted by the exquisite 'cellist, Mr. Bruno Steindel, who played the Dvorak Concerto for 'cello with piano accompaniment, for the first time in Chicago. The song program covered a wide range, but the singing was not quite so fortunate as on the former occasion. Probably the singer had not yet recovered from the fatigues of his brilliant western trip in which he sang at Salt Lake and Seattle and so on.

* * *

A brilliant concert was given by the Chicago Musical College at Central Music hall, January 19th, for the purpose of bringing out Mr. Walter R. Knupfer, a young pianist brought over from Leipsic last autumn, but prevented by illness from appearing in public sooner. There was an orchestra composed of players belonging to the Chicago Orchestra, led by Mr. Hans von Schiller and Mr. Henry Schoenefeld. Mr. Knupfer played the Grieg concerto and a number of pieces by Liszt and Moskowsky. He is a well-schooled player and no doubt will be heard to better advantage later. Among the pieces on the program were the "Suite Characteristique" and "Gypsy Melodies," by Mr. Schoenefeld, both well-written and very pleasing compositions. Mr. Bernhard Listemann made the sensation of the evening in Fritz Listermann's Grand Polonaise, a very brilliant piece for violin with orchestra. The baritone, Mr. John R. Ortengren made a pleasing impression in a song from Saint-Saens' "Timbre d'Argent."

"THE MAKING OF A SONG."

To the Editor of Music:—Dear sir—In your January number a writer called Baltzell, who ornaments both ends of his name with a profusion of initials, discourses with cheerful assurance, untinged with any pretty embarrassment, upon "The Making of a Song," laying down rules for procedure as if he were writing of the construc-

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tion of a chess-board. Among other delightful things he sa
"Triple rhythm generally lacks the strength and dignity of dupl
May I ask Mr. Baltzell to kindly point out wherein the followi
numbers selected hastily at random lack either strength or digni
The Prayer, Lohengrin, first act; the Pilgrims' chorus in Ta
hauser; Haendel's Largo; the first movement of the Eroica sy
phony; the slow movement of the fifth Beethoven symphony;
Nocturne from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music;
celebrated D minor passage in the Elysium scene of Gluck's
pheus; the resurrection of the Nuns in Meyerbeer's Robert the De
the Prize Song from the Meistersinger, and the Spring (Love So
first act of Walkure. I could fill several pages of your magaz
with mere instances without reference if I had time this morning
write them down, but these come into my head wholly at rand
Please understand that I am asking purely for information,
possibly I have misunderstood your contributor, who perhaps mea
intended to point out that a waltz was more frivolous and less dig
fied than a polka. Yours in perplexity, ARTHUR WELL

MASCAGNI.

"How sweetly sad thy song,"—how clear
  Its vibrant tones, upon a sleeping breeze
  Around the verdant hills and leafy trees,
Fall on the upturned listening ear!
Within thy charm is thought of fear
  And other forms which earthly vision sees;
  Within thy store are magic-working keys,
Disclosing hearts which beat to sorrow's tear.

Chime on, sweet harp, nor let thy music end,
  The season's winds will still blow ill as e'er;
  But in the heart-enchanting song you bear,
The hopeful thought of spring you gently blend.
The first, a rapturous melody you send
  That earthly song the Heavenly light may share.

ARCHIE A. BEL

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIFTH GRADE CONCERT PIECES.

"Will you please to name for me about four good concert pieces for concert use, commencements, etc., in grade five. I do not want them too classical, and yet I do not want them strictly popular.

"Would you use Gustave Satter's music now? Do you think his 'Martha' and 'Valse des Valses' good concert music for the fifth grade?"—L. J.

The combination "concert" with "fifth grade" is a contradiction of terms. What is wanted is exhibition music available in the grade you mention. Something pleasing, effective, and practicable.

It all depends upon the taste of the pupils. Where the taste is not advanced sufficiently for modern, up-to-date music, I should not hesitate to use anything that fairly compromised between what I would like to use and what the pupils, if left to themselves, would prefer. Satter was a pleasing writer, but I have not heard a piece of his for ten years or more, nor have I seen one. Very likely the ones you mention are as good as any. For a pupil rather old-fashioned in taste, liking melody and not appreciative of thematic development, some of the old-fashioned pieces are excellent. Such are Wollenhaupt's "Whispering Winds" and "Last Smile." Very likely these have been played to death. In that case try Gottschalk's "Last Hope" and "Marche de Nuit." Both are melodious and both practicable within the limits you mention. If something a little better can be used, take the Chopin Waltz in A flat, opus 42, the one in syncopation. This belongs to the grade you mention and is effective when well done. The left hand has a very easy time. Another piece, more modern, is Moszkowsky's Waltz in A flat. There are many other pieces of this writer which will please, but the waltz in A flat is most universally played. If the pupil has a great deal of taste, and is capable of practicing a piece thoroughly and has a pretty good hand, Moszkowsky's "Moment Musicale" in C sharp minor is an excellent and rather brilliant work. If the pupil is rather sentimental with an ear for fine melody she could play Liszt's "Liebestraume" (Love's Dream) in A flat, No. 3. This has a delightful melody, full of a sentiment truly Italian, with passages of brilliant and delicate tracery of arabesques between, like a love dream with fire works obligato. It is a very charming piece. Shorter and more direct is the Gavotte in B major (1st Gavotte), by Godard. This is very effective and modern. If the pupil has the ability (exceptional in the south) to play Bach, take the Loure in G, or the Gavotte in E major, arranged by Tours. The arrangement of the latter in the Peters Bach Album, by Sara Heinze, is not so good, although quite as difficult.

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If you have a taste for Schubert the Menuet in B minor, and Impromptu in A flat are good; and a little more difficult is the promptu in B flat, opus 142, known as "The Fair Rosamonde"- Air with Variations. This perhaps more properly belongs to sixth grade, but an ambitious girl with an appetite for it could n ter it if well taught, after doing the fifth grade.

Operatic arrangements are no longer in fashion. Nobody making them. The old operas have been hashed up in so many ferent but all old-fashioned ways, that nobody cares for any m of them. And many writers once famous are no longer played. ter was never more than a writer of limited currency; he would very proud to be even that now. Ketterer is another and Leybac both relegated to the domain of the "ought-to-be-forgotten." E Liebling's "Madeleine Waltz" is a capital piece for your purp and about the right difficulty. Also the "Florence" waltz, wit little judicious cutting of one or two unprofitable pages, makes effective concert number, popular and pleasing.

There are several pieces by the charming and very popular Fre lady, Chaminade, which are available for this use. The Scarf Da is one of these. There is an arrangement of this fingered by William Mason.

THE STUDY OF HARMONY.

A Chicago correspondent asks the rather singular question as what books she ought to get to begin the study of theory; whet she can study it herself; and whether there are classes in any the conservatories.

One can study anything whatever by oneself—but it is not alw a profitable way. Darius Greene tried it in the department of flyi I am just now recommending Norris' Harmony after the Fren method for self-study because it seems to me clear. But I earnes recommend attending a class at one of the musical colleges. Th all have them, and all have them good. Mr. E. W. Chaffee teac such classes in the Gottschalk school, Mr. Frederick Gleason h similar classes on his own system, at the Chicago Conservatory, a the Musical College has always made quite a specialty of harmo and Mr. Henry Schoenefeld has classes there in free compositio Go to whichever one you prefer or feel yourself attracted to; b no matter which one it is, keep right on for two years at least, o or two classes a week. In this way you will at last arrive at working knowledge of harmony—and incidentally of many oth things. To take it for one term is merely to get a smattering. Y will feel wiser, but the impression will be mainly subjective. Wh you want is a working knowledge, and this you are not likely to g in clean shape by working alone. You could study it by correspo dence at a moderate charge with Dr. Hugh A. Clarke of the Univer ity of Pennsylvania (address the university at Philadelphia), a arrive at something. But the class is your best way.

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STUDENT MUSICAL CLUBS.

I am written asking directions for a course of study for a musical club. In this case as the club is already formed, so much is accomplished. If the membership of the club is mostly untrained in the study of musical literature and knows but little of classical music, I think the Ten Evenings with Great Composers now running, the music will be as good as any. The music is very moderate in difficulty, has been chosen with reference to a minimum of expense, and is admirably calculated to interest the students as well as illustrate the general qualities of the different composers. We have now completed four of these evenings. The remainder will follow at the rate of one a month.

In case the membership consists of more advanced musicians, or in case they imagine themselves to be so, perhaps you would do better to take up my How to Understand Music, going over a selected number of chapters, the selection to be determined in advance by a committee of the most advanced and conservative musicians of the club. Selecting the material and subjects, at the rate of about two chapters for each meeting, and perhaps now and then supplementing the reading matter there from other sources, you will inevitably come upon a pleasing variety of the best music and in very suggestive and instructive aspects. There are a good many clubs now engaged in this sort of work, using that book as basis. I know of no other that so completely prepares your work for you. And I will mention incidentally that I am very much pleased to notice that whereas during the first years of this book it was read, simply, it is now just beginning to be employed in its true mission, as a basis of actual object lessons for practical musical hearing.

In the case of a club consisting of young music pupils, collected perhaps by a single teacher, it would be by no means a bad idea to follow out Mr. Richard Welton's Course in Hearing Music, of which a beginning is made in this number. It would be preparatory to the second book of How to Understand Music. Observe, I say "Second Book," not "Volume II." W. S. B. M.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. A Reference-List or Syllabus of Per Topics and Authorities, for Classes and Private Students. Waldo Selden Pratt, Professor in Hartford Theological S inary. 1897.

In this little pamphlet Professor Pratt performs for the stu a service not unlike that noticed in these pages some time ag Professor Dickinson of Oberlin. Its design is to afford classifica and to refer the student to the best sources for studying the pe or topic. Such a work, if well done, cannot but be valuable. present omits from its references upon the topic of Greek M Mathews' Popular History of Music, which between pages 48 t contains a succinct but full account of the entire subject, an acc based upon very wide reading and study, and perhaps more t worthy and just in conclusions than any account mentioned Professor Pratt. The omission was probably accidental, for chapter on this subject in volume II of "How to Understand Mu is mentioned—which was an earlier study of the same sub Curiously enough the great and epoch-marking works upon G music are not mentioned by Professor Pratt, Westphall's "G schische Musik," and Gavaert's "Le Musique de l'Antiquite," w so important in their results that the first volume of Ambros' G "Geschichte der Musik" had to be rewritten, in order to bring subject down to the conclusions of Gavaert. The chapter in M ews' Popular History is based upon these works, but fortifie rereading almost the entire Greek literature (in translation) for sake of side lights upon music. Had it been desired to encu the pages with references, the originality of the account would been much more apparent.

I desire to caution the student further against placing too m confidence in alleged archaeology of certain French writers. example, there is Villoteau, whose account of music in Egyp entirely without scientific value. The same is to be said of F whose fascinating "Histoire Generale de Musique" contains i pages more misleading and unfounded information than ca found in the same compass anywhere in the world, so far as I k Much the same, with the attractiveness left out, is to be said o treatise of Kiesewesser, which is almost entirely a work of i ination.

Moreover, upon the scales of barbarous peoples, nothing as is scientifically established. The testimony of amateur obse "correcting" native intonations and upon these corrections foun hypotheses of their scales, is not to be trusted. Whenever we the music of barbarous tribes reported in phonographic record

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is now being collected concerning the North American Indians, science will arrive at a point where exact study can be begun. Up to that point there is nothing more reliable than conjecture. The hiatus which I have elsewhere noted as having everywhere existed between the musical intonations which by theory ought to prevail and those which players and singers actually make, is a quantity so uncertain that the theories of even such exact writers as the Greek musical writers afford no information concerning their music from its tonal side.

The most that can at present be concluded concerning the music of early times and barbarous states is that in every part of the world yet explored there is some kind of an art of music, in which the inhabitants take pleasure and use it for social purposes and for religious rites, public functions, etc. Wherever the civilization reaches a certain point the melodies tend to form themselves along what we call the "five-toned scale," and the feeling of the common chord is latent; a little later a true tonality develops, with at least a dominant chord and sometimes a subdominant. Later still all the complexities of the harmonic system and the enharmonic tonalities. The precise steps of the progress, and the causes which actuate it are not yet understood, wherefore the testimony of book-making historians has to be taken with great caution.

Speaking of taking pains where no display of learning was intended, it may be mentioned that in order to prepare the account of the music of the ancient Egyptians in Mathews' "Popular History of Music," a chapter filling about eleven pages, the entire plates in the Napoleon work upon Egypt, Rossellini's Egypt, Lepsius, and Champollion's were gone through several times carefully, in the attempt to trace the progress of musical instruments from the period of the graves at Beni-Hassan belonging to the fourth dynasty, down to the remains of Philae, dating from about the Christian era —a period of time amounting probably to about four thousand years. A development was observed, but only the general results could be ascertained, so many of the steps being unrecorded. What there was, however, was distinctly upon the side of development hypothesis. The early harps must have had very few notes, and those low and unresonant; later there were more, and by the length of string they must have been higher in pitch and probably from the structure of the instruments more resonant. Egyptian music probably consisted of chant-like melodies of four, five or six notes, in which rhythm was a very notable feature. So much appears in the street processions (where rhythm would have been indispensable), the hand-clapping assistants, the sistra, and so on.

Coming down to epochs with which our own music is in closer relation, we are entirely without exact data as to the manner in which the major scale found itself out in the music of the northern harpers, and after them among the players upon the lute. The harp and the lute are the two instruments which have effected the ear-training pre-requisite to an intelligible harmony; and the violin

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played a similar office in developing melody. I am not aware that this fact has been adequately recognized by any other writer. It is, however, very plain when you read between the lines.

The history of music, if studied intelligently with a proper discrimination between facts fully ascertained and facts only guessed at by successive generations of writers, is one of the most useful of accessories to a correct understanding of the art of music we now have; and by the same token an excellent guessing school with reference to the music of the future, which is sure to come. Mr. Waldo S. Pratt, therefore, is working along a very good line, and every well wisher of music will join in giving him God-speed. M.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ART OF MUSIC. By C. Hubert H. Parry, Mus. Doc. Oxon. D. C. L., Durham, etc., etc. International Scientific Series. New York, D. Appleton & Company. Cloth, 12 mo., pp. 342, $1.50.

This is a work which ought to be in every public library and in the library of every musician. While it is perhaps not quite so readable in style as it might have been made, it gives a very good and painstaking account of the progress which music has made from the far-away beginning of prehistoric man down to the present. We must not forget that the harps and players represented in our earliest discoveries of music, at the tombs in Beni-Hassan, dating perhaps about 4,000 B. C., represent the result of a very long progress. Dr. Parry seems to have worked out his task in admirable spirit, but it is proper to say that the material is not yet ready for handling. The entire chapter concerning "Scales" is to be taken with a grain of salt. It is only since science has begun to record barbaric music upon the cylinders of the phonograph that it is possible to make comparisons and deductions with any degree of certainty. All the statements of the older writers concerning the intervals heard by them in the music of half-civilized and barbarous tribes are unworthy scientific consideration. Every deviation from pitch they assumed to have been intended, and hence they speak of many minute intervals where it is altogether probable that nothing more novel was actually present than certain unconscious and unintended failures of correct intonation.

In the later parts of the history Dr. Parry gives many annotations upon individual works and the qualities they represent, which belong among the most intelligent criticisms the writer has seen. Every musician will appreciate these delicate "apperceptions," as philosophers love to call them.

In short, Dr. Parry traces the story of music along the route usually followed by the musical historian, but with the attention primarily directed to the actual changes in the music itself, rather than to the biographical particulars of the composers. The few musical examples are admirably chosen, and are from unfamiliar though very important sources. Hence, Dr. Parry seems to have made an independent study of the progress of evolution of the art of music, and his work therefore deserves the attention already bespoken for it in the opening lines, above. M.

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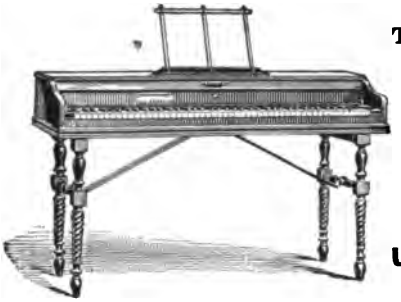

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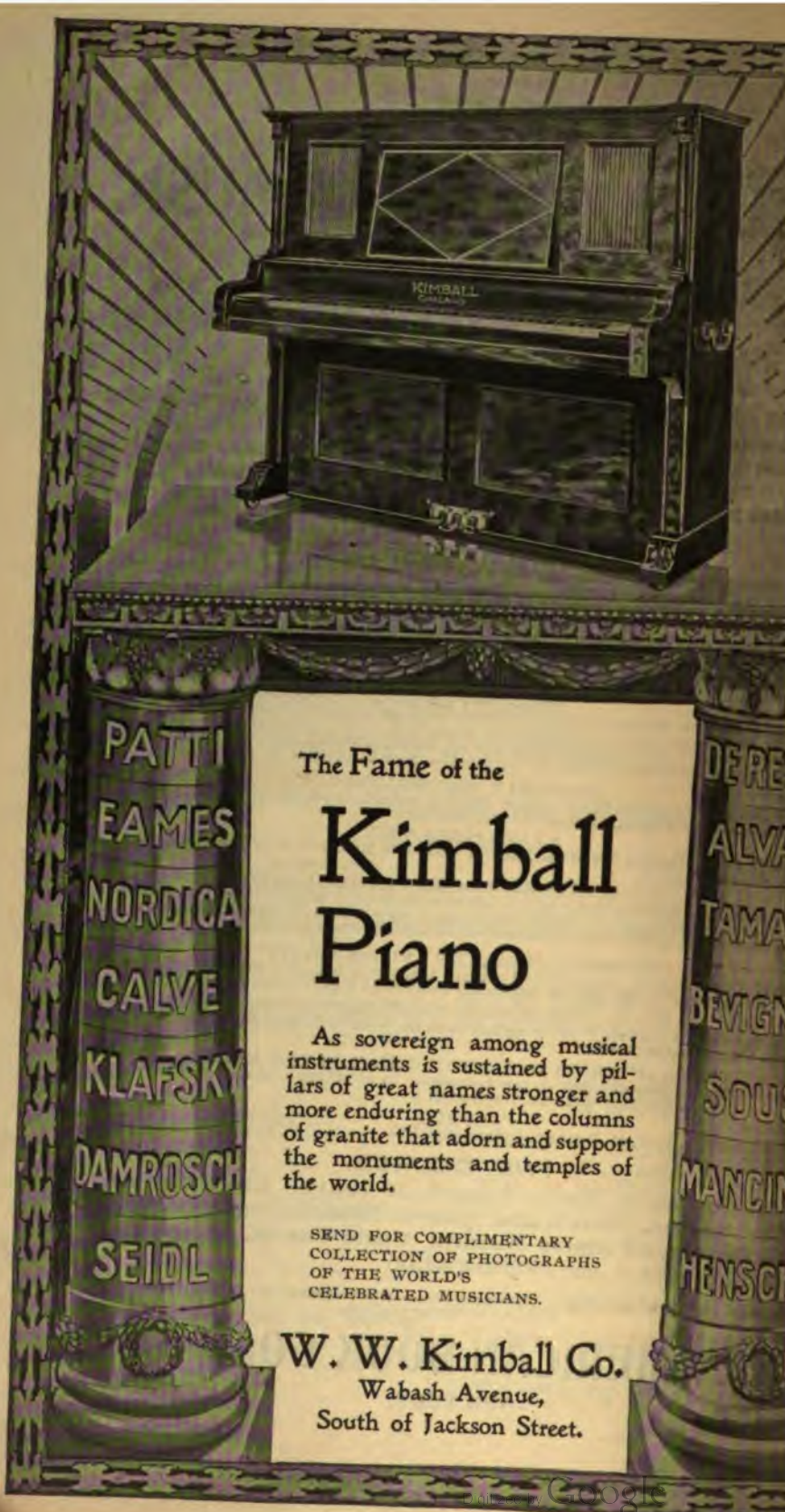
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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MARCH

1897

W.S.B. MATHEWS EDITOR

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MUSIC

MARCH, 1897.

MODERN MUSICAL CONDUCTORS.

BY WALTER R. KNUPFER.

That epoch in musical history, which is designated as the epoch of piano virtuosity, began with Franz Liszt. Considering the efforts of the most capable modern representatives of the art of piano-playing, it must be frankly admitted that piano virtuosity has well nigh reached its limits. In the same sense as Franz Liszt is to be regarded the inaugurator of the above referred to period in the development of tonal art, Richard Wagner is not only the founder of a new era in musical composition and instrumentation, but the originator of modern "conductorship," or "the art of conducting," the ablest representatives of which a renowned Berlin critic has termed a "virtuosi's on the orchestra."

Contemporaneous composers, headed by Richard Strauss, demand indeed not only an enormous orchestral apparatus, and finished artists as members of orchestral bodies, but tax the abilities of conductors to the utmost as well. The complicated orchestral scores of to-day do not at all facilitate the work of the latter, and a mere metronomical time-beating is not quite sufficient when seeking to penetrate the innermost depths of Wagner's operas, Brahms' symphonies or the symphonic poems of Franz Liszt or Richard Strauss.

The Lisztverein of Leipzig, presided over by the renowned pedagogue and critic, Prof. Martin Krause, gives annually from six to eight concerts. The programs—under different conductors—consist not only of the works of Franz Liszt, but are devoted to the compositions of all prominent modern masters as well. The public at large has then the best opportunity to study by personal observation wherein the various conductors differ from each other, and to what extent their individuality influences the interpretation of the works.

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To the annual guests of the Lisztverein belong the two youngest representatives of modern conductors, Felix Weingartner and Richard Strauss. The former is Kapellmeister at the Royal Opera of Berlin, and enjoys the undivided favor of the metropolitan public. He possesses a great amount of personal magnetism. The moment he raises the baton, the

MR. FELIX WEINGARTNER.
(Photograph by E. Bieber, Berlin.)

listener is aware of the fact that something "great" is to come, and orchestra and audience are at once captured by the impression of his personality. The enthusiasm of the leader has its effect upon the orchestra, and with spirit, dash and éclat he leads his troupes to victory. The secret of Weingartner's greatness consists in his aim to give his audience a more general impression of a composition. He always has in view the

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work as a whole, as in its totality, yet without ever neglecting the details of technic. He is a master in the upbuilding of climaxes, and the fortissimos which he draws from the orchestra are almost incredible. I have heard the Faust-Symphonie of Liszt under the baton of various conductors, but never more fascinatingly and imposingly rendered than under Weingartner's direction, in spite of the fact that he had but a mediocre orchestra at his disposal—the best proof of his ability to accomplish much with limited means.

I cannot recollect of ever having received a more overpowering impression than after the rendition of the "Tannhauser Overture" by the court orchestra of Berlin, one hundred strong, with Carl Halir as concertmaster, during a visit of that body in Leipsic. The very commencement of that overture, in the almost ideal tone color of the wood instruments, sounded as a descending angel chorus from Heaven. The "Bacchanale" froze the marrow in one's bones, and when finally the first theme, the Pilgrim Chorus, recurred, after the elaborately prepared climax, the audience grasped indeed the spirit of Wagner. Who has not heard that, has no idea to what extent orchestral power can be exhausted and of what effect Wagnerian music is.

As a composer Weingartner does not rank quite as high, although he has composed works of high value. His opera, "Genesius"—although favorably received by the public—was almost a total failure on account of press intrigues, but scored a great success at its reproduction, in a somewhat changed form, a year ago. The symphonic poem, "King Lear," and his arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" for the orchestra, enjoy great favor wherever produced. In a pamphlet, "About Conducting," he deals rather harshly with the "Rubato conductors," in particular with Siegfried Wagner, and speaks of the desire of some conductors to place themselves in the foreground at the expense of the art work, and to attract the attention of the listeners by many poses, movements and gestures.

One of the most remarkable personalities in the musical world of to-day is Richard Strauss, court conductor at the Royal Opera of Munich. His manner of conducting is characterized beyond everything else by a strong passion, a fiery temperament and a total absorption in the work in hand.

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Strauss appears to be raised into another world while conducting; nothing but the art work exists then for him; applause, favor and public are a secondary consideration. His main force consists, as in the case of Weingartner, in the powerful upbuilding of climaxes, wherein he frequently exhausts the whole orchestra. He has the advantage of being

MR. RICHARD STRAUSS.
(Photograph by Hertel, Weimar.)

a virtuoso on almost every orchestral instrument, and in case of necessity simply plays to his musicians little doubtful passages, etc., as he desires them to be rendered. His command over the technical material is fabulous, and his compositions prove this assertion only too well, for they demand almost impossibilities from the orchestra. His opera, "Guntram," the symphonic poems, "Don Juan," "Macbeth," "Death and

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Transfiguration," "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and his latest work, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which was performed but recently with immense success in Germany, belong to the most significant contributions to recent musical literature. Being in the prime of life he is no doubt destined to offer the musical world many a surprise.

MR. ARTHUR NIKISCH.
(Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.)

Under the hands of Arthur Nikisch and Hans Richter, too, every work assumes the character of highest perfection. The latter is conductor at the court opera of Vienna, and is renowned as the musical leader of the first Bayreuth festivities in 1876, when, as the intimate personal friend of Richard Wagner, the latter was by his side yet. Richter is equally renowned as a conductor of Wagnerian works, as well as a most authentic

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interpreter of classical composers. His triumphs in London and Berlin are of the most extraordinary character. The most characteristic feature in his conductorship, as well as in that of Nikisch, is that noble repose, which lends to the orchestra that feeling of safety which contributes much to the success of the work. I remember very well how much Nikisch's departure

MR. HANS RICHTER.
(Photograph by Grillich, Vienna.)

from Leipsic was regretted, when he took charge of the Boston Symphonie concerts, for the members of the orchestra never believed themselves in better hands than in his. He conducted Wagner's operas from memory, a task which counts but few rivals. It is indeed a musical treat to hear a symphonie of Beethoven, Brahms or Schumann under his baton. The clearness and plasticity of the themes, connected with tem-

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perament and geniality, remind one of the manner in which Hans von Buelow achieved his fame as a conductor.

Arthur Nikisch is universally acknowledged the greatest living musical conductor. No wonder then that the most astonishing transformation has taken place in the time-honored Gewandhaus of Leipsic since Nikisch waves his baton therein. The orchestra would hardly be recognized in comparison to its efforts of recent years, and only to the influence of Nikisch it is due that modern works, and particularly those of Liszt, have received due attention there. Besides conducting the Gewandhaus concerts, Nikisch also directs the Philharmonic of Berlin, which offer a strong competition to those of royal court orchestra under Weingartner's leadership, and fills many dates in the leading musical centers of Europe. He has an income of about fifteen thousand dollars annually, an enormous sum for Germany, and receives beyond doubt the largest salary ever paid to a conductor in Germany.

MR. SIEGFRIED WAGNER.
(Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl, Munich.)

An interesting figure in the concerts of the Lisztverein is Siegfried Wagner, the "left-handed" conductor, who holds his own as a conductor and musician, in spite of the prejudices which the son of a greater father has to contend with. As conductor of the "Nibelungen-ring" in Bayreuth during the last summer he has removed any existing doubt as to his qualifications. He has plucked a few laurels as a composer and is a credit to his teacher, Humperdinck, the composer of "Hansel and Gretel."

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OPERA IN ENGLISH AT THE CASTLE SQUARE.

BY JOHN K. MURRAY.

You ask me two things; first, what in my opinion was the cause of the Mapleson collapse? And, second, to tell the story of our success in opera in English at the Castle Square. I gladly try to answer, trusting that your readers will remember that singers are not magazine writers, wherefore I hope you will pardon my direct way of putting things.

First, regarding the failure of the Mapleson Opera Company. The great mistake grand opera managers make is in "starring" a few singers to the detriment of all the rest. For instance, they announce a grand "De Reszke" or "Melba" night, and then have two or three "off" nights between.

The cast for the first night in Mr. Mapleson's venture was an excellent one, and the singers were well received by the public. They had a tenor in the company who, in my opinion, is as great as De Reszke, and he, with the prima donna, might have saved the company from failure if things had been managed rightly. After giving the company a good start on the opening night, then, he should have made sure of the public attending the second night by giving the new opera, "Andrea Chenier," and after that he would not have had to worry regarding the patronage for the remainder of the week. It was the principle of having an "off" night between that started the ball of failure rolling.

The history of the great Metropolitan Opera Company shows how detrimental this system of "star" nights and "off" nights is, by the unevenness of the receipts on the latter nights.

The star singers do not sing often enough to support a manager. Upon the slightest provocation they refuse to sing. If madame or signor's dinner does not "set" well, he will not sing; if mademoiselle's pet dog is sick, she is just as liable to refuse to go on; and if one singer gets jealous of another, then there is still another excuse to add to the long list of why they cannot appear. Managers have become

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slaves to the whims of the grand opera singers, and it is about time it was stopped.

But I am digressing from the subject in hand. Society was willing to patronize the new organization. They looked forward with pleasure to hearing new singers and new operas. But somehow they were not sufficiently informed as to who

MISS CLARA LANE.
(Mrs. John K. Murray.)

made up the company. The general public relies on the first few nights to find out whether they want to go or not. If the company had weathered the gale that fatal Wednesday night, they would have been successful all the rest of the two weeks' engagement.

To sum the matter up, I believe that a mistake was made in not averaging up the casts better and by not letting people

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know more about the venture. They had singers in the company who would fill the roles in a Metropolitan operatic cast with as much brilliancy as the singers now there, but the great public did not know it. And then they got no chance to hear of them, as the venture broke up too suddenly.

However, the time is near at hand when Mr. Mapleson, or any other manager, can bring to Boston a company of even lesser fame than those he had here, who will receive the support of the public, if they will only sing in English.

The majority of our people like to know what a singer is singing about. What effect would our great songs have upon an audience if they did not understand the words? All the lights and shades, all the sentiment and the pathos would be lost. What does "Nearer My God to Thee" sung in English mean to a Frenchman? He may be able to follow a translation of the hymn, but in reality it does not appeal to him at all. Singing in a foreign tongue may be admired for the art displayed in the vocalization, but it never touches the heart, and it really fails of its purpose. I can see this from my own experience. It has been forcibly demonstrated by the performances of the Castle Square Opera Company. Here is the theater packed to the doors at every performance; the rendering receives the praises of even our most captious critics; and the public comes week after week, with the same enthusiasm. Why? Because we sing in English and the people understand what we are singing about.

The same people often come two or three times in a week. True, our prices are small, but that is the fault of the management, for the public is willing to pay more.

You will remember distinctly that when we first came to the company, nothing but the lighter operas, such as "Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," "Maritana," etc., were given. When it was proposed to give "Carmen," the members of the company were much exercised. They said they were engaged for light operas and could not give the heavier ones. Finally things got to such a pass that the musical director stopped rehearsals, as he feared calling down "the vials of wrath" from our learned Boston critics who certainly never heard of a "comic opera company" essaying to give grand opera. Then, too, they feared that it would be too much even for the loyal public, to support, and they began to think they had been just

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on the verge of committing a musical sacrilege. However, old Bruce's motto of "try, try again," came into play and rehearsals were resumed. The result you know as well as I. The people were surprised and delighted to hear a grand opera sung so they could understand it. One thing made even the critics marvel, and that was, that the same prima donna, the same leading tenor and baritone, sang the opera

MR. JOHN K. MURRAY.

for sixteen performances in succession, in two weeks, a matter of musical history which I doubt can be duplicated even in the land of Bizet itself.

Then Gounod's "Faust" was considered, and the same uneasiness got abroad in the company. They felt that by some strange turn of the wheel of fortune they had been successful in "Carmen" but they dare not tempt fate again. Finally,

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though, all such scruples were overcome and the opera was put in rehearsal, the result being even a greater triumph.

Just think of it! "Faust" for three weeks in succession, with the same singers. There was no "alternate" cast to step in and give the singers the rest they really needed. This, I believe, is the longest record of grand opera being given in succession. And, to think that it all took place in what our continental friends are wont to call "unartistic and barbaric" America. I cannot refrain from mentioning the high praise given Miss Lane's performance of "Marguerite," from such great musicians and critics as J. K. Paine and B. J. Lang.

It should be noted here that the opera was given in its entirety with even the church scene, which is generally omitted, and with scenic and stage effects that could hardly be duplicated at a Metropolitan Opera house production. And all for twenty-five and fifty cents. "Trovatore" was the next opera produced and before the end of the two weeks the attendance was so great that hundreds were turned away nightly.

"Mignon" and "Lucia" were both given for two weeks and then "Aida" and "Rigoletto" came in for a week each, until finally the company worked up to the presenting of "The Huguenots," after which they started on the lighter operas again, to give the singers the rest they should have had long before.

Later on, the various grand operas were repeated, a lighter opera being given between. It was then found necessary to secure a double company, so that when the roles for which the singers were cast, proved too taxing to sing every night, another set of singers could take their places.

Even though some of the favorite singers were thus absent from the cast every other night, yet the business at the theater did not fall off. This shows that the public do not ask to have the same singers each time, if the management will only guarantee them an equally good performance. The management have made a great point of the ensemble of the company and are studying at all times to improve it. As I have remarked above, all the operas in the repertoire of the company have been repeated at different times, with as flattering success as when first received, and will be again from time to time; but the management recognize that the public always wants a change and they endeavor to add just as many new operas to the list as time and strength will warrant.

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Even now, they are growing more ambitious! Wagner is the next composer to be recognized and the company is hard at work rehearsing "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" and "The Mastersingers." Good singable translations have been procured and the public may be sure that they will know "what the opera is about."

The fact that the patrons of this theater know what the singers are singing about, has been one of the main points of the extraordinary success of their giving grand opera. The management has received hundreds of letters from all classes of musical people, testifying to the great pleasure they have experienced in being able to hear the great works of the operatic masters in our mother tongue.

Incidentally, permit me to remark here that my experience as a member of the Castle Square Opera Company has led me to believe that the old time theory that opera should only be sung in the language for which it was written, is now exploded. We firmly believe, and in fact, many good, competent critics have remarked, that the English text is as singable as the original, and we believe we can make it as expressive as the foreign version. So many unsingable translations of opera librettos have been made, in days gone by, that I presume that the public thought they never would be able to enjoy foreign grand opera re-rendered into English.

I am going even farther and say that I find English one of the easiest languages in which to sing. German, with its plethoric array of consonants, is too harsh; and French is altogether too nasal. English seems to stand next to Italian in smoothness. In this connection, it might be well to add that if singers would take more care with their enunciation, rounding and smoothing the harsher words, they would be understood just as well, and produce a much more musical effect.

One remarkable fact is that the public patronized the grand opera performances at the Castle Square theater more liberally than the lighter ones, which can be clearly proven by a glance at the box office sheet. From this, we must conclude that the people have a love for the higher forms of music, and will patronize them, when they are rendered in a form that they can understand. The policy instituted by the Castle Square theater could be carried on on a larger scale if the first singers

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of the world gave opera in English. The time is soon coming when the De Reszkes, the Melbas, the Calvés of the next generation (if the present operatic stars do not read the signs of the times quickly enough) will win all their honors singing in our mother tongue, and then "Opera in English" will be "the thing."

Right in this line I would remark that if the Schoeffel and Grau management could give opera with the same stars they now have, singing in English, their profits would be much greater. Then they should avoid lauding two or three stars to the skies, to the neglect of all others. Tell the public just as much about the other singers in the company as they do about these, and give them just as many chances to show what they can do. Have an organization so there will be "stars" every night, instead of only have one or two "star nights" in a week as now seems to be the policy pursued. To sum it up, give all the singers an equal chance.

The two years of opera at the Castle Square theater have been so successful that a contract covering a period of five years more of the same policy is now being considered.

American composers will be interested to know that they will yet have a chance to get their works rendered at this theater, as that is one of the plans the management hope before long to consummate.

The public hardly realize the enormous expense that attends the production of an entirely new opera, especially when it is taken into account that according to the present policy of the theater, it would only be given for two or three weeks at the most.

The management even now will gladly examine original operas by American composers, written in the vein of grand opera, and should the right thing be sent in I hardly think they would neglect so good a chance to help along the cause of music in America and add another laurel to its proudly won wreath. If, too, a legitimate comic opera score (by that I mean, a real musical opera, not a book full of horse-play, and without any original music), is offered, the composer will stand an excellent chance of securing an early hearing of his work.

Even now the company is rehearsing an entirely new dramatic opera, from the pen of the talented director of the company, Mr. Max Hirschfeld, which will soon be given.

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A WORD AS TO ORCHESTRATION.

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

Perhaps there is no form of musical writing so little understood by the world at large—on one hand, so easy to accomplish in its trite forms but so difficult to attain from the standpoint of creation and dramatic effect—as that which is known as instrumentation or orchestration.

In the musical profession there are hundreds of men who can take a composition and write parts playable by orchestral instruments and combinations, who neither possess sufficient ability to create a melody or harmonize one after it is created. And we are surrounded by any number of men, called composers either by the world or themselves, who compose for the voice, or piano or organ, who are entirely barren of ideas for the production of orchestral coloring or the use of orchestral instruments. The number of conditions presented to the arranger or instrumentator is only limited by his creative faculties, his absolute knowledge of tonal quality of the instruments to be written for, and how these instruments, in groups, should be treated. There is no question in my mind that some of the masters groped at times for orchestral coloring, and unquestionably put their notes on paper, hoping for effect, just as the buyer of a lottery ticket hopes for the capital prize.

There is such a thing as over-dressing a score just as a woman is guilty of the same offense to good taste, in regard to her toilet. Every part of her attire may be of the richest material, but the crowding together of incongruous colors and ultra effects may spoil the beauty of the subject. Some of the moderns, confronted with an unusually large body of instrumental performers, have seen fit to crowd their scores with figuration and counterpoint until the human ear finds it almost impossible to decipher the composer's intention. Wagner, that wizard of the orchestra, has perhaps produced more effective bits of orchestral coloring, that have been unexpected, and at the same time dramatic, than any other composer. And

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for ingenuity of design and delicacy of treatment, Saint Saens and Massenet are veritable masters.

A man, in orchestrating, should have knowledge of the capabilities of each and every instrument of the orchestra, and an undisputed knowledge of the power and penetration of each member and group of the instrumental body. For instance, a man may intend a certain instrument in the orchestra to play an obligato or solo, but not understanding the penetration of that instrument or its peculiar tonal quality, may so surround the melodic device by the accompaniment of other instruments as to completely ruin and make ineffective that which should stand out in boldest relief. That is one of the great sins of many composers who write for the voice and the orchestra. Of course there are times when an incapable orchestral conductor or a careless or inefficient body of instrumentalists can ruin the best laid plans of the orchestrator.

As I said above, there is no form of writing that is so purely mechanical or can be so wonderfully creative as the scoring for a body of musical instruments. How often have we attended an operatic performance, and in some number, when we were particularly anxious to hear a tone quality and the phrasing of some great vocal artist, have realized that the voice was completely hidden by the loudness of the orchestra? While this may at times be due to the stupidity of the conductor and his men, it is much more often due to the use of the instruments made by the composer.

In my experience I have usually found the man whose education has been furthest removed from the knowledge of instruments--that is, who has made his compositions through the aid of a piano or organ, and has not conceived through the channel of orchestral effects—tries to keep everybody in the orchestra busy, from the bass drummer up to the piccolo. He usually succeeds in keeping his audience busier than all in trying to decipher what he is getting at. A man not knowing how to create orchestra effects is apt to become imitative, and tries to reproduce those orchestral nuances appealing most powerfully to him. This is one of the reasons why we have had an undue quantity of Wagnerian orchestration in many of the modern comic operas. Wagner naturally appeals to these musicians on account of the greatness of his orchestration, and he strikes these non-creative composers as

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the proper man to imitate; and the sad spectacle is witnessed of some poor little emaciated soprano's voice loaded down with an orchestration fitted for a Lehmann or a Materna, or some tinkling topical song enunciated by a voiceless comedian builded on solid brass chords, filagreed wood, and arpeggioized strings.

And thus the world runs away!

MACDOWELL'S SONATA TRAGICA.

Eyes kindling hotter erstwhile kindled eyes
Till madness bursts to stifled syllables;
The languid laugh: the cheating passion-prize
A cursed corpse save to vagrant memories!

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

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HEARING MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WELTON.

(Continued from page 397.)

From the foregoing it is evident that two answers corresponding to the two mental attitudes just described can be given to the question, "For what should one listen?" in any piece of music. In the following syllabus, which corresponds in its arrangement with that of the "order" on page 390, possible answers are set forth in some detail. Incidentally these answers show the scope of each class and help the student (hearer) in his choice of programs.

SYLLABUS.

In pieces of Class I. the pathos of the contralto, the fervor of the mezzo, the brilliancy of the soprano, the passion of the baritone, the tenderness of the tenor, the sonority of the bass, the soaring of the melody, the weight of the recitative, the harmonic coloring of the accompaniment, should thrill the passive hearer. If, however, he characterizes his impressions in these or any other terms he is undone. He has become an active hearer. Nor may the passive hearer observe the singer nor give attention to the words of the song. With closed eyes and abstracted mind he should feel, not think.

The active hearer must distinguish the voice as soprano, mezzo, contralto, tenor, baritone, or bass; decide whether the concert voice (voce di teatro) or parlor voice (voce di camera) is used; observe the use of the six resonances (brilliantly clear, clear, gently clear, mildly sombre, sombre, deeply sombre); observe the use of the various registers (small, thin, thick, etc.); name such faults as may appear (nasality), throatiness, breathiness, false intonation, defective articulation, excessive or habitual tremor, etc., or note the absence of such faults. Most important of all: the active hearer must characterize every musical or artistic effect he perceives whether merit or defect) by a term or terms that will indicate its emotional influence.

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He must distinguish the style of the song or parts of it as declamatory, cantabile, florid: its mode as chromatic, diatonic, major, minor; its force as loud, medium, soft, increasing, diminishing: its rate of movement as quick, moderate, slow, accelerating, retarding.

He must distinguish scale passages, arpeggios, trills, turns, upper waves, lower waves, portamentos, staccatos, legatos.

If possible, he must write the melody in some notation (Staff, Tonic Sol-fa or Cheve) by ear as it is sung.

He must distinguish the prelude, interlude and postlude of the Accompaniment (if they occur) and note their relation to the melody and rhythm of the song.

He must distinguish the accompaniment as

(1) Sympathetic part or parts.
(2) Rhythmic chords.
(3) Arpeggiated chords.
(4) Arpeggios.
(5) Figurated chords.
(6) Passages not strictly chordal.
(7) Obligato.

Lastly he should decide if the composition and its rendition be worthy or otherwise, stating the reasons for his judgment.

The student must continue the studies of Class I. until he can perform every item above noted promptly and correctly.

Frequent repetitions of the works studied are desirable for the active hearer. In that way resemblances and differences are more readily perceived. For the same reason the passive hearer should avoid or at least not encourage, repetitions. The mind aware of them can with difficulty escape comparisons that will jeopardize passivity.

If it be asked "Can one acquire all this technical science without other training than 'the sole agency of hearing music,' as claimed in the opening paragraph of this work?" an affirmative answer can be given and the position can be fortified by proof that in no other way can actual, personal, workable knowledge be acquired. There is a factitious book-knowledge learned by the book student that breaks down in the time of need, under the pressure of some musical exigency, and the student must recommence his pursuit of skill, at the beginning, with the acquisition of real (that is, experimental) knowledge. It is conceded that such preliminary study of books, with their

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classifications and outlines informs such a student what to observe. But it is also true that theoretic principles as set forth in books are but deductions from such observations as the least skillful hearer can make and the most skillful theorist must have made. The book student has another doubtful advantage in a ready-made terminology. A suitable terminology is readily acquired (or possibly invented) when the musical distinctions requiring a terminology are perceived. Until that time a terminology is superfluous. The views just expressed are analogous to those held by educators concerning other subjects of study than music.

In Class II. the passive hearer must yield himself completely to the rhythms. It is difficult to avoid doing so. How captivating a dance rhythm is can be seen in any concert room. Animation replacing listlessness, tapping fingers and nodding heads show its power. When the sensibilities are thus entangled and thought suppressed, training in passivity is nearly accomplished.

The active hearer must distinguish double and triple measure: primary and secondary beginnings: masculine and feminine endings.

He must decide whether a piece be a waltz, mazurka, redowa, minuet, polonaise, march, quickstep, gavot, schottisch, polka, galop or other. He must distinguish the strains as repetitive or contrasting: observe the trio, da capos, introductions and codas: note in which voice is the melody and whether it is cantabile or florid: observe the changes of key, mode, etc., if possible foretelling the contrasts and changes just noted.

In Class III. the incidents of the drama will invade the attention and demand a share of it. Against the resulting illegitimate mode of hearing (see Appendix A) both active and passive hearers must resolutely strive. To them it should be indifferent whether the language of the drama be English, German, Italian or other (though not to the rational pleasure seeker).

In this Class the passive hearer must feel the enchantment of voices and rhythm as in the preceding classes. Doubtless the concerted (ensemble) and choral effects will be still more potent. Other impressions will be derived from the pompous brass, the feminine clarinet, the silvery flute, the acid-sweet

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oboe, the appealing 'cello, the ever-sensitive protean violin and other instruments. But he must not think of his impressions in these or any other terms.

The active hearer must note the qualities of the instruments: their pitches, degrees of power: their uses in solo or ensemble, for melodic or rhythmic purpose or as accompaniment for song, speech, action or spectacle: their conventionalized usage for "hurries," fanfares or to depict sentimental or romantic scenes as twilight, hunting, combats, etc.

He must note the effect of concerted solo voices and of choruses of equal voices (male or female) and mixed voices in unison and harmonized passages, with instrumental accompaniment and without it.

For Class IV. special directions need not be written, as works of that class differ from those of Class III. mainly in superior breadth, depth and intensity of sentiment—a difference in degree but not in kind.

In Class V. the sublime in music, due to the majestic movement, the austere harmonies, the organ's might and its waves of sound should thrill the passive hearer.

The active hearer must distinguish the harmonies as consonant, dissonant or partially dissonant: as major or minor; close or dispersed; massive or thin: two-part, three-part, four-part or other.

He must distinguish the cadences as full close, plagal, authentic, open, interrupted: as tonic, dominant or other: or if transitional or modulatory must name the new key or mode.

He must write the air and bass of many specimens of this class and indicate the harmonies in cipher, by ear as they are performed.

Class VI. affords little that is new except the points of imitation and the fugue. But that is very much. The significant but chaste subject, enforced by reiteration in various registers, at various pitches; colored by changes of key and mode and by the ever varying harmonies of the accompanying voices: the successive climaxes of the three unfoldings: the excitement of the stretto and the dominant pedal: the repose of the tonic pedal;—in brief, "the single thread of thought wrought out into a glowing passion" (Curwen) should stir the deepest in the nature of the passive hearer.

The active hearer must decide if the fugue be real or tonal:

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note the entries of the subject and answer: observe the nature of the counter-subject (and other subjects) if there be such: note the unfoldings, episodes, points of imitation, strettos, pedals, changes of key and mode, etc.

In Class VII. (1) the passive hearer will find little of interest unless the composer be Beethoven, Mendelssohn or some other who varied the sentiment in varying the form.

The active hearer must distinguish variations as melodic, rhythmic, harmonic or modal: say to which voice is given the chief melody in each variation: classify the accompaniment as in Class I. and suggest suitable instrumentation for the melody and accompanying part or parts.

In Class VII. (2) the passive hearer must reject the title or story that by some is believed to be a key to the music, as being extra-musical. (Appendix A).

The active hearer must first examine the music to determine if it is self-justified; if it is worthy of existence independent of its title, motto or story or if it is only fit to illustrate a literary text. If it has insufficient musical value—is trivial or vulgar, the piece should be dropped. If it is good music the student must decide if it is a successful paraphrase or not and specify the artistic means employed in the paraphrase. (But when he converts the music into verbal terms he has left the domain of music.)

In Class VII. (3) the passive hearer will experience reminiscences of earlier impressions rather than distinctly new ones. Doubtless the geniality, tenderness and nobility of the earnest souls who have wrought in the forms of this class will thrill the hearer and he may appreciate the dignity with which they delivered their messages. But the human voice is more intimate than any instrument and in vocal timbres, either those of solo voices, choruses or ensembles, can be heard the counterpart of all instruments that can deliver a melody (cantabile). Unconsciously, therefore more certainly, the idealized and purely instrumental effects will be relatively disregarded while the quasi-vocal effects will receive chief attention. A sufficient proof of this statement is the increased animation felt by a hearer when in any work of this kind a fluent melody (a distinctively vocal effect) is reached.

The relation of the passive hearer to all succeeding classes of the "order" is similar to that just stated. It may be as well,

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therefore, to consider that relation at this point, taking an orchestral work as a type of all.

When the Grand Orchestra is first heard the ear and intelligence are stunned and confused. Gradually some order is perceived. Melodies, rhythms, harmonic outlines and particular timbres are distinguished. But what is felt is rather a revival of old impressions than distinctively new ones. As particular orchestral works are infrequently repeated there is little opportunity to form new categories of feeling. What is heard will be referred to old categories, as far as possible. As far as possible, melodies will be translated into vocal terms (will be interpreted as if they were sung). The chant of trombones and trumpets, for example, will be as the voice of a mighty chorus. Melodies too bizarre or peculiar (unvocal) for such reference will be interpreted as rhythmic effects. But group-effects of instruments which as solo are well known will afford no difficulty.

But there are other orchestral effects than those yet noted that can not thus be referred to categories previously formed. Such are its forest-like rustling and murmuring (the characterizations must necessarily be imperfect and unsatisfactory), its ocean-like moaning, its torrent-like rushing, its tempest-like crashing, its groans, shrieks and cries like the dying, its amorous sighs, calls, cooings and flutters like a forest full of birds in the mating season, and its silence—its ominous, foreboding silence—at a momentary pause. Why such effects produce in some natures, awe, terror, fascination, frenzy, erotic fancies, suspense, fear, and other elemental passions cannot be explained as due to any conventionalized usage of such effects by composers, for these emotions may be experienced the first time an orchestra is heard. The explanation must be that those sounds revive impressions made on primeval man—the prehistoric savage—by the sounds emanating from objects of his hate, fear, passion or desire. The ghosts of those objects still haunt the halls of sound.*

*Let us not disdain the sources of Music. By antiquity, if not by nature, they are august. Nor disdain them that have borne Music to us. But when the ever-smouldering embers of elemental passions, fanned by circumstance, burst into destructive conflagration, let our horror and indignation as we survey the ruin be tempered with sympathy, and gratitude to them that suffer in bringing in their natures the ancient fire of which Music is a partial flame.

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As these primal simplicities of the moral nature antedate art, underlie art, are its source, it is evident that the capacity for feeling music is at least as great in the intellectually uncultivated as in their mental superiors. It is probably greater in the former, for in them the feeling of mystery is stronger.

Why such impressions as were noted above are infrequently produced by other than orchestral music is because the "mystery" has been dissipated. Why we do not faint as did the child Mozart at the sound of a trumpet is because its effect has been discounted by an ear and intelligence prepared for them. This theory receives support from the fact that common and simple sounds heard under peculiar conditions—conditions tinged with mystery, so to speak—regain some of their former potency. Thus, "the hidden bird sings most sweetly." A voice, though it be the gentlest, if unexpected or heard in the night or from the choir of a dimly lighted church, specially affects us. As also, two tender soprano voices harmoniously breathing a folk-song at twilight, the singers unseen: two silvern threads of sound; or a languorous siesta on a summer afternoon tinged by a Chopinesque Nocturne or a Beethoven Largo, or even the unspeakable street piano: heard from a distance! or an echo in the memory from a half-forgotten ballad or choral. Such agencies and many others as rude or refined can melt anew refractory natures unaffected by music heard under ordinary conditions. "Mystery," then, is the universal flux for the passive hearer. Or changing the figure: "mystery" is the veil that he may not lift. Music, "an Isis hid by the veil."

Since the composite effects of purely instrumental music are not analyzed by the passive hearer (or should not be) but are heard en bloc and interpreted as modified timbres of effects previously heard, suggestions for him may terminate at this point. For the active hearer they are continued and it is interesting to note that where the passive hearer meets a natural imitation—a hill he may not surmount—the active hearer finds his loveliest vistas.

Many specimens of Classes VIII., IX. and X. must be heard to prepare the ear and intelligence for the complex effects of Class XIII.

In Classes XI. and XII. the hearer must distinguish pri-

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mary, secondary and tertiary themes: episodes, connecting passages, links, codas, etc.

In Class XIII. the sum of what is most effective in musical art—therefore its culmination—would afford little difficulty to the hearer since those effects have been heard singly, were it not for the difficulty in isolating them for examination. The music must be analyzed as in preceding classes and the tone-colors and effects of various instruments when used as solo and in combination must be noted.

In Class XIV. the organ, if modern, is vice-orchestra, minus the sensitivity and sympathy of the latter, but plus its own unique grandeur. The hearer should name the orchestral equivalents of the registers used and the points of superiority or inferiority for various musical purposes in the organ as compared with the orchestra.

Class XV. furnishes a kind of composer's virtuosity, of which the products must be observed as in works of similar structure of Class VI.

In Class XVI. the present limits of the technical side of art can be observed as also the presence or absence of those artistic qualities that make or mar ideal interpretations.

Prepared by such a course as the foregoing, the hearer will be able to distinguish an artist's idiosyncrasies or peculiarities from the customary modes of interpretation; to separate the essential from the non-essential. Possessing that degree of critical skill he will be able to teach that most difficult pupil—himself—thus securing the best teacher.

But the active hearer is warned that while acquiring that mastery of the external—the formal in art—he is in danger of losing the substance—the internal: in danger of losing interest in the beauty of the flower while analyzing its structure.

(Such a conflict between the scientific habit of thought and the capacity for feeling was specially manifest in the case of Darwin, who regretted that exclusive attention to Science had in a degree atrophied his emotional nature.)

APPENDIX A.

No place is assigned that exercise of the fancy that paraphrases music in verbal terms of sentiment or romance.

So far as music, by exciting the nervous system, awakens or sustains that fancy, hearing is of the first mode. But that

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use of musical effects conduces to musical culture no more than using the odor of rotting apples by Schiller: snuff by the great Napoleon: coffee by Balzac and tea by all the world, as excitants, conduces to appreciation of or taste for rural life.

So far as portions of the tonal or formal structure of a musical composition are interwoven into the verbal paraphrase the hearing is of the second mode.

But to the degree that scenes and pictures belonging to other arts claim the attention, music is heard by neither the first nor second mode—is not heard at all: for the exercise of one faculty (the verbal imagination) precludes the exercise of any other. What is understood and appreciated by sentimental ladies and others who demand a story with which to interpret music, is the story, not the music. That the story be more consistent or coherent (most stories of this kind are the merest drivel) the music is mutilated or distorted by undue and extravagant accentuations, changes in force, speed, etc., that from a musical point of view are wholly inadmissible. (Reference is here made to such fanciful stories as of knights and ladies that have been supposed by some to "interpret" some of the Polonaises of Chopin.) The inconsistencies and contradictions arising from independent interpretations (paraphrases, stories) of this kind no less than the necessity of forcing renditions into agreement with them prove that such stories have no basis in fact.

It is evident, therefore, that programs and lectures that deal in such material cannot aid one to feel or appreciate music. If the music is significant and the hearer responsive such aids (?) are unnecessary: while they are valueless if either music or hearer fail.

Such "aids" have a use and a necessity though not musical. They make a concert less tedious to the unmusical, the insensible and those unable to think about music in terms of its science by offering them something else than music (1) to think about. It may be that such attendants on musical rites may some time, escaping from the program's bondage, really hear music for itself. Until that time, ten thousand thousand nightingales might lacerate their breasts in vain.

"But," it may be said, "composers have been inspired by sentimental and romantic incidents and by natural scenes. Many works have titles and mottoes that suggest their mo-

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tives. There are imitative and descriptive pieces, compositions for special occasions and the vast mass of vocal and dramatic music. Does not a knowledge of the incident, scene or story help one to understand the music?"

"No," it must be replied, "the converse is the truth. The music helps one to understand the story. It illustrates the story; gives it point, piquancy or color. At a peculiarly felicitous instance of this kind as in the use of a leit-motive by Wagner or some other, one may exclaim, 'What a poet!' but not 'What a musician' unless the music, solely considered, is extraordinarily meritorious. The worth of a piece must be estimated by its fitness for independent existence, not by its serviceableness as commentary or illustration."

A consideration of the methods of musical composition will strengthen this position. A stream of music flows, without interruption, through the brain of a composer. This goes on independently of the will and is the expression of physical feeling. As physical feeling is the analogue of physiological states, varying as those states vary and like those states, commonly below the plane of consciousness, so its expression (music, as above) varies and is commonly unregarded. But when an incident or scene arrests the composer's attention, and quickens his emotional life, he seizes the dominant musical idea and, if congenial, it is wrought out. But it is wrought out by the methods of Musical Science, influenced more or less by the feeling of the composer at the time, but not modified by the incident.

It may be the composer deems the product a transcription, paraphrase or description, but it is really a part of his life—as subjective as any mere closet work could be. Further evidence is afforded by the fact that the same incident will give rise to as many different pieces as composers who know of it. Think of the number of spinning songs, barcarolles and berceuses. If one is a true description, what must the others be?

It may be the composer seeks to illustrate some phrase of the incident by tones—perhaps to imitate the note of a cuckoo or quail. (As Beethoven in his Pastoral Symphony). But that is musical carpentry, not spontaneous musical production. Nor is the setting such effects in relief musical interpretation: nor the perception of such effects, music-hearing. A May Song that impresses us as do the sunlight and breezes of the

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Flowery Month is real music. But the interpretation of one figure as the floating of petals: another as the swaying of branches: another as the blazing ardor of the midday sun: the personification of the melodic voices: nay, the dwelling on the title in thought are all extra-musical activities. By them Music is dethroned. Poetry has become princess, and Music the hand-maid at the gate.

The foregoing conclusions (pages 395-7 and 511-13) are strengthened by the consideration that the exercise of the emotive and intellectual faculties and the fancy, in observation of other Natural Phenomena than that of Sound, lead to similar results. To the emotional an anemone is a thing of beauty, bewitching the senses: to the intellectual its structure, uses and place in the scale of nature are superior considerations: to the fanciful it is but a peg on which to hang an ancient (and childish) tale of Folk or Flower Lore. A blazing planet excites awe or kindles hope in a seer's breast; from its phases a scientist derives Astronomy: the poetic fancy, from within, shapes a myth.

Any Natural Phenomenon thrills the emotional nature: the scientific order of mind observes and calculates and the Fanciful, by a self-originated tale (that in itself is lovely, exquisite, it may be thrilling) obscures, not illuminates, the marvel.

APPENDIX B.

Some of the advantages afforded by skill in "hearing with the eye" are:—

(1) A means of musical culture because a mode of hearing.

(2) The musical horizon can be extended beyond the bounds of the reader's (hearer's) technical skill. Meanwhile his ear will not be assaulted nor the composer's intention queered by the errors, eccentricities, etc., that might result did he try to perform such works.

(3) The image of music can be placed in the mind before the music is performed. (See page 4.)

(4) Playing and singing at sight are facilitated.

(5) Ability to select music without "trying over" or the solicitation of advice that may prove mistaken.

These "advantages" are so great that some brief suggestions are offered on the means of acquiring such skill. Definite rules were better but lack of space forbids. These sugges-

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tions then are tentative, subject to modification by addition: but hardly by diminution.

Certain general principles are:—

Use such material for practice as can be heard in actual performance if the particular effect is imperfectly conceived.

Study each element singly (that is, not in combination with any other element) until real skill is attained.

Continue study of each element until real skill is attained.

In the most complete "hearing with the eye" the reader must realize simultaneously rhythms, melodies, klang effects of voices and instruments, the harmony and changes of force and speed. These elements may as well be taken in that order.

(I.) Reading rhythms.

(1) Practice with the French time-names.

(2) Practice counting time.

(3) Practice beating time.

(4) Practice laaing time. Until the student can laa the time (rhythms) in any easy sonatine on a monotone at first sight this element should receive chief or sole attention. (When two or more rhythms are coincident, as may be in concerted music, the rhythm of the chief melody should receive the larger share of the attention: the rhythms of other voices and the accompaniment occupying a subordinate place as would be the case were they actually heard.)

(II.) Reading melodies.

(1) Practice with the Italian tune-names.

(2) Or other device of the singer.

(3) Play on a dumb keyboard (see page 5.)

(4) Practice laaing the tune. Until the student can laa the part in which is the chief melody of an easy sonatine (transposed to a suitable octave) at first sight he should not attempt further advance. Less than this skill will be sight-guessing, not sight-reading.

(III.) Reading klang effects.

(1) The student should strive to hear, in imagination, different sopranos successively singing the same air: realizing as vividly as possible the tone-quality (klang, timbre) of each voice. He should select such airs and such voices as he is already familiar with or can hear.

(2) Airs suitable for the Tenor, Bass or Contralto voice should similarly be imagined as sung by different singers of the same classes, and then actually heard, if possible.

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(3) An air should be imagined as sung by a single voice of each of the vocal classes just named.

(4) As sung in unison by a chorus of men's voices: by a chorus of women's voices: by a mixed chorus.

(5) Each part in a duet, trio, quartet or other vocal combination should be imagined as sung by a voice of the class for which it was written. A suitable form would be a four-part chant or hymn-tune.

(6) The combined effects of the voices which were heard separately in the duets, trios, etc., just suggested should be imagined

(7) An air written for the flute, violin or other of similar range and melodic adaptability should be imagined as performed on as many different kinds of instruments (suited for such an air) as the student is familiar with or will hear.

(8) An air should be imagined as performed on a trombone, euphonium, 'cello and all other instruments of 16-foot pitch that the student is familiar with or may hear.

(9) Similarly an air should be imagined as played on the reed organ with various registers, singly and in combination: similarly on the pipe organ: by a brass band: by an orchestra. The number of possible combinations is so great that particularization is inexpedient at this point.

(10) Imagine a harmonized Choral played with various registers as a reed organ (single and combined): on a pipe organ: by a brass band: by an orchestra.

(IV.) Reading harmonies.

(1) The student should recognize by ear:—

(a) major and minor chords.

(b) a, b, and c positions.

(c) the cadences I.V V.I IV.I and all cadences in the major mode ending with VI.

(d) the chords I IV V_7 V in both the major and minor modes, in all positions and distributions.

(e) transitions to the dominant and subdominant and modulations to relative keys.

(2) The student should then read simply harmonized chants and hymn-tunes. These should be imagined as played on the reed or pipe organ, using various registers: as played on the piano: as sung by a quartet of solo voices: as sung by a mixed chorus: as played by band or orchestra. In every effort of

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this kind a characteristic klang or tone-color should be imagined. To miss that, as do most students of harmony, is to miss the point: is to make the studies of harmony and composition pointless, tedious, dull, dry, mechanical and uninteresting.

(3) Organ themes may follow. The student should read each piece of music three times. On the first reading he should especially observe the chief melody, being careful to follow the registration and the chief rhythm. On the second reading the expressive delivery of the chief melody should receive chief attention. On the third reading the subordinate rhythms and melodies should be read, and their expressive treatment noted. (It is permitted—and may frequently be necessary—to the student to inspect a piece before reading it and even to analyze it to the extent directed on page — before reading it.)

(4) Songs without words for the piano.

(5) Brilliant piano music; music having dispersed harmonies, figurated and elaborately embellished melodies, etc.

(6) Band and orchestral scores.

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THE SYMPHONY CRANK.

A MUSICIAN'S STORY.

BY AMELIE VON ENDE.

It was a sultry evening in May. Dark masses of clouds covered the sky and were rent now and then by lightning. Thunder rolled in the distance. A fresh sweet smell arose from the damp earth and mingled with the faint odor of trees in blossom. Groups of children were playing in the streets. From the pleasant looking suburban cottages came the sound of merry voices.

An old man was walking by rapidly, paying no attention to the inquisitive glances that followed him. He was conspicuous in appearance. A form bent with age and sorrow; a true Jupiter profile and a mass of wavy black hair, streaked with silver. Deep wrinkles were around the strong mouth, and on the high broad forehead. In the dark eyes which had once sparkled with noble self-possession and enthusiasm there was a dim light, as of dying embers. The lips often quivered as in pain, yet they were compressed as in firm resolve. The beardless face looked strangely pale beneath the black soft hat. His hands were buried in the wornout pockets of his gray overcoat. Everyone turned to look after him.

The nearer he came to the city the more he quickened his steps, but he had to stop often to catch his breath. Soon he was in the heart of the city, surrounded by the crowds of people, the noise of wagons, the ringing and rumbling of the cable cars and the crying of newsboys and bootblacks. At a street corner a cab came with great rapidity; he heard nothing. Already the horses were up to him when the driver suddenly halted and a robust policeman pushed him aside with a curse. It made no impression on him that he had barely escaped being run over. A ragged little girl selling newspapers came up to him and mechanically murmured her wish. As though awakening from a dream he stood still, looked long at the child, thought a moment, then put his hand in his pocket and gave her some money. He did not take the paper. The

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child looked after him surprised. She had never before had such a customer. The old man walked faster, stopping more frequently to rest. A faint color came into his hollow cheeks. The crowds on the streets grew larger. Dressed up people passed him, looked at him and whispered to each other. He turned a corner. An enormous stone structure rose above the other buildings. A long row of carriages stood one close behind the other in the bright illuminated street, carriage after carriage rolled up. Ladies and gentlemen in full dress, the former wrapped in soft light cloaks, stepped out and walked up the broad marble steps. Past them hurried youths with long hair, scores under their arm. He also went in. Already in the vestibule he took off his hat. Now that the beautiful massive forehead was uncovered one could see that he was not as old as it seemed at the first glance. He searched in his pockets, found a coin, and murmuring something like "last row," received his ticket. The man at the ticket window must have known him, for he smiled at his neighbor. The two doorkeepers also nodded to each other significantly. Even the ushers seemed to recognize him. They whispered to each other, "The symphony crank!" He went to a corner seat in the top gallery. One could see nothing from there, and be seen only by one's nearest neighbors, but he came to listen. As if lost in a dream he looked fixedly up to the dimly lighted ceiling. He listened to the first half of the programme indifferently. When the musicians and the chorus took their places after the intermission and began the first page of Beethoven's Ninth, a faint smile played around the weary, drooping corners of his mouth. He did not need to bring the score with him. Each note of that immortal work sounded and lived behind that pale, high forehead.

Thirty years ago today he had heard it, the ninth symphony! Then he was an ambitious young musician, full of lofty plans. His native city was proud of him; his parents more proud. They gave him the best teachers in spite of their limited means. At that time he had just finished his first symphony, and although he was still under the influence of Haydn, although the themes were of a childlike simplicity—the execution was praised by his teacher. With great industry he studied Beethoven, and when the ninth was to be given he went to the performance with his teacher.

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So powerful was the impression the work made upon him that he came back from the concert like one paralyzed. That same evening his symphony was thrown into the fire. For a long time he could not write a note. "That is very good," said his teacher. "In intervals of this kind the mind gathers new strength and ripens in knowledge. If after a period like this something is written, then it stands considerably higher than the previous works."

And so it was. His ideas grew deeper and deeper; he grew constantly more clever in the mastery of form. When he came back to his teacher after a long time with another symphony, he had already conquered the influence of Haydn and Mozart and stood on the same ground with Beethoven. His parents had saved enough to make it possible for him to complete his studies under a famous master abroad. He was to leave his home within a few weeks. Then suddenly his father died of a malignant fever, and the money which was set aside for his study had to support his mother and sisters. He tried to earn the amount by giving music lessons, but he had studied only in his native city, he had not been crowned with glory in a world-known conservatory of music. It was the old story of the prophet, who was worth nothing in his native land. Others less talented, but who had the means, went to Berlin, took a course in the Royal High School, returned with testimonials, and received positions with high salaries. Who cared whether their conception in playing was hackneyed; whether their compositions showed a sad lack of thought. Their diplomas hung in a costly frame on the walls of their elegant music rooms, a beautiful grand piano stood in the center. That was different than the little room in which he gave his lessons on a simple upright, and when the pupils had gone sat down at the old-fashioned, shaky writing desk and bent over his compositions whose originality always called forth this criticism from the publishers: "Very good, very original, but not catchy enough for the public!" In this way he lived on for years. At last his sisters were grown up. One was married, the other a governess. Now he could begin to think of himself, for his courage was yet undaunted, his confidence in the final victory over adverse circumstances not yet dead. He was saving his money for a journey abroad. It was too late to become a great artist, but

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his aim was to show his compositions to some great master, and through his recommendation get a publisher. This he was looking forward to.

Then he made the acquaintance of a young singer, and love conquered reason. Another would have waited, but he had never been calculating and worldly wise. He had remained a big child. In his optimism he thought he would come nearer to his goal through a union with the gifted Ada, and it seemed so in the beginning. They gave concerts together; they had many pupils. Nevertheless wise people, when they heard of the marriage, said: "Ernest is always an impractical fellow; now that his mother and sisters are provided for, he takes matrimonial worries upon himself."

And the wise people were right. The mutual work and study did not last long. Soon Ernest had to provide for another being. Ada had to fulfill the duties of a mother. But before the happiness of their love everything else retired. Only in their few hours of rest they still built air castles. Within a few years he had a large family to support. In spite of all, he had saved enough to go to Germany during the coming vacation to seek a publisher for his third symphony, for the second had long ago followed the first into the fire. The day that his bank-book showed the required amount Beethoven's Ninth was given. They decided to allow themselves the pleasure of hearing it. That was fifteen years ago to-day. And now they both sat upstairs close together like a bridal couple. Under the score which was in his lap—this time it was his property—their hands were clasped, and when the four soloists sang:

"Wer ein holdes Weib errungen mische seinen Jubel ein,"

then their eyes met in tender understanding, and a warm flush rose into her yet youthful face. As in a dream they went home. They felt that what they had just now enjoyed together would never come again.

Troubled and anxious the grandmother met them:

"The little one has a high fever and the boy also seems to be ill."

After a sleepless night the physician was called. "A bad case of diphtheria" was his diagnosis. The children were nursed for days with tender care and great self-sacrifice on the

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part of the mother and grandmother. One week after the concert, which had begun so joyfully and had ended so fatally, they were again alone in their little home—the voices of the children were forever silent. Ada, who had over-exerted herself by night watching, was only a shadow of her former self. Ernest, to deaden the pain and sorrow, buried himself in new work, but it could not lessen the great sense of loss. For months Ada was sick and worn out. It was not only the death of the little ones that worried her, but the sorrow that through their marriage, through family cares, Ernest's career had been spoiled, and the fulfillment of the one wish in his life was forever put off into the future. It was this that wore her out. She tried to return to her work but her health did not allow it. In this way the time passed sorrowfully, and before the year was out Ernest stood at the coffin of his wife. When it was ready to be closed he laid his symphony into it. He was forty years old, in the prime of his life, but fate had robbed him of the courage to entertain ambitious plans. He had grown indifferent; he no longer cared for a name. Should he now, that the loss of his loved ones had made him independent, and he had only himself to care for, strive for fame? Who would rejoice at it? He had no one. Wise people said his conclusions were not manly—and perhaps they were right.

Years passed. Ernest had again devoted himself to teaching. Though he had learned more by himself than all of his colleagues they looked askance at him. He no longer kept his name before the public, not even by smaller compositions of his own, which he had formerly played in concerts. Thus he was gradually forgotten. Younger men came, knew the art of advertising and took his pupils away. Only a few poor students, whom he instructed for almost nothing, remained faithful to him. He was living in the house of a widow whose talented son he taught in return for his room-rent. But Mrs. Erlach declared that he cared too much for mental nourishment, that the food he provided for himself was insufficient, that he grew thinner and thinner, while his library gradually increased. Neither did he ever miss a concert, though he would always sit in the last row. This is why they knew him at the ticket window. He stayed at home only when they played the Ninth symphony. Then he would sit at the writing

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desk, on which was a photograph of Ada and the score of the Ninth symphony, and would read measure after measure, and finally fall as into a trance.

The less he cared for the world the less the world cared for him. People did not sympathize with his peculiarities, and the number of his pupils constantly diminished. Still he had attended every symphony concert this year; but every time he was paler and thinner. The ushers noticed it, and said: "The symphony crank is getting old." Then came the annual performance of the Ninth. A peculiar longing once more to hear this work seized him. In the last hour he decided to go. And now he sat there, and worn out from the long walk, he closed his eyes.

When the conductor raised his baton, Ernest's face assumed a peculiarly strained expression. Strings and horns sounded the motive in sixteenths which runs through the first movement—softly, mysteriously the fifth vibrated through the hall, swelling up to the powerful fortissimo, with which the first theme begins like a challenge of fate. Mildly consolatory came the modulation to B-flat. He sat as under a spell, his eye riveted upon vacancy, as if he looked into another world. At the return of the theme in D-minor, and the forcible cadence, he took a deep breath. The scherzo followed with its obstinate taps of the kettle drum, the buoyant rhythms and yet somber coloring. When the adagio closed in its transcendent beauty, the brow of the listener in the corner seat was paler, the hollow cheeks were redder, but the eyes still stared into vacancy. Shrill and sharp the B ushered in the last movement. There was a wrestling, a struggling of the themes, and when the human voice arose, like a warning to cease strife, when the chorus began the sublime ode to joy, all life seemed to have left Ernest's face, only the eyes had a dismal glow. The final chord was struck. The audience rose. Ernest remained motionless. His arms hung down; his head rested against the back of the seat. A few musicians in the neighboring seats noticed him.

"He has fainted!" said a young man.

"Who?"

"The symphony crank!"

"Poor fellow!"

"Well, he is getting old——"

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They brought him into the open air and waited until he recovered his senses. At the corner each took his car.

The street lanterns burned unsteadily. The electric lights threw restless shadows on the wet street. Rain fell in monotonous drizzle upon the pavement. Slower than he had come Ernest started on his way home. It was long past midnight when he arrived in his little room. On the table stood a bottle of wine. He smiled sadly. Kind Mrs. Erlach had wanted to give him a rare treat. She did not know that he had eaten nothing for several days, so he could go to the concert. He drank a glass hurriedly. Then he took out of the drawer an old worn-out score, whose greenish blue cover was patched in many places, laid it before him, and forgot all about him.

The next morning when his landlady failed to hear him walk around, as was his habit, she opened the door. Through a tear in the curtain a beam of the golden May sun stole into the room. The lamp was still burning dimly. Ernest sat in his arm chair bending over. His face rested on the last page of the score of the "Ninth."

And the wise people said: "We knew that the impractical fellow would some day starve!"

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CONSONANCE AND DISSONANCE.

BY BERTRAM C. HENRY.

In Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music," in the introductory chapter of the second volume which deals with the form and structure of music, are to be found some curious notions as to the nature of consonance and dissonance. The author maintains that there is no fixed basis for the distinction, asserts that the major third was once considered a discord, and prophesies that "the minor second will be a concord some day." Confusion of thought could hardly go further. It is difficult to see how a writer of Mr. Hadow's intelligence and discrimination in most musical matters could allow himself to treat a simple subject with such obscurity.

The confusion evidently arises from a leaning to the common habit of using the words concord and discord without any sharply defined meaning. Anything that is pleasing to the ear is popularly called a concord; anything that sounds unpleasant, a discord. Now, almost any combination of tones, by skillful treatment, may be made to sound all right in its place. It is also true that one of the conditions of harmonic progress has been a process of accustoming the ear to certain things which at first seemed unreasonable and disagreeable, until they were eventually found to be reasonable and agreeable. So it might happen that if the terms concord and discord are to be used in the popular sense, one person would pronounce a given combination of tones a concord, while to another less advanced in musical culture it would be a discord. It is evident that this is very nearly equivalent to saying nothing at all about the relation of the tones.

The question of the agreeable, or disagreeable, effect of an interval is not the whole ground of the distinction between consonance and dissonance. The secret is revealed by the prefixes con and dis. A consonance is a "sounding together;" a dissonance is a "sounding apart." If we take a typical consonance, as c-e, the tones sound as if they belonged together, are in stable equilibrium. On the other hand, if we take c-d,

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a typical dissonance, it sounds as if the two voices were trying to push each other away; one of them must move at least a semi-tone farther away from the other in order to reach a condition of stable equilibrium. The principle appears even more clearly in the case of an interval which, by an inharmonic change, may be made either a consonance or a dissonance. G-sharp and a-flat represent different relations to other tones, but the same pitch in the tempered scale. Taking this pitch in connection with the c below, we shall have a consonance or a dissonance according to the way in which we think the tone relations. Where it is proper to write g-sharp, this tone will have a decided tendency towards a, and the interval c-g-sharp must be pronounced an unstable combination, a dissonance. If e is added to the two tones, the only note which properly belongs with c and g sharp, the dissonant effect is at once perceived. On the other hand, where it is proper to write the note in question as a-flat, there is no tendency either upward or downward; the interval c-a-flat is stable, a consonance. Either e-flat or f may be added without disturbing the equilibrium.

Before the introduction of the tempered scale, the distinction between consonance and dissonance rested on strictly mathematical grounds. It was purely a question of the ratio of the vibrations which made the sounds. If we take a series of tones whose vibration numbers are in the ratio of the first six natural numbers, we get the so-called "harmonic chord of nature," produced by a fundamental tone and its first five upper partials, the major triad. In this series of tones we find the octave, ratio 1:2; the perfect fifth, 2:3; the perfect fourth, 3:4; the major third, 4:5; the minor third, 5:6, and the major sixth, 3:5. If we add the upper and lower octaves of these tones, we obtain only one new ratio for tones less than an octave apart, viz., 5:8, the minor sixth. Intervals larger than the octave may be ignored, as they are practically identical with one or another of those already named. In just intonation tones whose vibration numbers stand in any of these ratios, produce concords; all other ratios produce discords. The minor triad presents a different arrangement of the intervals, the minor third coming below the major third, whereas it stands above in the major triad, but no position of the minor triad presents a new interval.

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If we seek the reason why just these ratios and no others should produce consonances, we can only fall back upon the supposition that in these cases the coincidences of the two series of sound waves are sufficiently frequent to allow us to merge the two series into a whole. The ratios 6:7 and 7:8 have never had a place in any musical system in common use. The next ratio which is in common use, 8:9, is separated from the earlier ones by such a gap that it is felt by the ear as of a distinctly different character. The coincidences of the sound waves in this case are so much less frequent, and the interferences are so much more numerous, that the two series are felt, not only as distinct, but even as antagonistic. If we had a chance to become as familiar with intervals in the ratio 6:7 and 7:8 as with 4:5 and 5:6, we might possibly pass on gradually to an acceptance of more and more complicated ratios as consonances, and if we could continue to progress through an unbroken series, we might eventually come to regard the minor second, 15:16, as a concord. But in view of the gaps over which no bridge promises to be thrown, it is pretty safe to say that both the major and the minor seconds will remain discords to the end of the chapter. As for the other assertion of Mr. Hadow that the major third was once considered a discord it is just conceivable that at a very early date the ratio 4:5 may have been too complicated to be comprehended by inexperienced ears. But according to the best authorities it was not what we call a major third, but a Pythagorean third, tuned in the ratio 64:81, which within the historic period was regarded as a discord. It is hardly to be doubted whether a civilized ear could take it for anything else at the present day.

It remains to be noted that in the tempered scale, now everywhere adopted among civilized nations, no intervals are in perfect tune according to the ratios given above except octaves. Major thirds are a little sharp, yet not so sharp as 64:81; perfect fifths are a little flat. The question of consonance and dissonance, therefore, no longer rests on a purely mathematical basis. An ideal element has been introduced. The intervals actually in use are accepted as symbols, so to speak, of the pure intervals, and it is the idea of the musical relation of the tones, rather than the actual mathematical relations, which determines the question of consonance and dissonance. The varia-

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tion of intervals from the mathematical ratio is so slight that any well-tuned piano will exhibit the phenomenon of the sympathetic vibration of strings to the first five upper partials of any low fundamental tone. Thus we are not removed, in spite of the imperfections of the tempered scale, from what Professor Gow of Vassar calls the educative influence of the harmonic chord of nature. Our actual major triad is still in substantial agreement with this chord. It is still true that all the intervals called consonant are to be found in the different positions of the major triad, and in another order in the various positions of the minor triad. Leaving out of consideration the octave, which is mathematically perfect, any consonant interval, taken by itself, will suggest either a major, or a minor, triad. No other than the intervals classed as consonant—perfect fifths, perfect fourths, major and minor thirds, major and minor sixths—will suggest either a major or a minor triad. These two triads are the only stable chords, and the intervals classed as consonant, by virtue of their power to suggest these chords, are the only stable intervals. Voices which are arranged so as to produce any other combination of tones, tend to fall into new relations.

This distinction of stability and instability is fundamental. In harmony the consonance is the element of repose, while the dissonance compels movement. The consonance is final, sufficient unto itself; the dissonance needs a resolution. The effect of a dissonance upon a musically sensitive ear is illustrated by the following anecdote of Rheinberger, which, though doubtless apocryphal, was current in Munich a few years ago. The story runs that one night three music students, returning from a kneipe in a hilarious mood, stopped under the composer's window long enough to sing loudly an augmented triad. Herr Rheinberger was awakened, and could not compose himself to slumber again without hearing the resolution of the dissonance. He went to the piano, but alas, the rascals had not sung in tune with it! The notes were just a little too high for c, e, g-sharp, but just a little too low for d-flat, f, a. Neither the chord nor its resolution could be produced upon the instrument, and the luckless kapellmeister knew no more repose that night because he could not satisfy the demand of his ear for the resolution of the augmented triad.

In modern music we take a great deal for granted. In

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many cases we are content merely to imagine simple and natural resolutions, just as Rheinberger, if any such thing actually did take place under his window, was probably content with the mental resolution of the augmented triad. We skip over many obvious steps in music, just as we do in language, in logic and in mathematics, without making explicit everything that is implicit. We also recognize other tendencies than those of purely harmonic origin, and sometimes allow them to prevail when they have sufficient force to warrant it. But ultimate resolution of dissonances there must be, of some sort. Equilibrium must be restored, and a condition of stability must finally be reached, if only with the concluding tonic chord. Mr. Hadow thinks he has found an exception potent enough to overthrow the principle. It is true that Schumann's song, "Im wunderschonen Monat Mai," ends with "a dominant seventh out of key." But to my mind this is not a true ending, rather a means of carrying the listener's attention onward to the next song in the cyclus. My thought cannot stop here, even if the singer does, but inevitably goes on to "Aus meinen Thranen spriessen." Aside from this, the incompleteness of the concluding chord helps to give the impression of unsatisfied longing, the "Verlangen" of the text. A more notable exception is to be found in "Bittendes Kind" of the "Kinderseenen," op. 15, which also ends with a dominant seventh, and has no close connection with the following piece. But this is not a complete ending either. The entreating voice of the child is hushed, but he continues to plead with his eyes. Again, in "Kind im Einschlummern" we have another incomplete ending, not upon a dissonance this time, but upon a sub-dominant chord which has a less conclusive effect than the tonic. It is as if the child fell asleep in the midst of a sentence; the piece does not end, it simply stops. In all these cases the poetic idea not only justifies an incomplete ending, but even depends largely upon it. Not one of them tends to make the dominant seventh a chord of perfectly stable, reposeful character, capable of giving the effect of completeness at the end of a composition.

Both consonance and dissonance are vital necessities in music, just because they are of so thoroughly opposite character. Every fundamental conception manifests itself in two opposing forms, the union of which is necessary to the com-

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plete conception. In music we have the practical working out of this principle. A composition which should consist entirely of dissonances is inconceivable; but a piece which should contain nothing but consonances, major and minor triads, without passing notes, would be intolerable, except, perhaps, as a momentary contrast to a very highly spiced selection. If we were to cease to distinguish consonances from dissonances the effect would be practically the same as if one or the other class were entirely banished. There would be no difference discernible between Wagner and Palestrina, so far as the harmonic structure of their music is concerned. At the present day the distinction between consonance and dissonance is firmly grounded. With the abolition of the distinction music as an art will cease to exist.

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A SONATA.

BY WILLIAM IRVING ANDRUS.

I had been studying music at the Conservatory in Leipsic for some two years. During all this time I had been paying special attention to piano. Since I was quite advanced when I went to Leipsic—having had one of the best teachers in New York since childhood—I had made great progress, and had been called on quite often during this time to render the music of the great masters, especially of the romantic school at Conservatory recitals.

There were few outsiders present at these recitals, but sometimes as many as nine or ten especially privileged ones were allowed to attend. At all of these recitals, during the time when I did not play, I always glanced at the audience to see who was there, especially among the visitors, and also to see the effect the music made on individual persons in the audience. I felt especially attracted to a visitor who had been present at every recital and had seemed to take a deep interest in every number rendered. Often I could feel his intense dark eyes on me, and as I often memorized all my numbers, occasionally I would look across the side of the grand piano, feeling strangely drawn by those magnetic eyes.

Some weeks after this, my master came to me one day and said, "I have a great favor to ask of you. Perhaps you have noticed by this time the presence at each recital of a man who appeared very much absorbed in all the numbers." I replied that I had. Then my master went on to say: "It is the renowned Dr. R——, of Baden. The Doctor has of late been much interested in the science of mesmerism, and its application to materia medica. He has been conducting a long series of experiments with some of his associates. As music seems to him to be such a universal language that all people whatever their nationality receive similar thoughts from the rendition of the same composition, he wishes to make some experiments in that line. For some weeks he has been attending the recitals regularly with my permission, desiring to see all the

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pupils and to select one whom he deems most impressionable and imaginative. Yesterday after the recital he came and said, 'I have found my man. Please speak to Mr. G——, and ask him if he is willing in the interests of science to be a subject,' So I came to ask you."

I replied, "Herr Doctor, I want a little time to think of this; I am not quite ready to say yes."

So the matter was dropped for a time. At the end of a week I said to the Herr Doctor after a lesson, "Well, I am ready to acquiesce and become a subject." I knew I was very imaginative, and besides had always had a desire to be mesmerized, to feel the strangeness of that state. So the day was set for Friday, October 12, 18—. I had been going on with my regular work, and had felt no desire to retract. I had since the proposition become quite intimately acquainted with the Doctor, and knew that I could trust him, so great was my faith in my intuition.

At last the eventful day came. How well I remember it. I had slept well the previous night. I was in good practice, and felt as if my fingers could do anything. At 9 o'clock a. m. the Doctor came for me in a carriage, and as I stepped in I saw that Herr Professor was there also. We drove through the streets on and on into the country, till we came to one of the Doctor's sanitariums. I had never seen the place before. We entered the wide stone portals and ascended to the second floor and the doctor threw open a door which led into a small auditorium. The seats were arranged in a circle around a small open space. On the dais in this space stood a small grand piano, and resting on two iron rods was a large mirror placed directly over the piano. Around the circle sat some thirty eminent physicians. The doctor led me to the piano. I seated myself. As I did so, the doctor adjusted the mirror so that those behind could see my face plainly. He also drew a phonograph with its receiver close to the piano. The doctor then said, "Now, Mr. G—— will compose a sonata while under my influence and embody in it, in musical form, the ideas which I will give him in words." The doctor fixed his dark, magnetic eyes upon mine and by a few passes of his hands placed me entirely under his control.

* * * * * * * * *

Diminutive in size I dreamily floated through the air with-

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out effort. In the distance I saw loom up the towers and turrets of a palace. As I came nearer I alighted and walked along the ground, amazed at its magnificence. I entered through a long line of guards, none of whom molested me. I asked the page who came forward to meet me where I was. He said in the fairy king's palace, and that there was to be a great ball there this very night. As he led me along I could hear strains of music growing plainer and plainer. I am entering the grand throne room. I am dazzled by its overwhelming magnificence. It surpasses description. When I had collected myself a little, I became aware that a large orchestra was playing a martial introduction. Suddenly through a large portal entered Oberon with Titania at his side, followed by a whole troop of elfs and fays. Immediately the orchestra, after a few measures of movement, commenced the intricacies of a mazy fairy waltz. I felt the musical rhythm permeate my whole being. I gazed on the glittering, ever-changing throng. The rainbow colors from the gauzy wings and dresses blinded me. How long this lasted I know not. It was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger all besmattered with mud, his wings torn, his limbs bruised. At his coming, suddenly all the swaying throng halt in wonder and terror. He approaches the king with news of the victory of the king's forces over the wicked dwarfs, but of the death of the king's son. There is great sorrow. The orchestra commences a slow funeral march and plays on till the king arises and addressing the company says that family grief should have no place in a realm of rejoicing, and bids the orchestra strike their most triumphant strains in thanksgiving for the victory. A majestic volume of harmony strikes my listening ears, grand in the extreme, embodying all ideas of victory and yet saddened here and there by mournful minor cadences. It ceases.

* * * * * * * * *

I am waking. I am in Dr. R——'s room. I look into the faces of the company. I see that I have played a sonata, a martial first movement, an intricate, dazzling allegro waltz as a second movement, an adagio representing the funeral march as the third movement, then an allegro maestoso e serioso as a fourth—the victor's song with interwoven lament for the slain. It flashes through my mind in an instant. I looked in

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the glass above my head. My eyes were large and glittering, my facial expression changed. I did not recognize myself. How I reached home I knew not. I was exhausted physically and mentally. In the evening what little consciousness I had left faded away. For two weeks I was delirious with fever. Then the crisis came, and I steadily improved, but it was three months before I was able to resume my work.

The sonata was reproduced from the phonograph and put upon paper. When I was well enough I started practicing it, and it took two weeks' steady practice of eight hours daily to master it, so great was its difficulty. I have written many songs and composed many pieces but the Fairy Sonata is the finest and my favorite, for in it were put my whole musical soul and being without reservation. I never desire to write another under the same conditions, and yet I would not have missed the experience although it had cost me more than it really did.

It taught me a lesson, however, which I shall not soon forget. It taught me that there are realms of fancy and imagination—may I not say of the soul's life—far beyond our present knowledge, which were not meant to be uncovered or opened carelessly by our crude means to mortal eyes, without the attached penalty of the most disastrous consequences to the subject in mind and body.

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JULIA E. CRANE AND HER WORK.

BY JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

Instruction in music has of late years become such an important feature of our public school work throughout the country, and the employment of supervisors of music has become so general that the work of preparing these special features has become one of the leading tasks of our public and private normal schools. In this work no other school, probably, has been quite so successful—certainly none more so—than the New York State Normal and Training School, at Potsdam, that state, under the direction of Miss Julia Ettie Crane. MUSIC has from time to time had occasion to make mention of the influence wielded by this able and delightful teacher, in behalf of the musical education of the public school children, and its readers will perhaps be especially interested in reading of the life and ideals of Miss Crane and of the exact nature of the work she is accomplishing.

Miss Crane comes naturally by her love of music, and by her ability to teach, for both her father and mother were school teachers before marriage, and both were musically inclined. Her father, who himself had to struggle hard for an education, furnished his children with the best general and musical education afforded by the town in which they lived, and bought for them a piano, though not in a condition to afford luxuries. In those days there were held in Potsdam "singing" and "glee" schools, where the young people learned to read music; and early in its history it became a local center for musical conventions at which were gathered hundreds of singers from the surrounding country, and at which were heard the leading artists of the day. Among them were present at various times Annie Louise Cary, Myron Whitney, Adelaide Phillips, Toedt, The Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, and the Listemann Orchestra; the leader of the chorus and conductor of the festivals was Carl Zerrahn, and under his baton were rendered the "Messiah," "Creation," and many shorter works such as Gade's "Erl King's Daughter," and Mendelssohn's "Hear

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My Prayer." The taste of good music thus obtained was an inspiration, and led the little town into many extravagances in the study of music.

In 1869 the Normal School was located in Potsdam, and Miss Crane entered as a pupil in the intermediate department, and remained there until her graduation from the classical course in 1874. During this time she kept up her studies in music, always singing in some choir or playing the organ or piano for one, and taking part in whatever musical entertainments were given in the town. On graduation from the Normal she entered the Primary department of the graded schools of Potsdam as a teacher, and kept the position for three years, in which time she introduced vocal music into the school, and gave private piano instruction outside. At that time Dr. Tourjee had opened a summer school at East Greenwich, R. I., and there Miss Crane spent her summers; there she met for the first time the late Dr. Luther Whiting Mason and Mr. H. E. Holt, and studied with them their methods of public school music teaching. Through her study with them she became convinced that what was needed in public school music was the application of the same principles of psychology and pedagogy, which were being applied to the other branches of study, and determined to devote herself to the development of this new branch of education. Realizing that a one-sided education must necessarily give one a narrow view she began such a course of study as she felt a "public school music teacher" would need. The course which she mapped out for herself at that time, and which she proceeded at once to carry out, included piano lessons with Mr. B. J. Lang, and later with Mr. Wm. Sherwood, voice culture with Mr. Harry Wheeler, conducting with Carl Zerrahn, and a thorough course in elocution, which she deemed helpful in pronunciation and delivery. At the same time she continued her study of pedagogy and psychology both theoretically and practically, and continuing also her regular grade teaching in the public schools, applied in her teaching and especially in the music work, the new ideas gained from her study. The result of this close application and broad study was a very great success in her work, and soon brought her, in 1877, a call to take charge of the vocal music and gymnastics, and assist in mathematics, in the state normal school at Shippenburg, Pa., a position which she at once ac-

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cepted. The work there was, as she describes it, a combination of physical, mental and vocal gymnastics. At the end of the first year she was given also the charge of the department of piano study. As an instance of the success with which Miss Crane has always met with in her teaching it may be mentioned that in this school vocal culture had never before been attempted, and the piano department had never had pupils sufficient to pay the salary of the teacher. Yet before the end of her second year there she was obliged to employ an assistant in the piano department, and the income from the private lessons, after paying Miss Crane's salary as well as that of the assistant, left quite a surplus in the school treasury. She continued in this school until 1880, when she resigned to take a much needed rest. During the years from '77 to '80 she attracted considerable attention by a number of very able papers and addresses at teachers' meetings, and by the sweetness of her voice on several occasions when she sang at school or town recitals. In the summer vacation of 1878 and 1879 Mr. Wm. Sherwood held summer schools of music at Lyons and Canandaigua, N. Y., at which the teaching of methods and the illustrations of class work in public school music were done by Miss Crane, who also sang at the school concerts.

The year after her resignation from the Pennsylvania Normal School Miss Crane received and accepted a very welcome invitation to go abroad with Mrs. Merritt, wife of the newly appointed consul to Great Britain, a trip which afforded a much desired opportunity for study with Manuel Garcia. During her stay abroad she sang in many London drawing rooms and elicited much newspaper comment of a very favorable kind. After a year of rest and study there she returned to her pupils in Potsdam, and began work with a much larger class, and an increased number of concert engagements. In the spring of 1884, on the resignation of the music teacher at the Potsdam Normal School the position was offered to Miss Crane, but was at first refused, as it seemed a narrowing of her opportunities. It was renewed, however, with the addition that she should give one hour a day to the school, provided the school authorities should do all in their power to advance the cause of music in the school and should give her freedom as far as possible to inaugurate a training school for music teachers in connection with the regular normal work. The organiza-

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tion of such a school as this was a long cherished ideal with Miss Crane, and the opportunity was at once taken advantage of and the position accepted. The length of the entire course at the normal school is thirteen years. With the assistance of the principal, Dr. E. H. Cook, who entered heart and soul into the scheme proposed by Miss Crane, the entire program was rearranged and a time for music found for every pupil during the entire course. Then began what is perhaps the most interesting and the most valuable of all the work Miss Crane has done—the careful study, with this great example before her, of the needs of the pupils in public schools. The greatest difficulty in the way, and it is one that meets every musical specialist in every public school in the country where music is taught, was that of training the teachers so that successful work could be done in the training school. It took two years to accomplish this, and a great deal of careful preparation, but it was accomplished and the real work began. During all this time Miss Crane continued her work in private with voice pupils, and after a little these pupils were drawn upon for teachers for the advanced classes in the training school, as the children were constantly requiring more skillful teaching. This was the beginning of the Special Music Teacher's course, from which have been graduated already nearly a hundred teachers of music who are scattered in the normal and graded schools throughout the country. While it is not claimed that music in the Potsdam school is on a level with arithmetic or Latin in the scale of importance or stress, at least it has there its definite place, and an opportunity is offered pupils to study its subject matter, to practice the art, to study the methods of teaching it, to observe the teaching of others, and finally to teach the subject themselves in all grades from the kindergarten through regular high school work.

The rapid advancement of the children in the training school has required constantly increased advantages for the training of teachers, and to meet this demand Miss Crane has opened a school of her own, devoted to this line of work. In this careful instruction in the notation and terminology of music are given in classes, as well as work in harmony, analysis, history of music, sight singing, ear training and acoustics. At the same time there is opportunity offered for very fine private instruction in piano and vocal culture. By a special ar-

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rangement all the pupils of this school have the privilege of the normal school classes in all music branches, and all graduates of the special music teachers' course are expected to have done all the work of both schools.

Although the inauguration and carrying out of a plan of this scope and magnitude has required much time and attention, Miss Crane has always realized that the highest success could not be reached if her own education came to a standstill. Every year, therefore, she has found time to take a more or less extended trip through the country, visiting the cities in which prominent teachers or especial features are to be found in the public school work, and she has also devoted a considerable time to private study with leading musicians. Her work at teachers' conventions as well as the articles she has written for various educational and other papers have made her a wide acquaintance among teachers, and the wide distribution of the graduates of her school has carried her fame into all parts of the country.

In all that we have said so far about Miss Crane it would appear that the great success she has met with in her work has been due to her close application to her work, and to her incessant study and search for new methods and means of development of her art. Such is undoubtedly in a measure the case. But it is not the whole, as Miss Crane would modestly have one believe. The thing that first impresses one who has the pleasure of meeting her, and which grows stronger as the acquaintance ripens, is the sweetness of her disposition, and the charm of her personality. One cannot imagine a woman more eminently fitted by nature for the very work to which she has devoted herself. There is a certain quality about her that makes itself felt wherever she may be, dominates the room in which she is, and produces in those who have to do with her an enthusiasm for their work, and a belief in the beauty of it, and in the ideals towards which it aims, that one cannot describe, but which is one of the chief factors in the success of any work Miss Crane undertakes. In all her work Miss Crane has been influenced by a wonderful love for children as well as a belief in the beauty of the aesthetic and moral influence of music in the schools.

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SHAKESPEARE AND MUSIC.

BY IRA GALE TOMPKINS.

(Continued from page 375.)

In addition to the extreme beauty and melody of his versification—"the golden cadence of poesy"—and breathing the highest passionate eloquence, the reader's attention is called to the striking parallelisms or analogies in phrase and metaphor throughout all his plays and poems. Yet he seldom repeats himself, or plays but on one string. This may be particularly noted in the following, where the same thought and image is conveyed by a happy alternation of phrase, combining both euphony and melody with harmony of thought and feeling:

MUSICAL ECHO.

How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.
—Twelfth Night, ii. 4.

THE REVERBERATE HILLS—BABBLING GOSSIP OF THE AIR.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" —Ib., i. 5.

THE CAVE WHERE ECHO LIES.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name.
—Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2.

ECHO—MUSIC OF THE HOUNDS.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

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MUSICAL DISCORD—SWEET THUNDER.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
—Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1.

CHIME OF BELLS.

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, —Ib.

A DOUBLE CHASE.

Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.
Venus and Adonis.

And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
—Titus Andronicus, ii. 3.

ACOUSTICS—SCIENCE OF SOUND.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale:
—Lover's Complaint.

REVERBERATING POWER OF A CONCAVE ARCH OR VAULTED ROOF.

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores? —Julius Caesar, i. 1.

Like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.
—Troilus and Cressida, iii., 3.

PREROGATIVE AND PURPOSE OF MUSIC.

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patronness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

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MUSIC REFRESHES THE MIND.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
—Taming of the Shrew, iii., 1.

MUSIC A COMFORT IN GRIEF.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease,
Heart's ease;" O, an you will have me live, play
"Heart's ease."

O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe:" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress."

MUSIC'S SILVER SOUND—MUSICIANS SOUND FOR SILVER.

Then music with her silver sound—why "silver sound?" why "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver. —Romeo and Juliet, iv., 5.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. —Henry VIII, iii., 6.

JOY DELIGHTS IN JOY.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?

TRUE CONCORD.

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

SING ONE PLEASING NOTE.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing. —Sonnets.

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PHILOMEL—LANGUISHMENT—DIAPASON—LAMENTING PHILOMEL.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear.
—Rape of Lucrece.

FRETS.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.
—Rape of Lucrece.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow.
—Rape of Lucrece.

BIRD MUSIC—NATURE'S FEATHERED CHORISTERS—PHILOMEL—HER MOURNFUL HYMNS HUSH THE NIGHT.

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
—Sonnets.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S COMPLAINING NOTES.

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
—Two Gentlemen of Verona, v., 1.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
—Romeo and Juliet, iii., 5.

THE SONG OF THE LARK—THE HERALD OF THE MORN.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise. —Cymbeline, ii., 3.

Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.
—Sonnets.

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MELODIOUS BIRDS SING MADRIGALS.

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!
—Titus Andronicus, iii., 3.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.
—As You Like It, ii., 5.

By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
—Merry Wives of Windsor, iii., 1.

Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.
—Titus Andronicus, ii., 3.

ALL NATURE SINGS—BIRDS CHANT MELODY.

When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade.
—Titus Andronicus, ii., 3.

BIRD MUSIC—ENCAGED BIRDS.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[Music.
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
—Taming of the Shrew, ind., 2.

Lear. Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
—King Lear, v., 1.

HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure,
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when after many moody thoughts
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
—Third part Henry VI., iv., 6.

SINGING FREELY IN BONDAGE.

Our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
—Cymbeline, iii., 3.

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MUSIC A CHARM FOR SLEEP AND A CHARMING AWAKENING FROM SLEEP.

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest.

—Pericles, v., 1.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference 'twixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

—First, Henry IV., iii., 1.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound

—Taming of the Shrew, ind., 1.

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage.

—Merchant of Venice, iii., 2.

PENETRATING POWER OF MUSIC.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings: they say it will penetrate.

SONG OF LARK "MY LADY SWEET, ARISE."

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

—Cymbeline, ii., 3.

MUSIC BEGUILING.

I cry for mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

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SOMETIMES PROVOKES TO ILL.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
Measure for Measure, iv., 1.

SEEMING MERRY BUT FEELING SAD.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Othello, ii., 1.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:

A WOEFUL HOSTESS BROOKS NOT MERRY GUESTS.

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.
—Lucrece.

MUSIC MADDENS AND CURES MADNESS.

This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it hath holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
—Richard II., v.

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull. —Tempest.

She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
—Pericles, v., 1.

THE UNTUNED AND JARRING SENSES.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up.
—Lear, iv., 7.

DETHRONED REASON, LIKE SWEET BELLS JANGLED, OUT OF TUNE.

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

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Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
—Hamlet, iii. 1.

SINGING SLANDERING MUSIC.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.
Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
—Much Ado, ii. 3.

A BAD VOICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it. —Ib.

GOVERNED BY HUMORS.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.
Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.
Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.
—1st pt. Henry IV., iii. 1.

HOWLING AFTER MUSIC.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music. —Twelfth Night, v. 1.

MAKING THE WELKIN DANCE—A DOG AT A CATCH.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Ib., ii. 3.

CATERWAULING WITHOUT MITIGATION OR REMORSE OF VOICE.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here!

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of

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night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Ib.,ii. 3.

SINGING POPULAR AIRS.

A' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights.

—2d Henry IV., iii. 4.

TUNE O' THE TIME.

Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter. —Hamlet, v. 2.

ITINERANT SINGER—BALLADS.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

USE NO SCURRILOUS WORDS.

Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

MERRY BALLADS IN REQUEST—BEARING A PART, "IT IS MY OCCUPATION."

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

—Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

SINGING—MAKING NOISE ENOUGH.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

—As You Like It, ii. 5.

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SUCKING MELANCHOLY OUT OF A SONG—COME, WARBLE.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, warble, come. —Ib.

HAWKING AND SPITTING THE PROLOGUES TO A BAD VOICE.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

—Ib., v. 3.

WOOING IN SONG—SPEAKING NOTES AND CROTCHETS.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come,
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes:
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.

—Much Ado, ii. 3.

SHEEP'S GUTS HALING SOULS OUT OF MEN'S BODIES.

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done. Ib.

MUSIC NOT APPRECIATED—APPLY TO ORGAN GRINDER.

But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

—Othello, iii. 1.

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

—Ib.

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A SIREN'S SONG.

Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote.
—Comedy of Errors, ii. 1.

LASCIVIOUS METRES.

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen.
—Richard II., ii. 1.

SINGS AT FIRST SIGHT—SHE'S NOTED.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

—Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5.

THE LEER OF INVITATION.

I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar style.

—Merry Wives, i. 3.

LANGUAGE IN HER EYE—HER FOOT SPEAKS.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
—Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5.

SLUTTISH SPOILS OF OPPORTUNITY.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. —Ib.

A FAIR VIOL HELL'S HARSH CHIME.

You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
—Pericles, i. 1.

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A GLORIOUS CASKET STORED WITH ILL.

Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
—Ib.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs.
—Hamlet, i. 3.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION—MUSIC'S MASTER.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
—Pericles, ii. 5.

TEACHER AND SCHOLAR—RUDIMENTS—GAMUT—ONE CLEF TWO NOTES—OLD FASHIONS PLEASE BEST.

Hor. Madam before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. (Reads) " 'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for old inventions.

HOW THE TREBLE JARS THE BASE.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune,

Luc. All but the bass.

Hor. The bass is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

(To be Continued.)

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ROBERT SCHUMANN'S SONG-CYCLES.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

The development of lyric art (music) during the current century is strongly identified with the name of Robert Schumann. Whilst it must, perhaps, be admitted that the highest attainments in that branch of the tonal language were reached in the inexhaustible and monumental song treasure which Franz Schubert left as his inheritance to the musical world, we find none the less in Schumann's lyric gifts so much that is new, original and interesting that they command our undivided interest and sincere admiration. A contemporary of the most creative period in Schubert's life, a warm and true admirer of that tone poet, it is but a natural law in the development of art that Schumann should have leaned upon and looked up to Franz Schubert until he reached his own artistic maturity and individuality.

Schubert's influence over Schumann is of the most positive character; the lyric Schumann without Schubert were well nigh an impossibility. He is, however, not to be considered an imitator of Schubert, for many a tender flower and fragrant blossom, unknown heretofore in the garden of song, grew up in the paths which Schumann walked. Generally characterized, Schubert's songs are manly, fresh, natural, healthy, happy, bright and imbued with eternal youth, while those of Schumann dreamy, tender, thoughtful, analyzing, reflective, morbid and at times almost feminine. Certain moods, feelings and emotions found in Schumann's songs their first adequate expression. I have but to mention the tender-chorded soul-life of the nobler (this adjective refers to nobility of character, not of birth) and more refined classes of modern society, in particular, that of the feminine sex, which Schumann had studied in its most secret shades. The inexhaustible depths and innermost emotions of woman's nature he reached by means of the boundless resources of his genius, in endless variety in many of the songs, which form the song-cycles: "Dichterliebe," "Frauenlieb und Leben," "Liederkreise," "Myrthen," etc., etc.

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It is but just to refer to the circumstances and conditions which led to the composition of the song-cycles, which, as Schumann himself often asserted, contain the best efforts of his genius. It was his deep-rooted love of Clara Wieck, the late Clara Schumann, one of the most intellectual, brilliant, sincere and poetical women of this century, the peerless interpretress of Schumann's pianoforte works and a true priestess in the temple of art—which dictated these products of soul and heart; for not less than one hundred and thirty-eight vocal compositions were written in the year 1840, the first year of their happy wedded life. The crisis of his long and touching love story had come, the trying years of suspense were over, and the object of his true and enduring affection, Clara Wieck, had become his own.

The year 1840 marked an event in Schumann's life which directed his whole artistic activity in other channels. The fanciful romance of the "Davidsbuendler," which inspired him to so many beautiful creations for the piano, was totally forgotten, and replaced by interests and emotions of a more actual, human and sympathetic kind. Prior to the year 1840, the "song year" of his life, Schumann tested his capabilities with conspicuous preference in instrumental music only.

Whilst not all of the songs which comprise the song-cycles are perfect types of the modern "Kunstlied," they vary more in the amount of imaginative power and truth of delineation which they contain than in point of structure. The saying "words set to music" may justly be applied to Schumann's songs, and the marriage of "perfect music to noble words" he certainly brought about. Schumann possessed in more than a marked degree the ability of putting himself on a par with the poet whose words he sets. By totally penetrating into, absorbing and idealizing the thoughts of the poem, he forms that strong assimilation of words and music which characterizes his lyric creations. He always claims but a just equality with the poet, and this in such a pronounced manner that the words without the music, and the music without the words almost seem impossible. With particular favor he chose entire song-cycles, wherein the opportunity was afforded him of closely following the varying moods and thoughts of the poet. Lyric poetry certainly was not wanting, because that part of the century which embraces the middle and last part of Schu-

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mann's life is the most productive period in the history of Germany's lyric poetry.

The most sympathetic poet to Schumann appears to have been Heinrich Heine (born Dec. 13 at Duesseldorf; died in Paris, Feb. 17, 1856). The close relation which exists between the greatest master of antique lyric poetry, Goethe, and the composer Franz Schubert is of a similar character as that of the greatest master of the modern lyric, Heine, and the composer Robert Schumann. The difference in the choice of their favorite poets strikingly marks the deep difference between Schubert and Schumann.

Schumann was the first composer to fully comprehend Heine's poetical nature and to grasp the full meaning of his words, which are weightier and richer than those of any other German lyric poet. Heine seizes the mood more accurately, and each word thus becomes highly significant to the composer, who must follow the changing moods closely in order to create a perfect musical illustration of them. Therefore the song-cycle called "Dichterliebe," op. 48 ("Poet's-love"), written to sixteen songs of Heine's "Buch der Lieder," is probably the most characteristic set of songs of Schumann's creation. The absolute and total assimilation of words and music is so pronounced that none of the many touches of humor, passion, pathos and sentimentality which form the chief characteristics of Heine's poems, seem to be lost in the careful treatment which Schumann gave to them. This cycle is dedicated to Madame Schroeder-Devrient, who stood unexcelled in the interpretation of these songs, particularly those of a declamatory character. The songs of the "Dichterliebe" comprise some of the most perfect types of modern lyric art, and with a few others have created for Schumann his position as one of the greatest lyric tone poets of modern time. The rhythmic, harmonic and melodic treatment accorded them, and the deep and passionate emotion which breathes through them, have made them to the present day the favorites of their kind. Nos. 1-3, 5, 8, 12 and 15 are characterized by peaceful, idyllic grace, as, for instance, "Dein Angesicht," "Auftraege," "Wenn Ich früh in den garten gehe." Nos. 4, 10, 13 and 14 are as characteristic of Heine as of Schumann, on account of their calm, unsuspecting opening and infinitely sad ending. "Ich grolle nicht" stands unexcelled in the domain of song, in the expres-

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sion of heart-rending grief, despair and deep emotion. In the sixth song of that cycle the music reflects not only the meaning of the poem, but the impression of solemn grandeur, which the city of Cologne, with its monumental "Dom," made upon Schumann. The vocal part of No. 9 is of but a subordinate nature and connects with the very poetical conception of "Es leuchtet meine Liebe." The assimilation of words and music above referred to finds a most wonderful example in No. 11. The last song of the "Dichterliebe" is of balladlike character, but not less remarkable than the others for that reason.

The poet Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (born March 10, 1788, near Ratibon; died Nov. 26, 1857, in Neissen), one of the most talented representatives of romantic-lyric poetry, seems also to have inspired Schumann, and the cycle upon the poems of that author is known as the "Liederkreis, op. 39." Eichendorff seems to have exercised a most wonderful influence over Schumann. His poems are music as such, and disclose nature's magic wonderland in the re-echoing of the charms of the woods, the idyllic forest solitudes, the woodland airs, the rustling branches, the glittering stars, the dreamy night and the magical music of fairy tales which live in field and forest. To Schumann's fervid and highly imaginative temperament this domain offered a very fertile field for musical painting. The wonderful Lorelei ballad, "Waldesgespraech," belongs to this set, and stands as a powerful expression of the true spirit of romance, in its weird and irresistible fascination. Whoever heard the words, "Du bist die Hexe Lorelei," with that wild-hunt accompaniment, will never forget the spirit which breathes throughout this ballad. As the most poetical songs of that song-cycle I should like to mention "Frühlingsnacht," "In der Fremde," and "Mondnacht." As a whole this cycle does not reach the height of the "Dichterliebe," since it lacks the continuity and connection which is such an essential feature in the "Dichterliebe," and in the third of Schumann's song-cycles, known as "Frauenlieb und Leben," op. 42.

This latter collection of poems is from the pen of Adalbert von Chamisso (born Jan. 30, 1781, in the castle of Boncourt; died in Berlin Aug. 21, 1838). The works of this poet were not quite as sympathetic to Schumann as Heine's or Eichendorff's, but he found in them a feature which strongly appealed to him

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and, as it seemed, demanded and waited for his musical illustration. No composer before or after Schumann had so strongly penetrated into that side of human character, which ordinarily men are not so capable of understanding, the intensity and endurance of a true and pure woman's love. Wedded to the object of his longing, yearning and his tender affection, he had in Clara Wieck a living example of the noble, sterling and thoroughly womanly qualities which poet and composer immortalized in that song-cycle, "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen," is probably the most popular number of that collection, but all of them are musically very interesting and offer as a particularly charming feature the short instrumental Coda, which summarizes all that has gone before and gives these little poems a master touch.

Besides the song-cycles "Dichterliebe," "Liederkreis," op 39, and "Frauenlieb und Leben," which must be considered as the most important of that kind, Schumann composed some smaller song-cycles to poems of Heine; Justinus Kerner (born Sept. 18, 1786, in Ludwigsburg; died in Weinsberg Feb. 21, 1862), whose nature bears very much resemblance to that of Schumann; to Frederick Rückert's (born May 16, 1788, in Schweinfurt; died in Coburg Jan. 31, 1866) "Liebesfruehling," etc., etc., all of them belonging to that period in Schumann's life which comprises the op. 24-37.

In following the history of the lyric-romantic song to the present time it is but gratifying to find that this art form has invited the almost exclusive attention of Robert Franz, and in a lesser degree that of Johannes Brahms, Anton Rubinstein, Adolf Jensen, Edward Grieg, and other prominent authors of the present generation. Many highly interesting and original contributions to the literature of song were made by those tone poets, and the fact that they have become favorites of artists and music lovers speaks for their high artistic value. Schumann's song-cycles, in particular "Dichterliebe," "Liederkreis," op. 39, and "Frauenlieb und Leben," however, will always occupy a most unique position in musical literature, because they are strongly identified with the extremely subjective and lyric-romantic nature of their creator, the immortal tone poet, Robert Schumann.

Chicago, Feb. 18, 1897.

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MUSIC IN SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

BY PAULINE JENNINGS.

To Syracuse University belongs the honor of having been the first American college or university to establish a College of Fine Arts co-ordinate with its College of Liberal Arts. This College of Fine Arts, the first institution of its kind in America, remains in some respects unique. The method of equating the study of art with the other elements of a liberal education, has been distinctly different in Syracuse from that of other colleges, since neither in its practical or theoretical branches has any fine art been incorporated into the curriculum of the College of Liberal Arts as an elective. But by a very completely organized course of study in the College of Fine Arts, leading to a liberal education in connection with an education in the arts, and comprising, besides four years of practical work in the art chosen, thorough study in esthetics, the history of the arts, languages, history, and literature, the degree conferred by that college is made equal in length and rigor of study with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Music is an elective only in the course in Belles Lettres, which was recently established in the Fine Arts College, the remainder of the course being literary. Syracuse was the pioneer in being the first American college to require a four years' course of study in music, and a four years' course in theory. The text-book used since its first English edition is Dr. Percy Goetschius' "Materials of Musical Composition," and the study is supplemented by the use of the valuable Bussler-Cornell treatise on "Musical Form." But the pride in our alma mater which is felt by every loyal Syracusan, is not merely in virtue of her priority in securing a fuller recognition of the rank of art as an educational factor in the American college. Our satisfaction is founded rather on the effectual work she has done, and is today accomplishing. When in 1877 the course of musical study was laid out on a four years' plan, including several years of preparatory work, by the learned Dr. George F. Comfort, first dean of the College of Fine Arts, utter failure was predicted by many educators, who declared America too "stern and

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rock-bound a coast" for so deeply rooting the art plant. The soil was too untilled, such cultivation as existed was too surface-wise, and the American student (at least when toiling on his native heath) too little given to genuine study of the underlying principles of his art, said the great objector, who, since time began, has not failed to put himself in evidence at the critical moment. Greek roots, said he likewise, might properly be munched in college as a staple food; chord roots, however well assimilated, produced a less vigorous mental muscle. This was twenty years ago. Today the College of Fine Arts numbers nearly five hundred and fifty students, the majority of whom are pursuing musical studies, though all are not working for a degree. The faculty comprises eighteen very efficient members, eleven of whom are teachers of music.

The aim is to make musicians, not virtuosi, and to this end the course is rich in studies helpful in fostering and maturing musical intelligence, and a grasp of the scope, history, and domain of the art, its language and structure, and its relations to general culture. The related literary subjects prescribed in the musical course are French, German, and Italian, Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern History, History of the Fine Arts, and Elocution. The theory work includes Chord Formation, Melodies, Modulation, Inharmonics, Figuration, Homophonic and Polyphonic Forms, the Higher Forms, and some study of free composition in case the student shows special aptitude. Ensemble practice is required during the last year, and the advantage of orchestral accompaniment is given to students sufficiently advanced. One year's course of lectures on Musical History is also required, and an additional year's lectures on Esthetics. The latter course was introduced by Dr. Comfort, who had given in 1865 in Alleghany College the first lectures on Esthetics given in an American university, and who became, on his removal to Syracuse, the animating spirit of the new College of Fine Arts. The piano is adopted as the basis of study, though students specializing in voice or organ may discontinue it after the sophomore year. Piano students are required to study the voice for one year, and to take part in the choral classes. Weekly recitals are given by the faculty and students, as well as frequent concerts; a society for special musical study (The Euterpe) has done much good by uniting into common fellowship many a musical atom slow to enter

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into combination. For music, as Comte would have it, is pre-eminently a social art. One of the chief factors in the musico-mental development of the student is found in the access afforded by the college to a most comprehensive library of current art literature. A club Art Reading Room and Library in Crouse College is open to students, where are seventy, or more, magazines, coming from all countries where the Fine Arts find expression. The Beethoven Trio Club, comprising members of the faculty, several series of subscription concerts which have from time to time been given under the auspices of the Euterpe Society, piano recitals, and an exceptionally fine series of organ recitals usually given each season by Dr. George Parker on the Roosevelt organ in Crouse Hall (an organ scarcely surpassed in perfection in America), these are the principal factors in the local musical activities.

The Faculty has contained such eminent names as Dr. Percy Goetschius, and the late Dr. William H. Schultze. It now includes among its fine instructors Mr. William Berwald, composer and pianist; Mr. Conrad Becker, a violinist, who, though he has not yet been often heard in the larger cities, seems likely to attain the very highest things by virtue of most musicianly attainments, and Miss Unni Lund, pupil of Mme. Eduard Grieg, and vocalist of potent musical personality, because so charming. But there are three names which stand out with special prominence in the development of Syracuse as an art center. I refer to Dr. George F. Comfort, whose brain-child is the Fine Arts College; Dr. Wm. H. Schultze, whose fine influence was active in the early struggle for existence, and Dr. George A. Parker, who for fifteen years has quietly and steadily, but most persistently, elevated the standard of work in music, and to whom, more than to any other, is due the high plane excellence attained. Dr. Parker's rank as one of the leading organists of America is too well known to need emphasis, and by all his pupils, of whom I had the honor to be one, he is regarded as a teacher sure to develop to sincere musical expression whatever of earnestness and force is in the pupil. He is a progressive teacher, too, not the victim of one cast-iron method, but hospitable to new ideas, and in the van of progress in pianoforte pedagogy. His pupils differ in many things, but unite in placing him among the first few names in the lists (now so prevalent) of "Best Music Masters

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in America." And this feeling is by no means limited to his pupils. Any sketch of Syracuse, however fragmentary, would be incomplete without tribute to Dr. Schultze, whose life was one of wonderful beauty and usefulness. Acknowledged as one of the first violinists of his day, he came to this country in 1848, as leading violinist of the Germania orchestra; he played in thirty-six concerts with Jenny Lind and Sontag; was afterwards first violinist of the Mendelssohn Quintette club, and at the Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1869, in company with Ole Bull, Carl Rosa and Meisel, he led the 200 first violins. In 1877 he was called to the Musical Directorship of Syracuse University, and from that time until his death in 1888 the best energies of his highly endowed personality were given to the upbuilding of the college. But the permanent distinction gained by the College of Fine Arts is, after all, the reward of the untiring labors, in season and out of season, of Dr. Comfort, since his was the brain to devise, organize, and develop the institution. In her success he sees realized the hopes of half a lifetime. The history of Dr. Comfort's valuable services to esthetic education, as well as of his profound scholarship and many attainments in philology and languages, is found written in any encyclopedia. But the unwritten history of his influence, found in the minds he has enriched and widened by his broad horizon and lofty view-point, is perhaps not less important. "It takes a great deal of life to make a little art," said Alfred de Musset. This is true in several senses. True as to the many lives tributary to the one which brings to expression an art-idea; true as to the vitality given out by teacher to pupil, and true as to the immense consumption of life force in the creation or re-creation of a work of the imagination. But as art is mostly valuable as an expression of life—its manifestations colored by the inmost, essential personality of the artist—that worker who brings to his art the most highly developed mentality, and the purest spirituality, expresses most, because he is most. Syracusans are wont to claim that the College of Fine Arts, while training the student's power of musical expression, endeavors in special measure to so develop the mental and esthetic nature, that that personality which seeks music as its means of expression may be in itself of ever greater and greater value. For, as Emerson has said, "Each individual soul is such in virtue of its being a power to translate the world into some particular language of its own."

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POPULAR CRADLE SONGS.

BY E. DE SCHOULTZ-ADIEWSKY.

In a study upon the dance airs of Morbihan* I have pointed out that rhythm is, so to say, the touchstone of the temperament of a race, a people, a popular group. If rhythm, thus considered as the ethnological document par excellence, is curious for study in the dance melodies of nations, it appears to me by no means devoid of interest to examine their cradle songs from the same point of view; after having investigated the rhythms which cause them to dance, to study those which put them to sleep.

Dance melodies, cradle songs; here we have two musical manifestations of the popular genius, which arrange themselves as if at the opposite poles of the spirit. The first, intense affirmation of life; the second, a quasi negation. The one destined to stimulate all the vital faculties; the other to suspend them. The one, to excite the muscular and nervous forces of man; the other, on the contrary, intended to interrupt these functions, to reduce them to inaction. In a word, to calm the moral and the physical natures.

The first question which raises itself naturally would be this: If the people employ for their dances different rhythms according to the demands of their peculiar temperament, is the same phenomenon also manifested in the melodies invented for soothing their infants? Do they have their different manners of acting upon the sentiment of the child in the cradle, or, better, do we not find, on the contrary, among all nations a similarity of processes? Is there among the cradle songs of all countries an individual air peculiar to some one race or family? If there are a thousand manners of dancing it is not necessary to have more than one way of sleeping, and if the dance by its essence

*Melusina, Review of Popular Mythology, Popular Literature, Traditions and Usages, by H. Gaidow, Paris. 2. Airs de Danse du Morbihan, de la Collection Mahe, analysées au point de view vue de l'Element Rhythmique."

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admits, nay requires, a diversity of rhythms, the cradle song seems destined to rhythmical uniformity.

Practically, art-music, inspiring itself at the popular source from which it was born, appears already to have resolved this question in adopting for the musical form of cradle songs a type of meter: the binary division, in double measure, be it in aspect simple of 2-4 or in binary measure composed of 6-8. Nevertheless such a scientific answer could not be definitely given until after a comparative analysis of cradle songs of all peoples from which we possess representatives, and the materials for this never having been collected the solution of the question is necessarily adjourned.

The task which I am here proposing is something much more modest. It limits itself to a comparative analysis of certain melodies taken from my collection, which is far from complete. And so profiting by the occasion which is graciously offered me by "La Revista Musicale Italiana" I would request well-disposed readers whose eyes fall upon these pages to send me copies of such popular cradle songs as they happen to know, and I beg to assure them in advance of my thanks for the aid given in my studies.

The musical analysis which I propose to make undertakes to demonstrate that certain melodic and rhythmic elements compose the cradle songs in question, although taken from the midst of diverse ethnologies. It is a species of musical anatomy which I propose to apply. The following, according to my idea, are the principal traits of the melody, rhythm and architecture which we have to examine:

A. Principal Characteristic Traits of the Tonal Forms (Melody).

1. Tonality, major or minor, arian scale, semitic-oriental scale, Chinese (Scotch). Presence or absence of the leading tone.

2. Unimodality or polymodality of the melody (the totality unitary or mixed).

3. Melodic progression, by intervals conjoint or disjoint.

4. Melodic design, simple or ornate, with fioritures, turns, appoggiaturas, trills, altered notes, etc.

5. Melodic compass.

6. Final cadence, third or tonic pure; fall of interval of a fourth, etc.

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7. Descending or ascending character of the melody, or stable character, pivoting itself, so to say, upon one single note.

B. Principal Characteristic Traits of the Rhythm.

1. Use of binary measures, ternary, paeanic (of 5 times) or hemioles (of 7 times), etc.

2. Monorhythmic or polyrhythmic, a single form of measure or mixed varieties of measure.

C. Principal Characteristic Traits in the Domain of Structure.

1. Period regular or non-regular, symmetrical or non-symmetrical.

2. Parallelism of phrases, or non-parallelism.

3. Structure simple or mixed (1 phrase, 2 phrases, 3 phrases, etc.).

4. Airs with phrases intercalated, or without such phrases.

* * *

Aside from these principal traits there are certain intimate details which merit the attention of the musical-folklorist. These are:

1. The initial measure. 2. The final measure.

In the article already cited I have pointed out that the initial measure is important in its title of the "generatrix measure," which determines, through the rhythmic motive it contains, the derived phrases and the subordinate parts of the melody. This is not all: The first measure, or better, the manner of entering into the matter, if I may say so, is characteristic of the temperament of a people; more than this it is intimately allied to the genius of its language. According as this belongs to the languages which have an accent upon the first syllable, the first measure of the cradle song will have an accent or a non-accent in a majority of cases. One can easily convince himself of this for example in the popular melodies of the Hungarians, Finns and Esthoniens.

Prosody and syntax exercise an influence in their turn upon the commencement of melodies, from the standpoint of the rhythm. Thus melodies ought to be grouped, according to their beginning, into two principal families: melodies beginning with an up beat and melodies beginning with an accent.

To which one of these two families do the popular cradle songs appertain? Will their initial measure be influenced by the genius of the language and by the particular popular tem-

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perament? This is the point which the analysis ought to develop.

Similar observations ought to apply to final measures, as it is of particular importance under the relations of ethnical character, the final impression being determined by that.

In effect every one perceives the difference between a verse terminated by a masculine syllable (accented) or a feminine or non-accented. Now in music also there are final measures, male or female. Their usage is very different in the popular melodies, and influences considerably the expressive character and ethnic qualities of the music. According as masculine or feminine terminations prevail will the music have a character of energy or of sweetness.

It is then not superfluous to examine the final measure of the popular cradle song from the point of view of its metrical conformation; to establish, in a word, whether the instinct of the people asserts a preference for complete measure (feminine) or incomplete (masculine).

But above all it is at the tonal point of view that the final measure preponderates over that of beginning. It is practically indifferent, one might say, upon what tone a melody begins. It is the last note which is decisive. I do not speak of the mechanical and material function of fixing the tonality of a piece. It is above all the influence upon our sentiment which I would call to your attention. Observe a melody which finishes upon the fundamental tone, the tonic; it leaves upon you an impression of perfect, absolute repose, and it is this which I would designate by the name of perfect cadence. Observe a melody which terminates upon a third, and you will have an impression of a vague ending. Finally, a cadence upon the fifth, or upon the dominant, in place of satisfying the need of repose, suggests the need of continuation; it is the epic cadence par excellence, invented for maintaining the attention of the hearer and of keeping him in watch for the return of the tonic, and therein the satisfaction of the ear. Because, as every one knows, the tonic is the expression of repose, just as the dominant is the expression of motion. It will therefore not be without use to show what tone is preferred as final in popular cradle songs.

If I speak of utility it is not purely upon the technical and artistic side that I would speak, nor of a question of simple

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musical taste. Cradle songs, and this is the principal point to which I would come, offer an especial attraction in still another order of ideas, that of the influence of melody and rhythm upon the human organism.

It is to touch the question of the day, a question actually of very high interest since modern science has taken it up and a new science even now emerges above the horizon; medicinal music, hygienic music. "Wherein," some one will ask, "should popular cradle songs be able to throw any especial light upon this question?"

In two principal ways, as it appears to me. In the first place, on account of the particular elements of rhythm and melody tonality which one has occasion to study; and, finally, because since they have been composed and exercised upon infants in the cradle, they represent a subject of experiment not yet corrupted.

The calming properties of the cradle song; behold elements which render it worthy of all attention from those who are inclined to rank music in the number of remedies, and are endeavoring to effect a rational application of it toward assuaging human sufferings. At the present time is it advisable, even necessary, to inquire carefully into the calming elements of music, and where will we find them if not in the cradle songs, taking those only which answer to their natural mission, their intention?

* * *

Here also it is necessary to return to the beginnings. I request permission to make a digression, to open a parenthesis. The new science in question, hygienic or medicinal music, is far from being a new science; on the contrary, it is very ancient. The ancient Greeks, whom we find at the bottom of every science in proportion in which we master its details, as I have before signified to the great master of Slav philology—Miklosich—the ancient Greeks, I say, knew of it and studied it. Plutarch, we know, who has written of the influence of music upon a young man excited almost to frenzy by the Phrygian tonality, but was entirely calmed by the Dorian tonality. This was an experiment in music medicinally applied.

In the one case the sounds exercised a toxic influence; in the other they calmed. Thus the property of rhythm of acting upon the physical and psychical state of man was far from

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being a mystery to the Greeks. Did they not reason upon these observations? Their hymns of triumph and their elegies, their threnoides and their dythyrambs, their erotic and their martial songs, are these not all part of a treatise concerning psychology in action?

If the women of the ancient Hellenes chanted cradle songs, (and they did chant them, since the "Eia poppeia" of the Germans came to them from ancient Greece), these Greek cradle songs would have their special meter adapted to their use without doubt. One might affirm without risk of contradiction that the new musical science of using music in curative and medicinal applications had been initiated by the ancients, as also it is true that they have preceded us in attempting a musical ethnology. For the names of tonalities, the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, given to the modes proper to each of these nations, are they anything else if not musical ethnology? Here I close my parenthesis.

* * *

Now if we apply to rhythms the different influences upon our sentiments which the ancients attributed to tonalities, we would be in position to speak of a triple influence upon our feelings, according to the three principal categories of its "ethos." These three categories are:

(a) Stimulative Ethos, or "diastaltic," in the sense of elevation of spirit, dilation of heart, enlargement of all our psychique and physical faculties.

(b) A Calming Ethos, or "heschastic," which maintains the faculties at their just medium, or recalls them in regulating their functions.

(c) An Exciting Ethos, or "systaltic," which augments or diminishes in a twofold sense the faculties of the spirit, restraining the nerves, even to prostration of the forces, and tears, nervous cries, etc., or in irritating them to madness.

It would be difficult to establish a fourth category. All that would be possible would be to divide the third ethos into two grades according to the compass of its action.

As one would naturally suppose, the cradle songs appertain to the middle category of these groups, the ethos "hesichastic" or calming, their mission being to provoke or engender sleep—the state of calm par excellence. And we would expect to find in the popular cradle song all the rhythmic and metric elements

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proper to produce this effect. It is in the cradle song that is condensed everything which has been learned concerning the influence of music to calm and quiet.

Before undertaking the proposed analysis and presenting the reader the melodies in my collection, there is still one question to be asked. It is this: Who invented cradle songs? That is to say, who was it who first invented cradle songs, melodies intended to put a child to sleep?

All the world will answer this question: The mother. And what is more natural? It is easy to figure the manner in which this form of composition has entered the world. Wherever there is a mother and a child there also is a cradle; perhaps her own arms, perhaps a mantle suspended at the door of the tent, or hung upon a swinging bough; a cradle oscillating upon its rockers—always and everywhere the movement is the same. And always and everywhere a little cantilena, improvised upon this simple metric basis, the motion of the cradle. Upon this foundation women since the world began have embroidered an endless novelty of charming airs, all simple in rhythm and tonality, all alike inspired by a mother's love and by an affectionate noting of the sleep-producing influence of repetition and monotony.

This musical form which has inspired so many great masters has always at its foundation the cradle. And without this elementary idea, improvised, we would never have had the Berceuse of Chopin, nor that of Weber, nor yet that of Schumann—all tender, naive, and adorable in their simplicity and charm. How many composers have made their fame by a cradle song? Think of the Hungarian violinist, Miska Hauser, to name no one but him. And who is the man composer who has never been tempted to assay this form so eminently due to the invention of woman?

Without doubt the man composers have carried this form to its perfection. But it is also just that we should remember its origin, obscure no doubt, but unmistakable, and give honor to woman, who gave origin to the form. In this light what a queer paradox appears the saying of the illustrious Russian master, that "Never has woman been able to create a true berceuse or a true love-duet," Rubinstein. It is not germane to my intention to stop to discuss this point. Enough that while crediting man with having invented and brought

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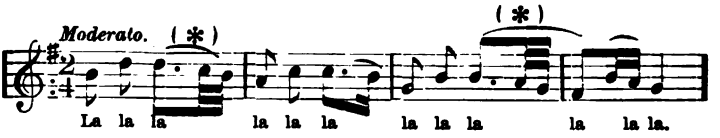
to perfection many forms of music, it has at least been left to woman to distinguish herself unmistakably in at least one form—that of music, which has for its sole use to put the hearer to sleep.

ANALYSIS OF CERTAIN POPULAR CRADLE SONGS FROM THE STANDPOINT OF MELODY, RHYTHM AND STRUCTURE.

The first melodies which I shall offer from my collection appear to present the cradle song in its most primitive form. They are generally without words, and rank themselves, so to say, upon the first round of the ladder of organic development of melodies of this kind. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, they throw much light upon the fundamental questions of psychology, physiology and musical ethos, such as I have mentioned above.

I begin with an Italian cradle song (Ninna-nanna) sung by a nurse at Belluno.



This melody which I took down from the lips of a nurse at Belluno, is composed of only one single phrase, repeated over and over ad infinitum, in the compass of a sixth. Observe that the melody is made up of four repetitions of a single motive, transposed one degree lower and lower, as it descends towards the tonic. In the language of music, it is a "sequence." The nurse assured me that the child went to sleep very quickly whenever she sang this little air. The following are the principal traits of the cradle song:

MELODY.

1. Major tonality, with leading tone. (See note farther on upon this point.)
2. Unimodal tonality.
3. Melodic progression by conjunct degrees, grouping around the same note.
4. Simple melodic design with ornamental rhythm. (See asterisk.)

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5. Final cadence by conjunct degrees. (See note farther on upon this point.)

6. Melodic design descending. Melodies descending were considered by the ancient Greeks the most beautiful. Was this the source of the calming influence?

RHYTHM.

1. Regular binary movement, 2-4.
2. Uniform meter.

STRUCTURE.

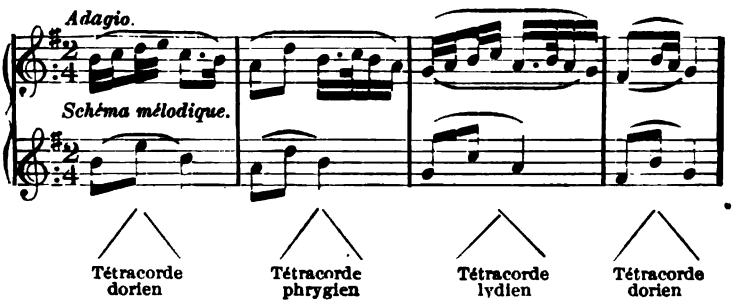
1. Regular period, if we notice that the response necessary for completing it consists of the same four measures exactly repeated. Perhaps it would be more just to regard this as consisting of a single phrase, without symmetrical and complementary phrase for answering it.

2. In the absolute sense, non parallel.

3. Structure very simple—almost embryonic.

As to particular traits, we have the initial measure without an up beat, a final measure feminine, complete (acatalectic).

"I sometimes sing it in this way," remarked the nurse.



The melodic scheme which serves as canvas upon which are embroidered the two melodies, represents what we might regard as a series of groups symmetrically based upon the intervals of a fourth, or the Greek tetrachord; and notably in the three species, the Dorian, Phrygian, and Lydian, terminating with the Dorian.

Note another point, the manner of resolving the leading tone in the last measure. In place of going direct from si to do, the voice takes a leap and descends soothingly to the

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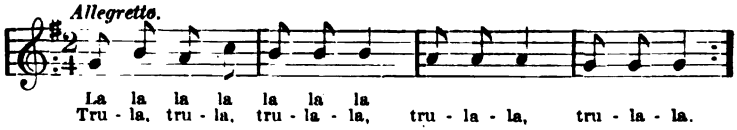
final tone. If, in place of approaching the tonic in this manner, the nurse had prolonged the leading tone, and perhaps gone one note lower and thus come up to the tonic by the melodic formula la-si-do, the influence of the leading note would have been increased, and perhaps the child would have summarily awakened.

* * *

The second cradle song which I take from my collection forms a sort of sequel to the one already given. It was composed by Josepha Borowska, a native of Little Russia, nurse of the grandchild of Professor Dr. I. Baudouin de Courtenay, the distinguished philologist and linguist, now living at Cracovie.

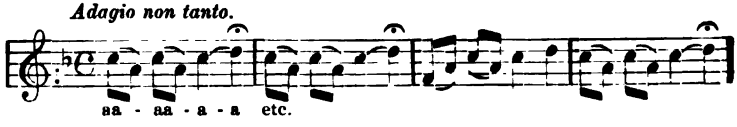
SLAV SLUMBER SONG, COMPOSED AND SUNG BY JOSEPHA BOROWSKA.



It is easy to point out affinities between these two cradle songs: the same major tonality, the same simple binary rhythm, the same progression by conjunct degrees, and the structure of one phrase. And also two other points very important. The initial measure without a light "up" beat, and the final measure complete, feminine, terminating upon the tonic, the symbol of repose.

The Slav melody differs from the Italian by the absence of the leading note of the scale and of all ornamentation. In place of words she sang it first to the syllable "la, la, la," and the second to the forms "tru la la," suggesting a quasi-parallelism of poetry.

A third and last specimen of this class of cradle songs without words, was sent me by Dr. J. de Karlowicz, of Varsovie. "This cradle song," said he, "has put me to sleep for more than half a century."



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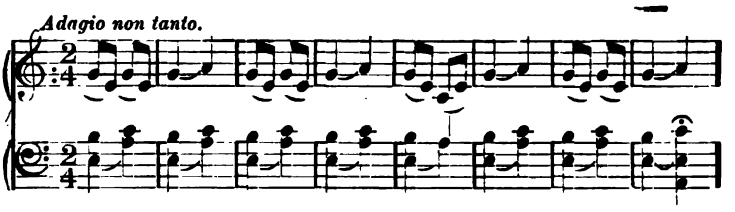
And when we speak of simplicity I know not but we ought to give the crown to this melody. The vowel served as text, and the melody itself revolves entirely upon the two tones, sol la. In three measures out of four there are no changes. It is a monotonous pivotment around the single tone C. But, taking all things together, we must regard this melody as a true berceuse, having in it all the soporific elements, and I have no doubt that it would put one to sleep with as much certainty as the most distinguished member of my collection.

But, for there is a "but," the final measure awakens our attention. Is it in this way that a cradle song ought to terminate? Is it possible that this La can be taken as tone of repose? Why does it not rather awaken than gently subside to slumber? I have been inclined to imagine that my distinguished friend must have noted a fragment of the cradle song only, without perceiving that somewhere later on there was a true close, given from time to time at pleasure of the singer. This would not be impossible.

On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that the notation is right, and that the cradle song is in one of the ancient minor modes, so well preserved among the Slav peoples, in which the note la is in fact the true tonic of the melody, and therefore the tone of complete repose. The scale of this melody is therefore Do-mi-sol-la.

Taking this view of it we might regard it as a Dorian melody transposed, in which case its true writing might be thus:



Harmonized as above its true character comes out.

* * *

I continue the series of "the infinitely little" microscopic cradle songs. The two following, nevertheless, show a notable progress both in regular period structure and in question and answer which naturally follows the poetic sense of the text.

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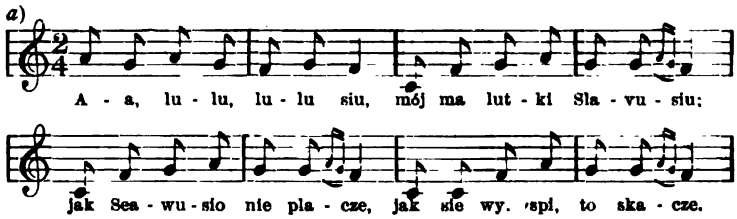
SLAV BERCEUSE, SUNG BY JOSEPHA BOROWSKA.

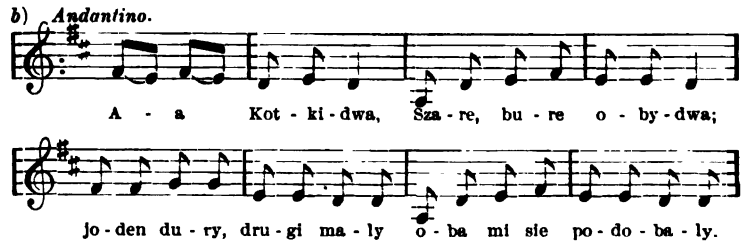
a)



Translation: "Aalusiu, my little Slavus, if Slavs do not weep, then after having gone to sleep we will wake up merrily."

SLAV CRADLE SONG, SUNG BY THE SAME.

b) *Andantino.*



Note.—The preceding slightly modified in the third phrase.

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WILLARD PATTEN AND HIS ORATORIO "ISAIAH."

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

January twenty-seventh, 1897, was a gala night at the Metropolitan opera house in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the occasion being the first production of a new oratorio by a prominent musician of the city. The house was full, the audience fine-looking, an orchestra of fair proportions occupied the orchestral enclosure, upon the stage was a very good chorus of about one hundred and twenty voices, and there were four solo artists of more than ordinary excellence, two of whom had come about fifteen hundred miles in order to fill this engagement, while the other two had come from Chicago, towards five hundred miles.

And here in the enterprising city of the northwest everything was ready for the trial of the Minneapolis composer upon the charge of having composed a large musical work of real worth. Upon this point it may as well be said at once the verdict was more than favorable, for as the work progressed new beauties appeared with almost every number, and at the close the composer was called out again and again.

Mr. Willard Patten is in some sense a self-made composer. Born in Maine, near Bangor, he had his early education from local teachers; and then when his fine voice and his unusual ability in music began to attract attention, he studied now and again in Boston. He came to Minneapolis some years ago and has occupied a distinguished place as singer and teacher of the voice. Mr. Patten is one of those curious products of Maine which seem to the stranger to set at defiance the laws of heredity and environment. Born in a cold and rather repressed country, his temperament is emotional, sensitive, and very musical. To learn harmony and counterpoint in the usual manner he has found it in vain to attempt. Given exercises to write, his lack of interest and his total unhandiness is his own despair no less than that of the teacher. But

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given a text to set to music, and his instincts at once direct him to the choice of harmonies which are strong, melodies which sing, and a general handling of the music in the closest degree illustrative of the spirit of the poetry. A musician born, not made.

Mr. Patten's oratorio of "Isaïah" is founded upon texts selected from the prophecies, the selection being in no true sense

MR. WILLARD PATTEN.

dramatic, but determined by the musical possibilities of the texts themselves, while the putting together has been determined mainly by the need of contrast and variety of tone color, poetic color.

The first part of the work contains practically four choruses: "Hear the Word of the Lord, Ye Rulers," "The Lord Sent a Word Unto Jacob," "Who Is This That Cometh from Eden?"

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and "Oh Lord, Why Hast Thou Made Us to Err," and the final and very brilliant chorus, "The Lord Shall Cause His Glorious Voice to Be Heard." The first chorus is in A minor, the tenors opening with a melodic phrase of four measures, which the basses immediately repeat in the dominant. Then the altos take it up at the same pitch as the tenors in the beginning

MR. ARTHUR BERESFORD.

while the bass and tenors have contrapuntal accompaniment, after which the sopranos have it in the octave, with certain accessory matter in the other parts. The rhythm is march-like, and the melodic idea not very important. The effect is pleasing rather than commanding. The music does not quite answer to the text. Then, after a little digression, the male voices divided into four parts have the original subject, but now in the key of C, and presently a well-made closing passage, bringing to a fine climax, and so the end.

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The second chorus is shorter and not so elaborate, although it opens in fugal style, but with the answers upon intervals unusual, the first answer, for example, being in the subdominant instead of the dominant. After the first idea, "The Lord Sent a Word Unto Jacob," there is a middle part upon the text, "And what will ye do in the day of visitation," in which all the voices move together, and quite agreeably so. Later the fugue returns, and the end is immediately reached without a complete close, the soprano remaining upon the fifth, and this line of the staff. Evidently this chorus was not expected to do more than relieve the attention and carry along the idea gently.

MRS. FLORENCE DUNTON-WOOD.
(Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.)

The third chorus, or series of choruses (for it is not easy to determine which one should call it) consists first of an orchestral prelude, and then the question, "Who Is This That Cometh from Eden," unison at first, then parts, the whole only twelve measures. Again a single phrase of recitative ("I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save"), and the chorus now in C major to the same subject, as before, pursues the inquiry: "Wherefore art thou red in thy apparel?" ten measures. This leads to a very strong recitative of the prophet, "I have trodden the wine press alone," and this again immediately into another chorus, or the same chorus continued: "O Lord, why hast Thou made us to err from Thy ways?" eighteen measures, very well done indeed. Again the prophet, "The day of vengeance is in my heart," after which there is an accompanied quartette, "I Will Mention the Loving Kindness of the Lord."

The final chorus of this part is very strong: "The Lord Shall

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Cause His Glorious Voice to be Heard," which goes on in strong choral movement, a little in the manner of Mendelssohn in "Oh, Great Is the Depth," in "St. Paul." This leads to the very strong text, "With indignation of His anger, with thunder and earthquake, with storm and tempest and great noise"—the very obvious dramatic suggestions are utilized in the vocal parts, but perhaps not so fully realized in the orchestral accompaniment as a more experienced composer would have done. The middle piece of this chorus is of a rather

MR. FREDERICK W. CARBERRY.

ornate character, the fugal subject upon the words, "And the flame of a devouring fire," containing running divisions, or roulades, of several tones to a syllable, such as we find in Haendel. After this rather exciting episode there is a quieter passage upon the words "Turn ye unto Him," which leads to the return of the principal subject, "The Lord shall cause His glorious voice to be heard," and this, with the accessory touches of "flame" and "thunder" and "earthquake," brings the movement to an effective close.

In the second part the choral work begins with a piece in

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minor mode, "The Earth Mourneth," which is treated with great care and no little effect, and later on gives place to a rather stirring sequence upon the words, "Now Will I Arise," this in turn giving place to a full choral treatment of the same text in flowing movement of six-four measure. The minor mode returns, for this middle part has been in the major key of F, and the mournful incidents occupy attention, but now in a more fugal style. There is no little variety in this chorus, and many who heard it regarded it as the best of the second part. I am not sure that I agree with this opinion, the want of structural unity, either within the individual parts or within the chorus as a whole, seeming to me to deprive it of much of the effect that a fuller treatment would have had.

The second chorus of this part is upon the words "And the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it," where again we come upon the Handelian running figures and a somewhat extended carrying out of the fugal idea. At the end a very good climax is worked up, and there is good chance of effect for the voices, which upon this occasion was fully availed of.

The chorus "For in the wilderness waters shall break out," is perhaps the most musical in the entire work. Technically speaking, it is nearly a part-song in three strophes, and a very good piece of work it is, and well worth singing either in church or concert, especially if in the latter case the solo immediately preceding be taken in connection with it.

The final chorus of the work "They shall obtain joy and gladness" is upon an excellent melodic idea, and it is well worked up in the parts, and, at last, by aid of the refrain, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away," brings the work to a very satisfactory ending.

The solo numbers of the work consist of tenor, baritone, alto and soprano numbers and two quartets. Of these the part of the bass or baritone is integral, and stands in the position of narrator, to use the old German name for it. Most of it is in recitative, and it is to Mr. Patten's credit to say that this difficult part of the work has been handled extremely well, both from the standpoint of dramatic and poetic propriety, as well as from that of vocal effect. Indeed, Mr. Beresford, who took the role of the prophet, spoke to me in warmest terms of the vocal writing, not alone in his own role, but in all the parts.

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He considered that both in this and in genuine melodic invention Mr. Patten had succeeded where very many composers fail.

There are some parts of the prophet's music where I am not in full sympathy with the composer. For example, to begin at the end, the last solo of the prophet is upon the text "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast go up thereon" and "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, etc." Now the first part of this turns upon the ravenous beasts, lions, etc., and many a strange orchestral quadruped emerges from the jungle as we pass along. I am not in sympathy with the managerie idea, nor do I care for so much emphasis upon the ravenous beasts. But the second part of the aria is a pure melody, affording the singer plenty of opportunity and the audience genuine delight.

To pass at once back again to the early parts of the work, the first recitative, "Bring no more vain oblations," is extremely well done, and this and the one before mentioned are the two great opportunities for the prophet. The soprano has two arias, "Cry aloud, spare not," in the first part, and "And a highway shall be there," the latter leading to the air of the prophet already mentioned. This is a very beautiful song, and might well have a large use in church. The first solo of the soprano suffers from one of those accidents which young composers are liable to encounter. It begins with the text, "Cry aloud, spare not," and the vocal part is written sufficiently high to produce an effect, but the prelude is given almost entirely by the trumpets and other brass, so that when the voice enters and the accompaniment is subdued to the demands of the voice the effect of the incisive tone of the brass in the prelude is to minify the voice very much, so that it is not until quite a bit later that the voice begins to produce its proper effect. All this will be changed by reinstrumenting the accompaniment. After a rather dramatic treatment of this text, in the course of which some effective interludes of trumpet calls relieve the voice, the song takes a turn at the words "Then shall thy light break forth into morning," which is written in a 12-8 measure in tempo perhaps a trifle too much like a waltz song. The effect naturally is charming, particularly as the female voice has some of its most effective cadences. Towards the end the original text returns, "Cry aloud," and it is carried up to quite a climax.

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Equally excellent with the soprano songs are those of tenor, the first being "For the day of the Lord of Hosts" and "Strengthen ye the weak knees," the latter a very beautiful and noble song, particularly in the main subject. The middle part of this song (in the key of C) is in the key of G, and the tenor has the extremely difficult task of coming in upon D as a forenote to G, immediately after a cadence in the key of C, upon the chord of C. This might easily have been avoided by allowing the tenor to begin with G, which would have been about as well and the intonation perfectly easy. This middle part, which is upon the text "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened," is not so good as the rest. The text is trying, and any attempt to place it to music inevitably brings up Handel's music to the same text, not so much because Handel reached any particularly strong moment in his setting, but rather because we are so familiar with it. Nevertheless when this is done and the singer does back to the first subject in the da capo the effect is most charming, and it seems necessary to retain this unpromising middle part for the sake of gaining an excuse for repeating the first part, which now seems of redoubled beauty.

The contralto has two songs, both also excellent. The first is to the familiar text, so often set to music, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," and the melody, good in itself, is well laid for the alto voice, and the piece is well adapted to church use. The second one is "The Lord will comfort Zion," with a middle part "Joy and gladness shall be found therein." The melodies are very vocal, the music in harmony with the text, and the whole makes a very valuable addition to the repertory of the contralto.

We have now gone in detail over the solo work excepting two quartets. That in the first part is very good; the one in the last part is upon the words "In the habitation of dragons where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes." The composer seems to have taken the latter elements somewhat too seriously and with results which are only in part successful. There are also two or three orchestral numbers, a short introduction, an introduction to the second part, and a short interlude called "Tumult" in the first part, immediately preceding the chorus "And the Lord shall cause his glorious voice to shine." On the whole, these parts are only imperfectly suc-

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cessful. The thematic work is not sufficient, and the coloring is crude and in places bad. All of which has to be charged to want of opportunity of hearing them, and to inexperience and lack of technique.

From the foregoing detailed notice of the work in its parts it will be seen that Mr. Patten has performed a serious undertaking and has succeeded remarkably well for a first effort or for an effort anywhere near the first in larger forms. Many of the crudities of the work can be easily removed and other passages put in their place. "Isaiah" deserves to go upon the list of honorable undertaking by American composers, the list of which is growing now at a rapid rate.

On this occasion the role of the Prophet was taken by Mr. Arthur Beresford of Boston, the possessor of a noble voice and a broad and dignified style. The strongly conceived recitatives of his role he delivered splendidly, and much of the success of this first performance was due to his exceptional qualifications. The soprano, Mrs. Dunton-West, showed a superior voice of clear and agreeable timbre and good interpretative qualities. The contralto role was sung by Mrs. May Pheonix Cameron of Chicago, and sung with most agreeable smoothness and sympathy, but perhaps with too little dramatic intensity. The tenor, Mr. Carberry, also a Chicago artist, pleased very much indeed in all his numbers. His voice is of exceptional purity and quality, and his delivery artistic and intelligent. It is gratifying to note that his engagements in oratorio and concert are numerous and constantly increasing in importance.

I have rarely or never heard better sopranos and altos than in the choir on this occasion. The tone was clear, sweet and thoroughly musical. The altos were numerous enough and competent enough to bring out their part in fugal leads—something which often fails in Chicago performances, even in celebrated cases. The tenor was good and the bass above the average. All this comes back to the credit of Mr. Patten, for I am told that the material in the choir was of unusual excellence, many solo singers having come into it out of regard to the occasion and the composer, which is creditable to all concerned.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

Conditions are nearly or quite ripe in some of the larger cities of this country (besides Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh) for the inauguration and maintenance of sustained musical efforts of the higher class. I was struck with this idea on attending a meeting of the Ladies' Thursday Musicale in Minneapolis, Minn., not long ago. The club consists of about four hundred and eighty ladies, classified as active and associate members, and on the occasion when I was there all the members seemed to be present, to judge from the crowded chamber of the St. Mark's Guild. Now, a public of about five hundred intelligent and enthusiastic women, devoted to the art of music in its higher aspects, coming together once a fortnight for its study, forms a public not to be despised. The world has been overturned many and many a time within the past three thousand years through the active assistance of a much smaller number of women.

The musical performances of the club consist of four-hand piano readings of classical overtures and symphonies, occasional pianoforte solos, songs, and the like. The programs are arranged to follow a line of thought, and in the course of three or four years of activity a great deal of musical education is followed. Now, to me a four-hand reading of an overture is distinctly better than nothing, supposing I am a young student desiring to know what some of the celebrated pieces of music sound like. But it is not at all the same as an orchestral reading. Almost invariably in a four-hand performance the themes are not very well brought out, and the music takes on too much the character of trying to keep up with itself in the allegro passages, and to wait for itself in the slow ones. Thus a mechanical impression is made. If the players have been very well taught and are sympathetic and ambitious, they will perhaps manage to secure more of the color effects proper to the score. There are instances where the players have studied up the orchestral score for this purpose.

The great difficulty with all this club study of music ap-

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pears when they undertake to bring out some of the very celebrated pieces which naturally they have read most about and the enthusiasm concerning which is so contagious. Suppose it is one of the great sonatas of Beethoven, or a great work by Schumann, Chopin, or Bach. The playing members of the club are not able to perform these works with the amplitude and depth necessary for producing their true effect. Hence the listener failing to be materially moved is left in doubt whether his own musical gifts are below par, or the qualities of the alleged master-work overestimated.

It seemed to me, as I watched the performances of this meeting and noted the earnestness of the audience and its intelligence, as if they might just as well concentrate their efforts and encourage the formation and support of an orchestra to give ten or twenty concerts a year for the public generally. There is a small orchestra in Minneapolis, led by Mr. J. Danz, Jr., a violinist of excellent qualities. By adding to this the missing instruments it would be possible to form an orchestra of from thirty to thirty-two players, or perhaps even forty, able to do creditably well any of the smaller symphonies of Beethoven, the classical and modern overtures, and anything, in fact, short of the greatest of the modern works.

The cost of supporting such an orchestra could easily be raised through the co-operation of the members of this club and of other active musical forces in the community. The players would require about four hundred dollars for each concert and its rehearsals. Local expenses would augment the cost to about six hundred dollars, and this could easily be met by a subscription sale of season tickets.

* * *

An attempt of this kind, if brought to a head, meets a very severe obstacle in public criticism, both of the connoisseur and the newspaper writer. It generally starts with the alleged connoisseur who meets a newspaper man and calls his attention to this, that or the other defect in the performance, the traveling Thomas orchestra being taken as a standard, except in the east, where the Boston orchestra takes the place. Perfection is a great thing, but I am not sure but it is as bad to desire too much of it as to desire too little. It goes without saying that a small orchestra, formed of local material in the way I have suggested, cannot consist of the same grade of

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material as a great city orchestra. Some of it will be quite as good. Mr. Danz, I believe, was one of the Thomas first violins many years. Nor will the director be able to secure so thorough and complete discipline, nor will the readings be of the same artistic value as those of Mr. Thomas, perhaps. I say perhaps; they might be better, for there was a time when the young Theodore Thomas at the head of his small orchestra in Irving hall and at Central Park garden did exactly this thing —took the "shine" off the celebrated Bergmann and the great Philharmonic orchestra.

The small number of strings and the comparatively recent association of the players with each other and with the conductor will necessarily leave more or less noticeable imperfections in every performance. Some things will be very well done; some not quite so well. But everything will be very much more enjoyable and musically productive than any kind of four-hand pianoforte performances.

And so if I had the management of the affair, supposing I were an attractive and discreet lady, I would give a little supper and ask to it a number of musical people and the newspaper critics, and would talk the matter over with them quite frankly. I would not ask them to forego criticism. To do this would be to discredit the performance in advance. But I would frankly state the difficulties we were having in bringing the playing to a finer quality, and impress upon them the desirability of continuing the enterprise long enough to find out how far it could succeed. What I would ask of the writers would be encouragement in advance and a welcome of the attempt as a good attempt worthy of being made; and if something was very bad let it be pointed out more in sorrow than in anger. I think managing editors and critics would take a kindly view of such an enterprise if it was properly presented to them, and that something of this kind would be quite possible in Minneapolis as things now are. The ladies do not realize their power, bless them!

* * *

There is another form of musical sustained enterprise which would be more in place in such a city as Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and the like—I mean English opera, or opera in English the year around. Still perhaps I am a little in advance of events. Have you ever thought how it happens that in

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Boston and Philadelphia they are carrying on opera in English at moderate prices the year around, and sustaining it financially? Boston is the most advanced city musically of all in America. It contains more educated men who love music; more cultivated women who love music; more women of society who compose and who have expensive private concerts before their guests. It has one of the best orchestras in the world—perhaps the best. It has some of the best string quartettes in the world—perhaps also the best (Kneisel). It has the oldest singing society in the country—the Handel and Haydn. It contains a lot of distinguished teachers of singing, a great music school, and the like. And it is in Boston where these music lovers go week after week one night to the opera to hear standard works given by American singers mostly, in their own language. They subscribe for the same seat one night in the week, through the season, or for three months. They have a very flexible system of subscription, about as flexible as that of the dry-goods store where you buy one, two, three or any number of yards any day you like.

Mr. Karleton Hackett worked out this problem for the readers of MUSIC some months ago. His arguments are unanswerable, and his plans very feasible. Boston happened to hit a plan. A theater which was not paying wanted to try something new. A manager who was not placed to his mind wanted to try the opera idea on his own plans. And so Mr. Wolff and the Castle Square owners came together, and three years of success have followed the enterprise. They have lately given "Lohengrin" very well, the papers say. Well or badly, it can hardly have been worse than one of Mapleson's Saturday night performances of this opera with the fifth lyric tenor of the company as the knight of the grail and a fat and played-out Elsa.

In my opinion opera at popular prices has more musical cultivation in it, as well as more musical delight, than any other form of music, symphony concerts not excepted. The symphony appeals to a limited public, and many of the best points pass unnoticed by the majority of hearers. They do not hear the great works often enough. But opera, with its pleasing melodies, its dramatic music, its movement and action—this is something which everyone likes, particularly if it is well done in the language of the hearer. Moreover, to

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hear opera frequently, to take it in without stopping to taste it (as The Autocrat used to say of Latin) is one of the most improving exercises to the musical faculties. And there is a great deal more musical cultivation in hearing a fine stock company in standard opera every week than in hearing a great metropolitan fancy cast twice a year.

Opera in New York is at present a matter of stars. It is not a question of music. A great orchestra, some of the most expensive singers, specially "augmented" (as they call it in Europe) for the American market, combine to give casts which look extremely well upon paper and at the box office, and, in fact, are strong casts sometimes. But the whole finally amounts to a very extravagant concert of operatic stars, each seeking to get as much of popular approval as possible for himself. This might go on as long as the box people care to pay the bills. But as a means of artistic cultivation it bears no comparison with the established opera at any small German city, or even with this Castle Square company in Boston.

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Speaking of opera in our own language, I notice that Mr. Murray in this number seems to think that the Castle Square organization is the first to do standard opera in English in this country. Of course I do not need to tell any of the older readers of MUSIC that this is far from being the case. There has been a great deal of seeding and planting, not to mention plowing, before 1850, or at any rate before 1860. Indeed, I find in "One Hundred Years of Music in America" that there was opera in English in New York and Philadelphia in 1793-4, and in 1823 was given John Howard Payne's "Clari; or, the Maid of the Mill," which contained our existing classical ballad, "Home, Sweet Home." It was as long ago as 1855 that the late eminent Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, upon leasing the New York Academy of Music offered a prize of one thousand dollars for a grand opera upon a strictly American subject. In 1854 the Pyne Harrison company gave opera in English. In 1868 the Parepa-Rosa English Opera company played five or six weeks in Chicago, giving the standard repertory, and traveled through the country the remainder of the season until the death of the prima donna in Baltimore. The first tenor of this company was Mr. William Castle, whose repertory has included about eighty operas sung in English. This covered

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a professional career extending to twenty or thirty years, the principal prima donnas being Parepa Rosa, Caroline Ritchings Bernard, Emma Abbott, etc. Thus English opera is far from being a new comer, but the Boston experiment is the first in which a regular stock company has been formed and maintained at the same theater for so long a period or anything approaching it. And therein appears its advance over its predecessors.

* * *

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the celebrated pianist, has made a very successful reappearance in this country, playing at New York and with the Chicago orchestra the Rubinstein lovely fourth concerto and the Liszt Hungarian Fantasia. Also in Chicago two recitals comprising two Beethoven sonatas (the "moonlight" and the appassionata) and a varied selection of pieces from Chopin and Liszt with a few by Rubinstein and other writers. In all these she showed the same qualities which formerly distinguished her playing. She has astonishing momentum (force, speed and accent), great brilliancy, very sure technique, thorough acquaintance with the works, and all the usual qualities of intelligence and popular appeal. Her playing was uneven, although highly individual. The pedalling was sometimes careless, and her enthusiasm seemed to run away with her. This was particularly the case in the Rubinstein waltz caprice in E flat, the first part of which she played beautifully; the middle piece in A flat not delicate enough, and the sonorous movement where the left hand carries the melody in octaves, too fast to be clear. Twice she played the Chopin Berceuse to the delight of most of her hearers. She was most satisfactory in the Liszt numbers, the brilliancy and virtuosity of which she particularly emphasized. The poetry of Liszt was not so apparent, although there is always an element of this kind which can be brought out by artists who care to do so.

Mme. Carreno made an astonishing effect upon her audiences, in this respect surpassing all records excepting those of Paderewsky. At Central Music hall her last recital was attended by a full house, and she was compelled to play several additional numbers after the concert was through. Meanwhile the stage and artist's room were crowded by ladies seeking to greet her personally, and the hall remained full of

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people who declined to go away as long as there was a chance of hearing more.

As an artist and pianist Mme. Carreno represents a personality and an individuality rather than a well-balanced musically interpretative medium. Her playing is strong on the brilliant side. In force she vies with the strongest man—perhaps surpasses him. Hence her playing is virile in a high degree until you begin to look in it for those subtle traces of intellectual discrimination, such as characterize the playing of every great man pianist. These one rarely finds in her art. Nor on the other hand are the qualities of tenderness and sentiment very apparent. Mme. Carreno represents, therefore, a type of coming woman stronger than man, more forceful, striding over all obstacles, like a man, and not encumbered by those weaknesses of sentiment which sometimes stand between the most talented woman and public success. Just as Paderewsky appealed to his public through the womanly qualities of his art, Mme. Carreno appeals to her own by the manly qualities. Honors being easy, what more is needed than that these two distinguished representatives of the personal element in playing should be placed side by side upon a cloud high up in Olympus, where their world-numerous votaries may view them and, if possible, recall continually the eminent qualities of their art and personality?

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Chicago is enjoying this season an unexampled opulence of concerts of chamber music, and most of them of a quality previously unknown here. The Spiering Quartette continues its work under the auspices of the Clayton F. Summy company. Feb. 9 the program consisted of three numbers:

Schubert Quartette in D minor.....
.....“Death and the Maiden”
Schubert Songs: “Margaret at the Spinning Wheel”; “Faith in Spring”; “The Counterfeit,” and “Hedge Roses”.....Mrs. Jenny Osborn
Schubert Quintette: Opus 114.....
Piano, violin, viola, 'cello and double bass.

It was a Schubert commemoration. The string quartette was very well played indeed; the quintette, with Mr. Arne Oldberg at the piano, went agreeably and musically, but the pianist, although musical and competent, lacked experience in this kind of work, and the reading was perhaps not authorita-

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tive enough. There was a very pleasant audience and the songs were a welcome addition to the list. I was not so fortunate as to hear them, wherefore I cannot speak with particularity concerning them.

The Chicago String Quartette, under direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, has given two concerts at Steinway hall since last issue. On Feb. 9 there was this program:

Quartette in B flat, Haydn.
Trio in E flat, op. 100, Schubert.
Quartette in F major, op. 59, No. 1, Beethoven.

The playing was very smooth and musical, but in the judgment of the present writer too much suppressed. It may be true that the strings in this organization are not artists enough to be trusted to do good work unsupervised; and for this reason the conducting (or more properly "umpiring") of Mr. Thomas may be necessary. It undoubtedly facilitates a well balanced ensemble, but it certainly takes away the freedom and self-moved enthusiasm of the playing. This was noticeable in all the numbers, but particularly so in the Schubert Trio, with Mr. Leopold Godowsky at the piano. The piano part in this work is written with great freedom, as for a virtuoso, and it needs to be played accordingly. At times the piano part should dominate everything; at other times it should be subordinate. An artist like Mr. Godowsky can be depended upon to find these places himself, and to judge how far he could properly let loose. The program, although a little long, was very enjoyable and highly appreciated by the audience.

The same organization gave another program February 16:

Quartette, theme, "Mit Veraenderungen," op. 93, Rheinberger.
Quintette, piano and strings, op. 34, Brahms.
Quartette, strings, A major, opus 41, No. 3, Schumann.

The Rheinberger work consists of fifty versions or variations upon a short theme of eight measures, and as a sample of contrapuntal art it is admirable; it also contains many agreeable and beautiful moments. Necessarily it was a little monotonous, not from lack of ideas in working out, but in consequence of adhering so long to a single short formula of theme. The Brahms' work is very elaborate and beautiful, but of the kind that needs several hearings in order to fully appreciate. It is not a display piece for any of the instruments, although the

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piano part is difficult and written with little regard to the convenience of the player or the satisfaction of an instinct for the well-sounding. The second movement, a sort of serenade, is one of the most delightful slow movements in existence. The third is full of spirit and motion, but the sombre gray color of the key still prevails. The work was played extremely well in all departments, and it certainly looked as if the supervision of Mr. Thomas had secured here, as well as in the next piece upon the program, a unity of ensemble altogether exceptional, especially when the short time the organization has been playing together is taken into account.

The Schumann Quartette is one which shows this composer at his best, perhaps, in this department, for it is not a province in which his methods qualified him to shine. He was never at home except at the piano, and occasionally the voice. Everywhere else he is working with an unaccustomed medium which remained to him throughout his life like a foreign tongue, in which one could indeed make himself understood and felt, but in which primarily he never thought. Could Schumann have had the home-like feeling with strings and contrapuntal mastery of Rheinberger, and have retained all his ideas and tonal fantasy—then there would have been a still greater and more masterly work. It was beautifully played, very beautifully.

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Among the other quartette parties at present working in and around Chicago are the String quartette of the Northwestern University, and that of the Chicago Musical College. The former, under the leading of Mr. Harold Knapp, is doing admirable work; as also is the latter under the leading of that veteran artist, Mr. Bernhard Listemann. No programs from these sources have recently come to hand, but report credits both with truly good work.

* * *

Mr. Godowsky on February 11, gave the following program in recital hall:

Schumann, Symphonic Studies, opus 13.
Schubert-Liszt, Ave Maria.
Fruehlingsglaube.
Godowsky's Twilight Songs, No. 3, Book I;
Study in 6ths; Perpetual Motion.
Chopin, Berceuse.
Liszt, Concert Study in F minor;
Spanish Rhapsody.

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Several points in this recital were worthy of notice aside from the highly artistic quality which pervaded it. The playing of the Schubert-Liszt songs represented everything nice which piano playing can have. Masterly in technic, all this part of the work was kept in the background, while the musical and artistic interpretation seemed the sole motive of performance. The Twilight piece of Mr. Godowsky is an extremely charming number, which although like almost everything of his rather complicated, is, nevertheless, musical in a high degree, and capable of charming effect. It is a serious composition, nocturne-like in its mood, were it not for the complication of its harmonic handling, in which foreign notes (appoggiaturas, passing tones, suspensions and the like) appear continually; yet it leaves behind an impression of a sweet eventide meditation. The study in sixths, one of the most difficult pieces in existence, if not the most difficult, had to be omitted on account of a lame finger; the perpetual motion was a very rapid and incessantly changing piece of rapidity.

The Chopin Berceuse was played very delicately and poetically. And in the Liszt F minor study there was gorgeous brilliancy. The long Spanish Rhapsody with its pages of tiresome rubbish intercalated between many that are musical and satisfactory, concluded the program. As a whole a singularly beautiful recital.

* * *

Just at the point of going to press the season of grand opera in Italian, French, German, and other possible languages opened in the Auditorium, with the Schoeffel and Grau company, from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The opening night was "Carmen," with Mme. Calvè in the title role, Mrs. Clementina de Vere-Sapio as Michaela, Mr. Savignac as Don Jose, and Mr. Lassalle as the torreador. The cast was what would be regarded almost anywhere as a strong one. Mme. Calvè, of course, is a Carmen of great realism and art. In the plenitude of her powers she illustrates this role admirably and sings it sufficiently well. Mrs. Sapio gained the only absolute encore of the evening, except the inevitable one for the torreador song, and she deserved it. It was in the third act. The tenor is not sufficiently strong either vocally or dramatically for the role. He was creditable—no more. Mr. Lassalle, although not singing quite as smoothly as a few years ago, still

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remains an admirable artist. Splendid looking, he is perhaps a little heavy in manner for the role. This was particularly noticeable in the torreador song, where, unless he woke up more, the bull would inevitably have "had" him. The chorus is large and the orchestra, under Mr. Mancinelli, consisted of our own Chicago orchestra players, but as yet not attuned to the flexibility of the operatic muse. The opera was beautifully mounted. The singing of the chorus was rather coarse. There was a very large and splendid-appearing house.

The second night was "The Huguenots," probably in French, with the two De Reszkes, Plancon and Ancona, in the principal male roles. On the other side, Mme. Litvinne, as Valentine, and Mrs. Sapio, as Queen. The house was very small. The male roles were beautifully sung, Mr. Jean De Reszke was in fine voice and full powers.

The third night brought the Chicago singer, Miss Engle, in "Martha," with fine support.

* * *

Mr. Emil Liebling gave a piano recital lately in Rehearsal Hall, with a program made up of the works of Chopin. The list embraced the Ballade, opus 22, Preludes, a Nocturne, the Funeral March, several Etudes, the Impromptu in A flat, and the second Concerto, in F minor, with second piano accompaniment by Mr. Harrison M. Wild. The playing was very strong, intelligent, and capable, and the piano sounded well. The hall was full.

* * *

An interesting feature of the concerts of the Chicago orchestra, Feb. 19 and 20, was the appearance of the singularly talented young violinist, Mr. Bronislaw Huberman, a lad of fourteen. Although so young (his youth accentuated by dressing him like a boy of ten), this violinist is a true master, playing with genuine insight and astonishing technique. His playing pleased extremely. A few days later he gave a violin recital where his qualities were equally appreciated.

W. S. B. M.

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REMINISCENCES OF CAMPANINI AND CASTELMARY.

BY L. G. GOTTSCHALK.

"They reproach me for smoking too much, but is there not a strong resemblance between a cigar and a tenor? So much thought of while they last, and afterwards leaving nothing but ashes."—Mario.

This autograph I was reading the other day, written by the great tenor, Mario, when he was still the idol of the world. What is life after all but a passing show, and a mighty poor one for at least half of the time.

I could not help thinking this when I read the other day a few lines saying that the great tenor, Campanini, was dead. The obituary notice mentioned, as bearing on the subject, that Campanini had been a blacksmith before he took to singing, and that at times he showed traces of this early training in his work upon the scene. I must say that to me it matters little whether a singer had been a blacksmith before entering upon his career or had been the child of noble parents, who cursed him for adopting the stage as a career. What I want is to enjoy fine art and to get my money's worth when I go to the opera. Nevertheless I could not but regard this as rather a summary manner of dismissing after death the name of an artist who for some years had been the idol of the American public.

Italo Campanini made his reputation at La Scala, Milan, in the role of Gennaro in Donizzetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," displaying at that time all the resources of "il bel canto" that his teacher, Lamperti, had taught him. His success in Bologna and at La Scala, Milan, paved the way for his call to England, where they wanted to produce "Lohengrin" in Italian, Campanini being at the time the only Italian tenor who had done the role.

As I write only to speak of Campanini in America, I will not mention at length his success in London, where memories of

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Mario, Giulini, Mongini, Fancelli, and Nicolini were still so vividly in everybody's ears; but simply as reference to his engagement with dear old Max Strakosch. (And who, by the way, mentions his name now-a-days?)

The company which Strakosch brought to America that season, '72-'73, was the best and most complete ever presented to the American public.

Think of a company with such names as these, the oldest being hardly over thirty-two years of age, all in their prime: Christine Nilsson, Maresi, Ortura Tarriani, Italo Campanini, Victor Capoul, Victor Maurel, Delpuente, Nanetti, and the bass Scolara. The opening night of that memorable season was "Lucrezia Borgia," with Capanini, Nanetti taking the part of the Duke, and Mdle. Maresi taking the role of Lucrezia. Campanini scored an immense success, and recalls after recalls brought him many times before the curtain. But it was after the first performance of "Lohengrin" that he established himself not only in the hearts of his American audience, but in the good graces of the German element in New York. I remember that last rehearsal, which lasted till one o'clock in the morning. Muzio, who as a friend and only pupil of Verdi, had been pronounced incapable of conducting Wagner's music, scored a triumph. Carl Bergmann, who was then conductor of the Philharmonic Society in New York, followed the score, and I daresay expected some Italian interpretation of the German music score, but was obliged to acknowledge at the end of the rehearsal that it was going to be a grand performance. The full cast was as follows: Elsa, Christine Nilsson; Ortrude, Annie Louise Cary; Lohengrin, Italo Campanini; Telramundo, Victor Maurel; King Henry, Nanetti; The Herald, Blum. Campanini will never be forgotten as long as any of those who heard him in the part of Lohengrin exist. His makeup, his tender interpretation of the love duet with Elsa and the farewell song were artistic throughout, and he must certainly have forgotten on the stage his previous calling. Supposing that a former occupation could stamp a man for life, he deserved all the more credit, as he exhibited refinement and genius when singing in this part that not only taxes the man as an actor but as a singer.

The same season Max Strakosch produced for the first time in America "Aida." Opera-goers of to-day may not believe it,

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but "Lohengrin" and "Aida" were produced inside of six weeks, Octava Torriani creating the part of Aida and Annie Louise Cary the one of Amneris, which is identified with her name to-day. I have not heard another singer capable of surpassing her in that part. Maurel, who was twenty-nine years old at that time, displayed all the resources of that wonderfully beautiful voice, backed by his talent as an actor. Campanini, from the beginning when singing his "Celeste Aida" to the end of the opera, surpassed himself.

Those were the old days of the Academy of Music; prices had been raised to $2.50 each. Campanini was paid three thousand dollars a month for fourteen performances, and opera was presented on the stage as well, if not better, than to-day. I remember in the bridal procession in "Lohengrin" three hundred and fifteen people taking part in it.

Further on, Campanini returned to America under the management of Col. Mapleson, creating Don Jose in "Carmen," sharing with Minnie Hauk what may have been the greatest success of his career. If Campanini lost his voice when comparatively young, it was due not entirely to him, but to the American public, which seldom knows the classification of voices, and insists on hearing its idol, I may say, all the time, and in every part.

I remember "William Tell." Prevost, the French tenor, who was not twenty-three years of age, was really immense in that part, but the house remained empty, which is not the case this year in New Orleans, where, I understand, he is singing. Campanini undertook the part and was weak in it. The success was altogether for Galassi, the baritone. But Campanini's name worked like magic: the house was crowded. Further on, after losing his voice, he lost his money in an unhappy operatic venture in New York, bringing a good company and depending on Verdi's "Othello" for a drawing card. But the public is fickle, and notwithstanding the efforts of his sister-in-law, Signora Tetrazzini, a magnificent dramatic soprano, he had to close his season, cancelling his date in Chicago. Poor Campanini remained in America concertizing, his name more than his voice helping him to support himself, as his income was used to pay his debts, which I understand was done to the last cent. And it must have been a consolation to the once great tenor to know that he was leaving a comfortable income to

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his family and that his name, in a business way, stands as good as it does in the history of Italian opera.

While writing, I hear of the sudden death of Castelmary. Dear old friend "Castel," as we used to call him in the profession, was one out of a hundred that one meets in a lifetime,

SIGNOR CASTELMARY.

besides being an excellent artist in every way. For those who knew him, Castel was always Monsieur le Comte de Castau, which was his real name. I remember him in Milan singing at La Scala, and how successful he was!

And how considerate of the needs of others! I remember a curious case of this kind. During an en-

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gagement at St. Louis the opera one night was "Gli Ughonotti," in which Castel was Marcel and I was St. Bris. As we were dressing, Castel, remembering my youth and comparative inexperience, asked in his deep voice: "Come over here and let me see how you look?" So I came over and stood under inspection. Most of the makeup satisfied his critical eye, but the chain around my neck attracted his attention. It was a makeshift, a suitable chain for St. Bris not happening to be at that time among my belongings. "It will do, will it not?" I asked. "Better take this," he answered, and rummaging in his trunk of properties, he brought out the proper chain, which he pressed upon me, and which, by the way, I still treasure. This was the style of man dear Castel was.

His first visit to America was made after the Franco-German war. His season in New Orleans then gained him such reputation that while on his way to Europe via New York, Maretzek engaged him for two performances in Boston, Castelmary appearing as Mephisto in "Faust." The impression made then was such as to be remembered when he appeared again in America in '78. I often wondered if here in Chicago any one when they saw his name on the bill ever thought of his appearing here eighteen years ago. The first night of the season was "Faust." It may be interesting to know the cast at that time. Faust, Lazzarini; Marguerite, Bianca Lablanche (sister of Fanny Davenport); Siebel, Anna de Baloca; Valentine, L. G. Gottschalk; conductor, S. Behrns. The Auditorium not existing then, Hooley's was the theater.

Castelmary, though having been rather ill-treated by Dame Fortune in the last part of his life, never allowed anyone in any way to suspect the change that had taken place. He had the great quality as a man never to forget friends. Last year was the last time I saw him, and little I thought that I never would shake again that good, loyal, friendly hand. I am glad that he died surrounded by friends as he did; comrades in art who knew him for years and were able to appreciate him at his just value.

The portrait here given is from a photograph given me many years ago.

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

PART II.

The butler announced me.

She greeted me tenderly and then it was that I noticed that she was also dressed in mourning.

"This is very good of you," said I, appreciatively.

"Our interests are the same now, John," she said, half questioningly, looking at me with serious eyes.

"It's a thing few girls would have done." She ignored my remark and asked:

"Tell me, dear, how you heard of his death."

"A telegram, Ruth. It came at midnight and said bluntly enough, 'Your father died to-day. Come, if agreeable to you,' and was signed by our lawyer, Simon Mackenzie, a brusque old fellow."

"What a horrid, uncouth creature!"

"Well, I went by the Baltimore & Ohio to Washington, and the rest of the way by water.

"A maiden great-aunt and the lawyer were the only people in the house, and naturally we were poor company for each other. The day after I arrived we buried him. Nearly the whole county came to the ceremony, which made it impressive."

"Is there a cemetery there?" she asked, with sympathy, taking my hand.

"No, dear. All of the Barringtons for many generations have been buried in one part of the Manor Park, under a great oak tree, near the old rose garden."

"And then you came right back to me?" wistfully.

"I certainly came as quickly as I decently could. The train got in at ten this morning. I got these for you and drove right here," and I handed her a box. When she opened it she saw the thousands of dollars' worth of gems which I had

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purchased. (I had plenty of credit with Tiffany.) She was very much touched and pleased. She did not gush nor exclaim over them, but instead looked at them and at me in such a way that her looks alone made me satisfied with my purchase.

"I have to go and hear the will read now, Ruth. Afterwards I will come back, that is, if Converse is not going to lunch here."

"Are you in a hurry, dear?"

"I have ten minutes to spare."

"Well, then I will have time for a few serious words about something which is very important indeed."

"What is it?"

"You love me, John."

"Rather," said I.

"Then you would not let me lose my good health if you could prevent it?"

"I rather fancy not."

"Well, then, you must know that March weather does not agree with me at all. Papa says he is too poor to take me away. Won't you do it, John?" looking very pleadingly at me. My heart beat pleasantly hard and there followed something of a silence.

"My!" she exclaimed when she could, "I suppose that means a big yes?"

"But how is it to be done?" said I with serious stupidity. "It surely would not be proper for us to go away alone?"

"No, sir, it would not. We will have Mr. Bishop Potter to say the, 'Do you take this man to be your wedded husband,' at 11 a. m., one week from today, at this residence, and on this very spot. Do you agree?" and she stamped her little foot and looked at me saucily.

"I rather think I do," said I, admiringly.

"Very well, then. Go away and hear the will read. Wire me whether we are left one million or two or three. Afterward engage stateroonis on the White Star Line. Now I must run and start the machinery going that can get me ready on time," and with a little dance step she ran away from me up the stairs.

And so all too blithely I went off to the reading of the will at the lawyer's office

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CHAPTER SECOND.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY MR. HENRY EARLINGTON.

I have been requested to write an account of the circumstances, concerning which I have positive knowledge, of the Blaming Conspiracy, and also to tell something about my part in assisting Mr. Barrington's intellectual development. And I do so the more heartily because of my love for Mr. Barrington, and for the reason that I have heard stories in regard to the affair which were not expressions of the truth, and which were prejudicial to his best interests.

I suppose that I cannot begin at a better place in this account than to say a few words of Mr. Barrington's father.

I first met Mr. Barrington, senior, when we were both very young men. It was at the period of my life when I had just successfully won the popular favor of the reading public. He was not a trained thinker, and was, perhaps, for this reason, enthusiastic about my work.

As a natural result of his admiration we became friends, and saw a great deal of one another. Even after the death of my wife, when sorrow and a broader philosophy had sobered my ambition away from the pleasant things in life; even when I had settled down to the serious kind of work I now know that I was best fitted for; even then, I say, he continued to express a preference for my society which, to the lonely, prematurely old man I soon became, was most gratifying. He was in all respects a cultured man, though perhaps a thought too pedantic. Indeed, when I come to think of the matter seriously, I know that it was my erudition—to him pedantry—on one subject which made my society agreeable to him. In his opinions he was a very positive man, and would often refuse to accept correction on a subject of which he knew little, but which had long been my own. But one forgave him his conceit when one remembered his very gentle and tactful manner of disagreement.

I heard of his death with a great deal of quiet regret, but save for some anxious thoughts regarding the future of his son, who, in my opinion, had been unwisely trained, I had almost forgotten it, when it was suddenly recalled to my mind by a letter which proved to be a notification that Mr. Barring-

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ton had appointed me one of the executors of his will. I was further requested to be present at the reading of that document at the law office of Mr. Simon Mackenzie, on the following day. I was extremely disturbed and annoyed by this epistle, and I sat and cogitated upon it until the clock pointed to ten, and I had missed my morning walk in the country lanes with my niece, which was one of the incidents of my day. The more I reflected upon the probable amount of my friend's estate, the more determined I became not to undertake the responsibility. Outside of my working hours my time was very pleasantly full of the things I liked to do; and I could not, I felt, agree to give up, for musty business duties, my morning walk with Nancy and the dogs, my twilight talks with my invalid sister Jane, nor the long evenings before the fire with Neighbor Sherwood as my antagonist at chess. And I clung as persistently to all of the other less important pleasures of an old man. However, I decided, as I have said, to at least hear the will read; so on the next day I went up to town.

The lawyer's office was in the dingiest, most tumbled-down street of business New York. After climbing several weary stairs I came to a number of doors, all bearing the lawyer's sign, but all directing me to some other mysterious door where I should find entrance. After some trouble I found this door, and walked in, only to be confronted by a high partition and another set of doors, all of which bore the legend:

NO ADMITTANCE.

In my perplexity I was determining to disobey one of these signs, when a little wire window on a level with my face spoke to me, and then mysteriously took my card, and finally admitted me. I was ushered through a series of little rooms, each with its array of books from ceiling to floor, and its desk and its pale young man, until at last I reached an end room that was larger than the others, and had a great library and a larger desk. A slight, dry, hard-looking man came forward to meet me, with a nervous, quick kind of walk. He shook hands in a perfunctory manner, and said in a blunt kind of voice:

"Glad to see you. Sit down." I did so, choosing a seat near the door, from which I could observe with ease the other

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people in the room. These were two smooth-shaven men with pink cheeks, who I believed to be scholars, from their conversation, which they delivered for the benefit of all in the room in sonorous voices. A tall, bearded man sat near them and occasionally broke in upon their conversation in a high nasal tone. He was most aggressive and persistent and the others seemed a little afraid of him, and a singular old lady, in a most remarkable gray cloak, who sat by herself in the corner. The room was lighted by two windows, but as the light of day seemed ashamed to enter such a place, it was full of dim shadows.

After a time the door opened, and a well-dressed, fine-looking young fellow entered. I knew him at once, by his head and face and figure to be my old friend's son, though I observed that his expression was less alert than his father's. The lawyer at once introduced the scholars as Mr. Blaming and Mr. Ritter, and the bearded gentleman as Mr. Proudsby. I was then presented, the lawyer saying:

"These four gentlemen are, with myself, the executors of your father's estate."

Young Mr. Barrington looked at us in a rather dismayed way. The old lady in the gray cloak then came forward and introduced herself as:

"Cousin Julia White.'" The young man very diplomatically kissed her, at which she tapped his cheek and looked at him archly; but observing that Mr. Blaming was smiling in a superior sort of way, she gave him a bad bow and said icily to Mr. Barrington:

"I came here, young man, to see what sort of men your father selected to settle his estate."

"Well, cousin, do you approve of them?" asked the young man, in a slow, pleasant voice, with an amused glance at us. The lady pursed up her lips, raised her eyebrows, rolled her head from side to side, opened her mouth twice and sat down, as did we all, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

The lawyer, who had all this time been bustling about dictating letters and giving instructions to his clerks to do all sorts of disagreeable things to all sorts of persons, now sat down at his desk. A great box entitled "Estate of John Barrington," was placed in front of him. He unlocked it and took out a paper and then locked it up again. He wore a par-

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ticularly grim and disagreeable expression, and looked twice at Mr. Barrington, smiling dryly at him.

"Please move your chairs nearer. I cannot be expected to raise my voice."

He now spread out the paper on his knee and put on his glasses and then looked at us over them as though he had just put them there to be in his way. Then he said:

"This letter was originally intended to be read by the executors of the will alone, but I deem it wise that all should hear it."

He cleared his throat and began. I cannot now remember the exact words of this remarkable letter, but as I made some notes at the time, I can relate pretty nearly what it contained. It began:

To the Executors of my Estate:—

In selecting you for the task of carrying out my last will and testament, I have had in mind your proved integrity in the first place, and your scholarly attainments and judgment in the second.

I address this letter to you in order that I may tell with less formality than the nature of a will requires some of the reasons which led me to make so unusual a will.

It is also necessary that I express my regret that I was obliged to create its provisions regarding my son. But I cannot alter them for the better now.

My son, John Barrington, Jr., has been a torment to me ever since the death of his sainted mother. During his earlier years I believed him to be extremely stupid, and so was not astonished when he failed in all his studies. But eventually I discovered that the secret of the matter lay in his indolent disposition, rather than in a lack of natural abilities. No punishment or incentive have up to this time been successful in moving him from his slothful mental inaction. He was a failure at college, but on his return from that institution I found that his habit of reading had so far improved him that he had gained a good style in writing; and that his work at composition was imaginatively interesting. I therefore suggested to him that he take up the study of literature, and I furnished him with a handsome income and sent him to New

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York for that purpose. This step was unwise, as he has, I believe, fallen into evil courses, and has attempted to make no progress whatever in his studies. In the event of my sudden death he would, under ordinary circumstances, inherit an estate valued at four millions of dollars, and would be the recipient of an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year. He would be too indolent to manage his estate himself, and would unquestionably, in time, become the associate of vicious men, and in the end be a ruined man, morally and financially. I would prefer to have my estate go out of the direct family line than run the risk of such a catastrophe. At the same time, I am unwilling not to give my son a chance to redeem himself. I therefore have decided upon a plan which will at once make a new man of him and make him worthy the responsibility of owning a great property, and my plan is:

1st. I have willed and bequeathed to my son the sum of $10,000, with which the executors will pay his debts.

2nd. In order that I may force him to be up at reasonable hours in the morning, my will provides that if he present himself at the Seaboard National Bank before ten o'clock a. m. daily, the sum of ten dollars will be paid to him. If, however, he is one minute after that hour it is not to be paid him.

3rd. My executors shall pay to him the entire residue of my estate when he has written a novel of one hundred thousand words, which is in their opinion the full expression of his present abilities and powers, and which shall be written as carefully and as correctly as he can do it. The executors are given in my will full power to reject or accept the results he submits to them. In the event of his never honestly attempting to write this novel, my will provides that the ten dollars a day shall be continued until his death.

My belief and hope are that with the incentive of a fortune as a prize for his task, he will struggle to succeed; that he will learn to love the work for which I believe him to be so well fitted; and that it will make an active, intelligent and useful man of him.

I expect my executors to judge fairly and honestly, and to remember in their decision that I am not particular about the novel save as a means to an end; as a task to be accomplished; and they must consider in their decision the amount of effort he has expended on the result he submits to them.

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And their interpretation of the terms of my will must be, that if the effect of the work my son does leads to the end I desire, they shall then accept the best result he can obtain, and pay to him the residue of my estate. I have provided in my will that each of my executors shall receive the sum of $5,000 as a token of my respect, and that the same amount be paid to them yearly for their care of my estate.

Earnestly assuring them of my firm confidence in their decision, I bid them do their work so that my son may be well satisfied.

John Barrington.

When the lawyer ceased reading there was a profound stillness in the room, while all present fixed their eyes upon Mr. Barrington's face. It was very pale, but otherwise he appeared unmoved.

"You will now read the will, Mr. Mackenzie," he said, with a good deal of hauteur.

"Oh! will I?" said the lawyer. He then unlocked the tin box again, and placed in it the paper he had just read, taking out a document that proved to be the will.

I was pleased to observe how carefully it was phrased, and how far the manner in which it was expressed went to prevent any dishonest decision by the executors; for I considered that Mr. Barrington had shown very little judgment in the selection of the men who had so great a power over his son's fate. They were narrow, selfish men, and in the case of the lawyer malicious as well, and my experience has led me to expect very little honesty from men who possess these qualities largely developed. I therefore decided that it would be my duty to serve. To resign was now out of the question.

When the lawyer had finished reading the will, which was interesting save as it mentioned the facts already given in the letter, the old lady came forward and, standing before us, said:

"I want you all to know that this young man here is not friendless; that I intend to watch over his interests, and that if from dishonesty or from stupidity you wander one inch away from the line of your duty to him, you will have to explain your reasons for the same to Mr. Rufus Choate in a court of law."

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She then bowed to us and immediately withdrew.

Mr. Barrington said rather stiffly to the lawyer:

"I can see your hand in this will, Mr. Mackenzie, and I give you notice that your connection with the Barrington estate ends when I come into possession of it." The old lawyer chuckled.

"You must catch your hare before you can eat him," he said, without looking up.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Why did you not telegraph to me?" she asked brightly, taking my hand and making me sit beside her on the sofa.

"I thought it would be better to tell you," I replied, and my voice sounded harshly.

"Tell me what?" she exclaimed, in a quick, hard voice.

"That my father has left me only half enough to pay my debts with; and that my income, for the Lord knows how long, will be only three thousand dollars a year."

She became deadly pale, and lay breathlessly back on the sofa. A look of despair settled on her face, followed by one of determination. Just at this moment her mother entered the room.

She at once rose and went to her. Laying her head on that lady's ample bosom, she burst into tears.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she exclaimed, "John has come to tell me that he does not love me any longer and that we are to break our engagement!"

"Ruth! Ruth!" I said, in astonishment.

"Take your ring," she cried, snatching it from her finger and extending it towards me.

As I looked at her all the passionate feeling I had been experiencing went from me, and drawing myself up haughtily I said:

"Will you be so good as to keep this ring and the other trinkets I have given you as an expression of my thorough appreciation of your character?"

"How sweet of you, John!" she said tenderly, and I bowed humbly and left the room. Somehow I found my way out of the house and into the street.

(To be Continued.)

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TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

(Copyright, 1897.)

SIXTH EVENING—ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Of a composer so varied in his capacities, so original, so influential upon the later course of development in his art, and so interesting in every way, it is not possible from a single program—no matter how carefully selected the works may be, to gain a complete idea. The most that can be done is to give a glimpse of the man, to bring out a few of his moods, and to observe the more salient features of his style. The following list of selections has been influenced by the same idea as that underlying all the previous programs of this series, namely: A preference for selections of moderate difficulty, both for performer and hearer; and a representation of what might be called the more elementary characteristics of his art.

PROGRAM.

KINDERSCENEN. Opus 15.
- From Strange Lands and People.
- A Curious Story.
- Playing Tag.
- Happy Enough.
- Traumerei.

ALBUM FOR THE YOUNG. Opus 68.
- The Jolly Farmer.
- A Little Romance.

PAPILLONS. Opus 2.
- Polonaise in D major.

SONGS.
- The Hat of Green.
- The Wanderer's Song.

FOREST SCENES. Opus 82.
- Entrance to the Forest.
- The Wayside Inn.
- Prophetic Birds.
- Farewell to the Forest.

SONGS.
- Moonlight.
- He the Noblest.

Night-Piece in F. Opus 23. No. 4.

Novelette in F. Opus 21. No. 1.

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SONGS.

Thou Ring Upon My Finger.
The Spring Night.

PHANTASY PIECES. Opus 12.

In the Evening.
Soaring.
Why?
Whims.
End of the Song.

The foregoing selections, as will be noticed, are all for piano and voice; I have thought it better to confine them to these easily accessible sources than to attempt to cover more ground. In a later program more difficult piano selections will be given. All the instrumental selections in this list are in the volume of Selections from the Works of Robert Schumann, edited by the present writer and published by the publishers of MUSIC. All the songs are in the collection of Schumann songs published by Boosey and Company.

I have written so many times upon the works and characteristics of Schumann that it would perhaps suffice to refer the student to a few of those places, such as A Popular History of Music, pages 464 to 477. Also in the first volume of How to Understand Music there is something to the point, and at various other places in the course of the work, as will be found by looking up the references to Schumann's music given in the Index. At the beginning of the collection of Schumann pieces, above mentioned, is an essay upon Schumann and his works which will be found suggestive. One of the best single articles I have seen is Mr. Robert Hadow's essay upon Schumann and the Romantic Movement in Germany, which occupies pages 149 to 231 in the first volume of his Studies in Modern Music. In spite of these I shall add a few observations in the present pages, since it is a peculiarity of the works of any great writer that they grow upon the appreciation, and while their shortcomings and limitations of whatever kind become more apparent as the student grows in years and clearness of thought, the beauties and originalities also press more and more upon our notice, and perhaps, in the case of creative artists of the first order, come out into even greater luxuriance than we at first realized. Such at least I find in my own case since my first introduction to the works of Schumann, which practically began with my acquaintance with Dr. Mason at South Bend, Indiana, in the summer of 1870. Before that I had heard but very few of the Schumann works and these had not been well done; and so had failed of making an impression. I was much surprised when Dr. Mason told me that one could not properly understand Beethoven without knowing Schumann. And it was like opening a new world when I began with the Novelette in E, the Phantasy Pieces, Opus 12, and the Romance in F sharp, Opus 28.

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The most distinguishing quality of the Schumann music, and the one which perhaps demarks it from other music most strikingly is its hearty quality, its spontaneity, its headlong driving speed. Another quality almost or quite equally notable, is its conciseness. Schumann is above all the poet of the short, the clear, the well-defined. In parallel line with this is his habit of employing fanciful designations for his short pieces, generally poetical titles suggesting a mood or a scene. Examples of this latter peculiarity occur in the present program. The titles were perhaps always put on after the piece had been composed. It is not known with certainty whether Schumann had the idea of the title in his mind in composing the piece. In most cases it serves merely as a suggestion to the player of a proper standpoint for conceiving the work.

Another peculiarity of Schumann's writing is the close unity of each little piece or movement. He develops his period or his two periods out of a single motive or a motive and a counter theme, and the leading idea is repeated several times. When the first idea gives place to a second idea, this proves to be something totally unlike the idea which it follows, making with it a strong contrast. In the clearness of his moods and their contrast is one source of the vigor of impression which the Schumann music has made and is making upon the musical world.

The first number in the present program contains five pieces from the set called "Scenes from Childhood," written in 1837, when the composer was in the very thick of his somewhat diversified course of true love, and had advanced seven years along the pathway of a composer.

Following the "Traumerei" are two popular selections from the Album for the Young, written some ten years later, the Jolly Peasant, and the Little Romance. This program number closes with the Polonaise in D, from the "Papillons," written in 1832. It is a very brilliant and original piece, full of delightful pianoforte effect.

In the second series of instrumental numbers are included four of the beautiful cycle, "Forest Scenes." Each of these is like a little sonnet, brief, picturesque, and individual. In the first we have the vague and shadowy effect of the entrance into the forest, the shimmering leaves, the sunlight and shade, and whatever fanciful explanation one likes of the imaginative tone-sonnet of the author. In the "Wayside Inn" the thematic style of Schumann is well illustrated, and the variety of effect possible to be obtained from a very small amount of musical material. The reference to the title is not very apparent, since the speed of the piece and its quick and forcible character deprive it of the reposeful "stimmung" one would anticipate from the title assigned. I do not know the true explanation of the "Prophetic Bird." It is a most lovely little bit, and is now so well known in the concert room as not to need further discussion.

The "Farewell to the Forest" is one of the most delightful "songs

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without words" in the whole Schumann category. Its melody is musical and new, and the changing rhythms, the occasional coming out of a middle voice and the general effect of the whole are alike interesting and absorbing.

In the next instrumental number we come upon another mood of Schumann, or rather upon two of them. The Night piece is of a lyric quality, enjoyable by everyone. Nearly all young players object to the speed which Schumann has marked, and many play it about twice as slowly; this, however, is not warranted, since in the nature of the case Schumann must have known what he intended, and when we have made an allowance for the undue slowness of his metronome at given tempi we are still not warranted in making this slower than 80 for quarters. To take it still more slowly is to change the character of all the latter part of the piece. If well played it is sufficiently reposeful in the form in which we now have it. In the second part there is some delightful imitative work between the motive in the treble and its answer in the tenor.

With the Novelette in F, Opus 21, we come into the domain of what we might call the higher Schumann, for in these works and those which follow upon this list, greater demands are made upon the player, and the music itself is deeper, stronger, more original and therein more satisfactory. The Novelette consists of two main parts. First comes a march-like movement, in which certain very strong chords with occasional triplet octaves in the bass impart a singularly driving and forceful character to the music. After the double bar, at the beginning of the fifth measure, a new motive appears, which sets in operation a series of sequences, and this period ends in D flat.

The next period begins in the same manner, but the modulation is differently conducted, and the period now ends in the key of A. Now comes in what he calls the Trio, a lovely lyric melody in the key of F. This is developed to quite a length, after which the main theme of the Novelette returns, and the period ends in the key of F. Now ensues a curious sort of intermezzo, in the key of D flat, where one voice starts out with a little melodic subject and another takes it up and imitates it and this in turn is followed by another, quite in the manner of fugue, only that here the motive itself is very short and the imitations follow so fast one after another that only the beginning of each is to be made out. For the rest, it is a question of mystery. When he has carried this as far as he cares, the first subject returns; and after this again the Trio, but now in the key of A major. At the end of this again the original subject, and so finally to the end. The most notable features of this Novelette are its vigor, the different forms in which the subjects return and the persistence of the two main ideas, the march and the lyric trio, which form the substance of it. The mystical and fugue-like interlude is merely an interlude. It perhaps represents one of those moments when the mind is too full for clear utterance—a condition more celebrated in fiction than desirable in reality.

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The Phantasy Pieces, Opus 12, are among the most happy of the smaller works of this composer. Their general character is sufficiently indicated by their titles. "In the Evening" represents one of those mystical moods suitable to twilight; "Soaring" has also been translated "Excelsior," which perhaps more truly represents its spirit. "Why?" is a question, just like the word. Nevertheless, this has become the greatest favorite of all the smaller Schumann pieces. "Whims" also is well named, since in this quickly moving little piece one mood follows another irrepressibly. Among them are some which are highly poetical. Last of all, "The End of the Song," a very vigorous and strongly marked movement, which appeals to every one.

The Schumann songs are so remarkable as to demand separate treatment. Those upon the present list are so placed because they represent in a general way the more noticeable moods of Schumann in this form of art. They can be sung high or low, as the singer's voice requires, but they are more satisfactory if sung by a soprano voice, I think.

The first upon the list is the merry and arch little "Hat of Green," which with folktone sweetness and simplicity brings out a situation as old as the world and as new as the morning. The musical treatment is very clever and interesting.

The "Wanderer's Song" is a characteristic German song, representing the song of the young student as he sets out upon his student career as traveler, for seeing strange lands; or the emigrant who leaves his land to find a better home, but never one so well loved as his own native country. It is full of heart and courage until the middle part where the intermezzo in the key of E major tells of softer feelings of longing and homesickness.

"Moonlight" again represents the peculiarly mystical and dreamy side of the Schumann nature, and there are few songs in the whole world so sweet and so beautiful as this; but it needs a pure, clear and very true soprano voice controlled with musical feeling. Thus interpreted it is indeed a dream.

The next two songs upon the list are out of the famous cycle called "Woman's Love and Life"—the poems of no great depth, but the subjects of lasting and universal application and interest. "He the Noblest" gives a very spirited and sensitive musical setting to the woman's opinion of the loved one. Words and music bring to expression one of the most ideal moments of woman's life. The next, "Thou Ring Upon My Finger," tells its own story, but here again the music is well worth while for its own sake. It is interesting as an instrumental piece without the aid of the voice. Few as musical songs have been written. The last upon the list, "Spring Night," while out of another cycle, the so-called "Liederkreis," is nevertheless quite off the same piece as the preceding.

All need to be sung with abandon, and above all with sentiment, poetry, and flexible rhythm, yet always with abounding musical life. To sing such songs well is to be an artist.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE.

PRIZES TO AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

The Executive Committee of the Music Teachers' National Association Offers the sum of Five Hundred Dollars to be Divided in Prizes as Follows.

Class One—$75 for the best Cantata, sacred or secular, for mixed voices, with accompaniment of piano, organ or orchestra. Time of performance not to exceed twenty-five minutes.

Class Two—Unaccompanied Part Song, for male or mixed voices; time of performance not to exceed eight minutes. First prize, $50; second prize, $25.

Class Three—$50 for the best String Quartette, time of performance not to exceed twenty minutes.

SOLO COMPOSITIONS.

Class Four—Organ Composition, time of performance not to exceed seven minutes. First prize, $50; second prize, $25.

Class Five—Pianoforte Composition, time of performance not to exceed seven minutes. First prize, $50; second prize, $25.

Class Six—Violin Composition, with piano accompaniment; time of performance not to exceed seven minutes. First prize, $50; second prize, $25.

Class Seven—For the best Song (words to be selected by the Composer), with piano accompaniment, obligato for stringed instruments ad libitum; time of performance not to exceed five minutes. First prize, $50; second prize, $25.

Compositions will not be considered unless the competitor has qualified as a member of the Music Teachers' National Association. Competitors should apply for membership at once.

To secure absolute impartiality, the competitor must choose a motto or fictitious name, which must be affixed to the composition. This same motto or name must be written on a sealed envelope, within which must be enclosed the name and address of the competitor. These envelopes will not be opened until the prizes shall have been awarded.

A special concert will be given for the performance of the Prize Compositions.

Condition First—The successful competitor in solo compositions shall perform his own work, or provide a competent substitute.

Condition Second—In Orchestral and Choral works the successful competitor must furnish the required number of parts for a suitable performance of his work.

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Condition Third—The compositions must be in the hands of the committee not later than June 1st.

Condition Fourth—Postage must be enclosed to insure the return of manuscripts.

The judges reserve the right to withhold the award if the compositions fall below the required standard of merit.

The following is a list of the gentlemen who have consented to act as judges: Mr. Wm. C. MacFarlane, Mr. R. Huntington Woodman, Mr. Homer N. Bartlett, Dr. Gerrit Smith, Mr. Wm. C. Carl, Mr. Dudley Buck, Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley, Mr. Gustav Dannruether, Mr. Chas. B. Hawley, Mr. J. Hyatt Brewer, Mr. C. Whitney Coombs, Mr. Edgar S. Kelly.

President—H. W. Greene.

Secretary—H. S. Perkins.

Treasurer—F. A. Parker.

Executive Committee—R. H. Woodman, Chairman; Frank H. Tubbs, Louis Arthur Russell.

Program Committee—Dr. H. G. Hanchett, Chairman; Dr. Gerrit Smith, Dr. John C. Griggs.

OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.

By John V. Hood.

Philadelphia has a musical past. It is luminous with traditions and recollections of the personality and the work of great and glorious artists, many of whom are now only a memory. But of late years, as in many other cities, a utilitarian spirit seems to have crept in to the exclusion of the artistic, and the thought of art for art's sake does not touch the people as it once did. It is true that the city has excellent music teachers and music schools, but their environment clogs their best efforts, their equipment is limited, and they are not surrounded by an atmosphere that is favorable to the full and free development of music culture. Then, too, while there are coteries of music lovers, these separate organizations do not form a homogeneous whole; they do not meet on broad and common ground, and the result is that music here has become a thing of shreds and patches and without completeness and harmony. Ten years ago, when Mrs. Thurber's American Opera Company came to the city, there was a spasmodic revival of interest in the presentation of opera, and some were sanguine enough to believe that the flower of music culture, which had once bloomed with so much radiance, would, like the aloe, blossom once more in its old age. But this optimistic view of the situation had not a fulfilment, and the city settled back once more to its laissez faire attitude. Since that time there were occasional visits of companies, controlled by impressarios such as Mapleson and Strakosch, and later still, annual visits of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company. And yet of none of these can it be said that it stirred the hearts of the people.

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The music was the means to an end, that of the display of fashion, only this and nothing more.

For several years Gastav Hinrichs had a summer season of opera at one of the local theaters. It may be said that in many ways the venture was deserving of praise. The prices of admission were low; there were artists who, although comparatively unknown to the musical world, were excellent within their limitations, and while the orchestra and chorus were composed of local material, they both did satisfactory work. It may also be recorded that Mr. Hinrichs first introduced in this country and during these summer seasons, "Cavalliera Rusticana," "Il Pagliaci" and "Friend Fritz"; that it is only in this city that Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," a work far superior to Massenet's opera of that name, has been heard, and that Ponchielli's "Giaconda," which was presented a number of times by Mr. Hinrichs, has not yet been heard in New York.

In the autumn of 1895, a number of wealthy persons conceived the idea of the establishment of a permanent opera company here with Mr. Hinrichs as director. A guarantee fund of twenty thousand dollars was readily obtained, and he went to Europe and secured artists and a chorus. Among the former were Mme. Emma Nevada; Miss Minnie Tracey, an American girl; Jules Gogny and Adolphe Prevost, tenors; M. De Backer, baritone; M. Malzac, basso; as also Signor Del Puente, who has for a number of years lived in Philadelphia. The season, which lasted fourteen weeks, while not altogether a financial success, was promising; and from an artistic standpoint it had many features of merit. But the guarantors and the director were not in harmony; he attempted too much, his ambition was to be impressario, musical director and business manager, a combination which is almost sure to exhaust itself by its own weight, and the result was that at the end of the season the guarantors decided that the next attempt to establish a season of opera would be carried out on different lines.

For two or three years preceding this, Mr. Walter Damrosch had brought his German company to the city, on each occasion giving from three to six performances of several of the Wagner music-dramas. Alvary, Fischer, Klafsky, Gadski and Termina were among his artists, and the strength and delicacy of his symphony orchestra were acknowledged. Negotiations were opened with him, a seven-weeks' season was decided upon and a subscription sale secured, which guaranteed him at least the half of the season's expenses. Mr. Damrosch's company had been formed with particular reference to the presentation of Wagner's works, although there was also a condition exacted by the subscribers that there should be an occasional production of an opera of the French or Italian school. This necessitated the engagement for these occasions of one or two of the artists from the New York Metropolitan company. The season is now ended, and during its continuance he gave all of the Wagnerian works with the exception of "Rienzi" and "Parsifal." The former is obsolete, and the latter, as is well known, cannot be pro-

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duced in its entirety in this country. With the exception of Emil Fischer and Johanna Gadski his singers were new to America. There was Ernst Krauss, a young tenor, full of fire and vigor, romantic and expressive, and Frau Mahor-Ravenstein, who was heard twice, once as Brunhilde in "Die Walkure," and the other time as Ortrud in "Lohengrin." She did not fulfill the expectations that had been formed of her and has gone back to Germany, alleging ill-health as the cause. The Wagner series of music-dramas, illustrating the Niebelungen legend, were given at the close of the season; and, to strengthen their presentation, Frau Lilli Lehmann and Paul Kalisch were specially engaged.

It must be said frankly that the promises made by Mr. Damrosch before the season opened were not fulfilled in their entirety. The performances of the Wagner works lacked the adequate strength and dignity. The promise was that while there were no singers with a world-wide reputation or who had become popular idols, the ensembles would be of the most complete character. This was not the experience. The chorus was most rugged and uneven, the stock scenery of the Academy, which was probably fresh when the Prince of Wales visited the theater, was again brought forward and there was not save in the tetralogy a new border or scene to give life or color to the surroundings. But it was when French or Italian opera was presented that these defects were painfully evident. The production of "Il Trovatore" would have shamed a company of country amateurs; when Calvé and Eames sang it was clear that there had been no attempt at rehearsal, and the climax was reached when Melba appeared on night in a musical melange made up of the first act of "Traviata," the mad scene from "Lucia," the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and the fifth act of "Faust," and this potpourri, this concert in costume was dignified by the name of grand opera!

It can be admitted that Mr. Damrosch is a close student of Wagner and that his symphony orchestra seeks, with much intelligence, to give the proper meaning to the emotions that are illustrated polyphonically. But Mr. Damrosch lacks emotional temperament, nor has he sufficient control of his players. Neither is his orchestra well balanced. The weakness in the first strings, not in quality but quantity, is often in evidence; were they as masterful as are the violas and cellos, the nuances would have more shading bestowed upon them, while in the climaxes the brasses dominate to an extent that mars and blurs the color effects.

Outside of the subscribers to the season there has been a woeful indifference to Mr. Damrosch's work shown by the general public. And yet is it to be expected that there could be any other result with a tariff of prices that was practically prohibitive? Three dollars for a seat to hear a German tenor pouring out his woes as Manrico, the depth of his grief or some other equally irrelevant cause forcing him to persistently sing off key! And then we must be told that the lack of attendance was due to the fact that the people have

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no liking for what is good in music. Some day a change will come over the spirit of the operatic manager's dream; the star system will be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness and the people will have an opportunity of showing what they do like. The experience that Philadelphia has had this season is not likely to suggest a similar attempt next year, and if the question should be asked, who is to blame? it would be easy to give the answer.

OPERA IN BOSTON.

The Castle Square company has surpassed all its previous records by their production of "Lohengrin" in English, handsomely staged and well sung. How satisfactory it was can be judged from the fact that it was given to crowded houses every night for three weeks, more than fifty thousand hearers having attended these performances. Surely, this marks a distinct advance in American operatic progress. The cast naturally embraced the full strength of the company, the principals being as follows:

Elsa, Miss Lane and Miss Diard.
Lohengrin, Mr. Ling and Mr. Pache.
Frederic, Mr. Murray.
Ortrud, Miss Ladd.
The King, Mr. Clarke.

Throughout the interpretation Miss Lane's Elsa was a most enjoyable piece of work, truly sung, earnestly conceived, well managed, and lovely. Few more beautiful moments are to be heard upon any stage than her dream scene, "Oft when the hours are lonely," and the great duet in the third act. Her husband, Mr. Murray, made a splendid Telramond, but the wear of the role naturally told upon him, and during the third week of the run there was an alternate, Mr. Winfred Goff, who bids fair to become a favorite with the patrons of the company. Miss Ladd, in the role of Ortrud, had a role which is distinctly ungrateful, but it served to illustrate her wide compass and superior quality of voice.

The Boston press was generally complimentary to this production, which also contained certain novelties, the stage settings being patterned after those of the first production under Liszt at Weimar. The concerted music and the chorus also came in for commendation.

An interregnum of three weeks filled with lighter works, such as "Lucia," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Mignon," and "Il Trovatore," will be followed by a production of "Tannhauser" in English, upon which even greater pains are being expended.

During the first week of the "Lohengrin" production the Damrosch company was in town and they gave "Lohengrin," but not with superior success. In fact this company fared rather hardly at the hands of the critics all through. After demanding of Mr. Damrosch

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that he furnish some prima donna of world-wide fame, when confronted by the lately superb Lehmann they discovered that she was no longer so young as she had been, and that her art, as one critic rather viciously put it, was principally occupied in endeavoring to conceal the ravages of time in her voice.

Whatever may be concluded upon this point, at least it deserves to be put upon record that the Castle Square Company has accomplished a distinctly creditable work, not alone in undertaking an opera so difficult and heavy to produce as "Lohengrin," but still more in overcoming all these difficulties so thoroughly that crowded houses followed the three weeks all through. This marks a distinct growth in popular musical taste. The company deserves to be congratulated by all art-lovers. W. H. M.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND.

Sousa's band gave four concerts in Chicago, at the Auditorium, February 1st, 2d, and 3d. The programs were filled with the specialties for which Mr. Sousa is famous. The inevitable encores followed almost every number. Leading to various sweetmeats of an unacknowledged kind, such as a distinguished conductor hates to put upon the program. A round of Sousa marches was given in every program, and no listener knowing what he desired needed feel that he had been slighted. At the third concert Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who happened just then to be playing Sousa's "El Capitan" at the Columbia, came over and sang "the typical tune from Zanzibar," recited "Casey at the Bat," and made one or two other hits. He began quite seriously by singing Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," accompanied by the band. Mr. Hopper was originally a fine serious singer. Many years upon the stage and the habitual use of comedy qualities in the voice have impaired its value for work like that in the great Schumann song; nevertheless he showed his art, and no doubt surprised almost every one of his hearers by his feeling no less than by the good qualities of his singing.

A few nights previously occurred a souvenir night at "El Capitan," and when the opera was out the curtain was again rung up and there was the full Sousa band, which played several numbers, and there was some speechmaking, a little presentation to Mr. Hopper, and so on.

All of which is to be taken as an outward sign of the inward work which a kind financial providence is doing for that most popular of American conductors, Mr. John Philip Sousa. Between his band concerts, which run about eight a week, his royalties from a large business in "El Capitan," and the royalties from the John Church Company on his rapidly selling works, he is to-day probably the best remunerated musician upon the continent, not excepting Mr. John de Reszke. All which is very suitable and deserved.

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LEIPSIC NOTES.

The ninth Gewandhaus concert had a program of unusual interest and importance.

Overture to the Oratorio of St. Paul.....Mendelssohn
Orchestra and Organ.
Symphony No. 3, F Major.....Brahms
Four Sacred Songs by the Amsterdam Vocal Quartette:
Ave Regina.....Orlando Di Lasso.
Christmas Song.....M. Praetorius.
"Giebdich zufrieden".....J. C. Bach.
"Er Kommt".....John Adam Hiller.
Pastorale Symphony from Christmas Oratorio.....Bach
Five Songs by the Amsterdam Quartette:
"Du Hirte Israel's".....D. Bortnisky.
In der Marienkirche
In the Spring
.....Carl Loewe.
"Einstmals das Kind Cupido".....Friederici.
Hans und Grete.....Joh. Eccard.
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber

The orchestral numbers on this program were given with most delightful expression and the variety was truly remarkable. The vocal pieces were like voices from another world. The old pieces by Lasso, Praetorius and Bach were sung with perfectly pure intonation and sympathy by these highly trained voices, and the general effect was most enjoyable, even going so far as to raise the question whether the musical expression of the modern works is so far superior to that of the ancients after all.

In the eleventh concert the principal piece was the first symphony by R. Volkmann, which has been a favorite in these concerts for many years. Smetana's symphonic poem, "Aus Bohmens Hain und Flur," was given, and the Waldweben from Wagner's Siegfried for the first time in these concerts. Prof. Vogel, in his criticism, very properly inquires as to the necessity or advisability of including this piece in a Gewandhaus program, now that the opera of Siegfried is so often played in its entirety in Leipsic.

At the twelfth concert the symphony was Schumann's first, besides which there was a serenade, No. 2, for strings, by Robert Fuchs, and the second Leonore overture. The soloist of this concert was Miss Kleeberg, from Paris, ner concerto being Chopin's in F minor, and later in the program she played two solo pieces: Bach's Italian Concerto and a Presto by Mendelssohn. Miss Kleeberg is a great favorite in Leipsic where her refined and poetic style of playing is much admired.

The thirteenth concert had for a symphony the fifth by Tschaikowsky, Brahm's Acedemic Overture and a Minuet out of the symphony by Mahler. The solo artist was Miss Sophie Jaffé, from Paris,

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violinist, who played Vieuxtemps' Fifth Concerto and two smaller pieces.

At the fourteenth the memory of Schubert was celebrated, the pieces being the symphony in C, and eight selected songs. The remainder of the program consisted of the Coriolanus overture by Beethoven and a quartette for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, with orchestral accompaniment, by Mozart.

Another festival concert was that of the Lisztverein for celebrating the death of Schubert. The concert consisted of songs, piano pieces and a trio, the pianist being Sophie Menter and the singer Frau Schumann-Heink, of Hamburg. C. D. H.

SCHUBERT CELEBRATION IN DES MOINES.

On the evening of February twenty-second there was a Schubert celebration by the Riedelsberger Quartette, in Des Moines, Iowa, as one gathers from a casual allusion in a newspaper cutting sent to this office. From the advance announcements and the program of the evening the name of the city was omitted. When the celebrated New Zealander disinters one of these programs from some forgotten corner stone, where will be the proper historical celebrity for all such fine doings, if no localities or geographical names are to be discovered?

The selections consisted of the variations from the string quartette, "Death and the Maiden," a Serenade for cello solo, and the Trout Quintette. In connection with the two instrumental movements based upon themes previously used in songs, the songs themselves were sung immediately before playing the instrumental counterpart. There was an address upon Schubert, by Mr. J. W. Rehmann, a fugue for violin solo, from one of Bach's violin sonatas, and a string quartette, by Bazzini. A large audience was in attendance, and the playing and singing are both praised.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB REMEMBERS SCHUBERT.

The Chicago Twentieth Century Club celebrated Schubert with an address by Mr. Phillip Hale, the accomplished and well-informed musical editor of the Boston Journal, and some instrumental and vocal numbers. Mr. Hale's address began with one of his characteristic image-breaking introductions, in which, after "checking" one fraction of varnish after another, the listener is left asking himself whether after all it was worth while to celebrate a man so uninteresting; then he turned to more agreeable aspects of the case and eventually left upon his hearers a sympathetic and suitable idea of the greatest melodist known to the art of music.

In the course of his remarks Mr. Hale spoke plainly of Schubert's tendency to diffuseness, and instanced the Fantasia for piano and violin as a shining specimen of these objectionable qualities. Apparently he had not read the program, for by a curious irony of

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fate this interminable and horribly uninteresting work was played by Messrs. Boegner and Carl Wolfshon. The disinterested visitor could but experience sympathy for the club-members, at having their appetite for culture toyed with in so coy and inconclusive a manner.

Quite other in point and application was the song-singing of Mr. Frangcon Davies, who sang six Schubert songs delightfully. His selections were: "Ihr Bild," "Fruehlingsglaube," "Der Leiermann," "Der Doppelganger," "Du bist die Ruh," and "Die Jung Nonne"—all in English, despite the program.

The Twentieth Century Club is a private society, meeting at the houses of members, addressed by distinguished artists, authors, and men of affairs, and played and sung to by artists of distinction.

NEW WORKS BY MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

At the late concert of the Cecilia Society, of Boston, a ballad for female voices, "The Rose of Avon Town," was sung, the composer playing the accompaniments. Of the ballad the Advertiser says, "Nothing but praise can be said regarding the composition or its performance—both were interesting and artistic."

The Courier says: "It is an entirely charming, compact little composition, nicely balanced between the idyllic and the pastoral, flowing easily without awkward check anywhere." The Transcript and other papers were equally appreciative. In addition to accompanying her ballad, Mrs. Beach obligingly substituted as solo pianist, playing Beethoven's Variations, Opus 34, and three Chopin pieces: Mazurka, Opus 50, No. 1, Prelude in A flat, and Valse in E minor. The variations were found very interesting.

Mrs. Beach's "Gaelic" symphony was played at the fifth rehearsal and concert of the Buffalo Symphony Society, under the direction of Mr. Lund. The work made a most pleasing impression, and quite bore out the favorable anticipations formed for it when it was first played in Boston.

LECTURE BY MR. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Mr. William Armstrong, musical editor of the Chicago Tribune, has been giving several repetitions of a very interesting lecture, entitled "Unpublished Interviews With Great Musicians." The matters relate mostly to the more famous of recent pianists and singers, and a number of little grotesqueries come out in the course of the narration. Behind it all there is a pleasant sense of the humorous, and a good wit; and above this and through it a belief in the art of music and in the sincerity of some of its prominent exponents, which is gratifying to see. It was delivered before the pupils of the Chicago Musical College recently, and in Indianapolis and other cities. Previous to the lecture at the Musical College, Mr. Listemann played splendidly some Variations, Opus 5, by Alnaes, a composer not generally known.

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A CHARMING SINGER.

At the meeting of the Minneapolis Ladies' Thursday Musicale, January 29th, in addition to a pleasing program of various sorts, there was some delightful singing by Miss Margaret Hubbard, lately returned to Minneapolis from her studies abroad. Her numbers, sung in French, were "La Habanera," from Bizet's "Carmen," and the Letter Scene from Massenet's "Werther." In addition to these

MISS MARGARET HUBBARD.

there were one or two recalls, and other pieces the names of which are not at present accessible. Miss Hubbard has a very fine dramatic contralto voice, or low dramatic soprano, and her style is admirable. She is a very enjoyable song-singer of wholly exceptional qualifications. In the natural course of things her proper sphere would be light romantic opera, of the French type of opera comique; wanting this field, for which her social relations disincline her, she intends to do concert and drawing-room singing, in which field her refined yet sparkling style should make her a great success. Her

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standing with the five hundred ladies of the club was entirely in evidence upon the present occasion. A singer could not have been more popular.

RECEPTION OF THE CHICAGO MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY.

The Chicago Manuscript Society has given several programs to its members, and on February 12th it gave a very fine reception to Mme. Teresa Carreno, at the Wellington hotel. From nine to eleven the rooms were thronged with leading musicians, in respect to the distinguished guest of the evening. Curiously enough not a single American composer was offered up on the shrine of the goddess, and she on her own part was equally abstemious, not so much as mentioning the subject of music during all the active conversations of the circle which surrounded her. While this was unique and probably creditable as evincing a self-control not universal, I am not sure that I find it commendable. A great opportunity was lost. Mme. Carreno probably knows as little about American compositions (except her own) as anyone who could be mentioned, and what could have been a better opportunity for enlightening her? However, this is a case of conscience which we may leave to those whom it concerns. Socially the reception was a distinguished success, the credit of which should be placed to the committee in charge and to the president, Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAGNER'S PERSONAL HISTORY.

"A few friends of mine wish to study your Ten Evenings with Great Composers, and are using, in addition to the matter in MUSIC, parts of Vol. I. of How to Understand Music. We would like to know further where we can find something about Wagner's personal history. E. V. C."

I am in the habit of recommending as the best book of reference for subjects like the foregoing, "Great Composers and Their Works," a subscription book published by a Boston house. It is in three volumes when bound and you will find there about twenty pages relating to Wagner. This is one of the best short sketches I know of. In the three volumes of Liszt-Wagner and other letters of Wagner much interesting information comes to light. I believe there is something about Wagner in the second volume of Hadow's Studies in Modern Music, but am not sure, as I have never seen it. The first volume has Berlioz, Schumann and Brahms, I believe.

MASON'S TECHNICS BY MAIL.

"I understand that you are teaching the Mason system of piano work. I take the liberty of writing you to see if by any means I could learn more about it. Do you give instruction by mail, or could you suggest any good authority on the subject? G. E. B."

Any teacher of ordinary intelligence can make out the essential parts of the Mason system by her own study, if careful, with the following exception: The novelties in the Mason system consist of certain harmonic changes mechanically produced upon the chord of the diminished seventh, out of which arpeggio forms are derived in very productive combinations, and practically without limit as to number. There are also several unusual forms for scale practice, such as those in canon and various combinations of contrary motion. All these anyone can understand perfectly from the separate volumes as published by Presser, or perhaps even better from the single volume (Mason's Pianoforte Technics) published by Ditson Company.

These materials of practice are supposed to be diversified by means of different systems of counting and accentuation, whereby many repetitions are secured and the pupil is educated in rhythm. All this is perhaps even better explained in the older volume than in the later four of Presser. The latter are so concentrated that

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the average teacher finds it difficult to realize the vast amount of practice material which this system unfolds to her.

Besides these two elements, the value of which is quite as much mental as it is keyboard, and which are indeed indispensable to the earnest student (since no other technical combination offers similar advantages), Mason's system includes very peculiar combinations designed to influence the method of producing tone, and to make the touch deep, strong, light, facile and varied, as demanded by modern first-class piano playing. This part of the system is covered by the "Two Finger Exercises" and the "School of Octaves and Bravoura." (Vols. I. and IV., Presser edition.) All this material is in the older work except one topic, namely, the Arm touches. All the other varieties of touch and the exercises for obtaining them are in the old book quite as clearly as in the newer. The arm touches alone are in the Presser work exclusively.

This part of the Mason system differs so much from current systems of technical exercises that many students find themselves unable to understand it, and in the effort to be quite correct end by being stiff and angular; whereas the system is intended to produce precisely opposite conditions, namely, lightness, flexibility, and ease of playing, and consequently grace. This part of the work can be made out by the individual student who will carefully follow the directions in the books and will not stop with some one form, but will apply all four typical forms of the two-finger exercise, since they are especially designed to offset each other and correct the faults engendered by any one form of emphatic practice.

Since the Mason's Technics was published Del Sartean philosophy has made great progress in this country, whereby we understand some things better now. One of these subjects is that of "devitalization," or extreme looseness and limpness. This has to be gained and be made subject to control of the student. The later works, "Touch and Technic," explain this better than the older one.

Since the goodness or badness of playing depends entirely upon the manner in which it is done, and upon this point testimony of the player is absolutely valueless, nothing can be concluded certainly from any kind of report which a student can make with regard to his own playing. The teacher must see and hear for himself. Hence the mail is not effective.

My advice to any teacher is to get one or both of these books and apply in her own practice the arpeggios first, then the scales, and begin with the two-finger exercises at the same time, first trying to master the four typical forms: Clinging touch, arm touches, hand and finger elastic touch, and the light and fast forms. These cover the whole ground, and in my opinion the arm touches are among the most important of all, although Dr. Mason is leaving those among the "Advanced forms" in the new edition of Volume I. of Touch and Technic, now in course of publication. Everything will clear itself up when applied in teaching, provided the student takes variety enough, and remembers that whatever force may be applied

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for emphatic effects, everything has to be instantly loose and limp in the whole playing apparatus, the very moment that the force has been delivered. W. S. B. M.

THE VIOLIN OR OTHER INSTRUMENT IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

"Will you please give your opinion on the following point: Would you advise a teacher of music to take some instrument as a violin to develop the lesson in a school room, when there is no instrument in the department? A violin was used in our department last year, but this year it is not used, and it seems to me as if the pupils were not understanding their melody so well or singing with so good tone-quality. E. F."

There is no doubt but the use of an instrument for certain purposes in teaching school singing promotes accuracy, provided it is wisely used. To "lead the singing" by playing everything upon an instrument at the same time that the class is trying to sing, is not good. It conduces to a sort of leaning upon the instrument, a following along with it, which is the opposite of an independent carrying of the melody on the part of the children. What is wanted before every act of singing, whether a single tone, phrase or entire melody, is to get the entire thought in the child's mind, and to have the singing come as the expression of this thought, thus conceived in advance. Hence the first thing to aim at is this musical conception. In single tones, or phrases, to follow the example of the teacher, whether by voice or upon an instrument. When the class belongs to the lower grades and the teacher is a man, the child cannot exactly imitate the tone, since the child's voice is an octave higher. It is an advance for the child to suppose that in following the tone with the man he is singing precisely the same tones. He is singing other tones an octave higher, parallel with those of the man. Hence I think it an advantage to employ an instrument, violin, organ or piano (if in tune), to assist in giving the melodic idea in advance of singing; but the child's attempts ought not to be accompanied by an instrument playing the melody at the same pitch. As soon as the child has succeeded in imitating the melodic idea, then an accompaniment of chords will be very advantageous, and there would be no harm in supporting the melody with chords when the child is making his first attempts to sing it.

In the history of the development of the art of music the violin has played an important part, our entire art of legato melody having been learned from this instrument.

DEVELOPMENT OF MELODY.

"I have charge of a program the subject of which is The Development of Melody. Can you suggest any melodies or compositions that would illustrate the subject? I will begin with a Gregorian chant

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and attempt to follow the development down to modern times. Can you tell me whether there are any folk-songs in existence written before the time of Palestrina, and what melodies would you consider representative of American development? F. C."

The subject proposed is rather a large one. Melody seems to have come in by way of folk-songs, which probably were developed out of the reaction of dance forms with poetic conception—i. e., the poet put his verses into couplets following the melodic forms already devised for dancing, the symmetrical structure of which was necessitated by the allowance of time for completely turning the body around and for varying the step to the same music. Hence came in subdivisions of beats and the general development of ideas of symmetry. When poetry became thus symmetrical, nothing was more natural than the invention of folk-melody. Along in the time of the troubadours the movements were rather slow and formal, and the melodies of those times sound to us very much like psalm tunes; but presently quicker movements came into use.

Art melody grew up in opera, having been incited by the legato of the violin. There are many collections of folk-songs made by various government commissions. On page 271 of MUSIC for January, 1897, will be found a short list of such works.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

TROIS PIECES D'ORGUE.

Par Giovanni Tebaldini. Leipsic: J. Rieter-Biedermann. Each 2 Marks.

Chorale Prelude.
Intermezzo.
Marche Grave.

The composer of the three pieces above mentioned is one of the most serious of the younger Italian musicians, at present kapellmeister at the Cathedral of Padua. Educated first in the Milan conservatory, he afterwards graduated at the church music school at Regensburg and was placed at St. Marc's in Venice for the purpose of restoring the pure music of the Palestrinian school. The writer of the present lines had the pleasure of attending a singing class for the choir, which Mr. Tebaldini conducted at the venerable church of St. Giacomo by the Rialto, the oldest church edifice in Venice, now appertaining to the parish of St. Marc's. At that time (1890) he said that it would be six months longer before the singers would be sufficiently advanced to appear in pure church music, and about two years before they would reach anything of Palestrina. Mr. Tebaldini is a sound musician, and his influence towards raising the standard of Italian church music has been and is very important.

The three organ pieces herewith given are not, as one might suppose, belligerently contrapuntal, but good sound organ music, quasi melodious, effective, and not difficult—as would naturally be the case in Italy where the standard of strict organ playing is still low, and according to modern standards upheld by one or two organists only. The prelude is founded upon the choral Gregorian theme of the Kyrie of the "Mass of the Angels." It is dedicated to M. Francis Plante.

The Intermezzo is lighter, and is dedicated to Mr. F. J. Breitenbach, organist of the Cathedral of Lucerne. The "Marche Grave," dedicated to the celebrated Italian master of organ, M. Enrico Bossi, is upon the Gregorian theme of the Vexilla. This piece took the prize at the Tribune of St. Gervais, Paris, 1896. Worth knowing.

EARLY CORRESPONDENCE OF HANS VON BUELOW.

Edited by His Widow. Selected and Translated into English by Constance Bache. With two portraits. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1897.

The selection of Hans von Buelow's early letters just brought out by Messrs D. Appleton and Company, throws considerable light

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upon the simple nature and early life of the late celebrated pianist and conductor. Most of our biographies hitherto have taken Buelow from the time when he first began to attract attention as an artist through Liszt's generous encouragement and assistance, and content themselves with the brilliant features and sometimes eccentric incidents of his later career. The present finely executed and portly volume (p. 266) begins with some of the letters of the dutiful and well brought up little German boy, belonging to a family of note in official Prussian circles, and traces his struggles to break away from the office holding traditions of the family in order to enter the career of musical artist, to which he found himself irresistibly drawn. The musical influences active in this early life were those which retained their force upon him all through his career, namely, Richard Wagner and Liszt. Wagner, in his relation to the boy Buelow, shows himself in a light much more commendable than those in which we usually regard him. During his first years immediately following his exile from Germany, Wagner conducted the small theater at Zurich, where they produced about three operas a week. Wagner's relation to this place seems to have been one of unusual authority, due to his prestige as rising composer and his having been for seven years conductor of the celebrated court theater at Dresden. Without giving himself up to the routine of the position he seems to have had authority of a supervisatory character, of such scope as to enable him to nominate two young men, Hans von Buelow and Carl Ritter, as joint conductors—both very young (Buelow not yet twenty) and both inexperienced. Buelow appears to have succeeded respectably, and in the position he held later, at St. Gall, he distinguished himself by the effectiveness of his drill and the intelligence of his work. Wagner in this case acted as encourager and provided for the two boys, and in this light appears quite different from the Wagner always wanting Liszt to do something for him.

The book is a very interesting chapter of musical history and at another time it will be considered at greater length.

(From the Oliver Ditson Company.)

REQUIEM.—Charles Gounod. Octavo, 89 Pages.

From a note on the title page of the foregoing it appears that this Requiem was the work upon which Mr. Gounod was last engaged. In fact, his death occurred while he was seated at the piano playing this Requiem at St. Cloud, October 15th, 1895.

It consists of the usual movements of a Requiem Mass, the treatment being rather simple for the voices but affording a great many opportunities for fine choral effect. Much of the graphical part of the poetical coloring is left for the instruments. Available for church use or for musical societies.

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NOTTINGHAM HUNT.—Fred. Field Bullard.

A hearty song for baritone. It hardly seems worth while writing songs in the year 1896 about King Charles and the cavaliers. This, however, is a question of taste which every composer and singer will settle for himself.

GOOD-NIGHT! BELOVED.—Charles A. Chase.

A rather pleasing song of moderate difficulty.

SINCE LAST WE MET.—Harriet Burdett Wills.

Pleasing.

MORNING LOVE SONG.—John Franklin Botume.

A somewhat sprightly melody, rather effective for soprano or tenor. The words would indicate a tenor.

TO-NIGHT.—John Francis Gilder.

Song for low soprano or baritone, the accompaniment rather more elaborate than those just noticed. Capable of being sung with good effect.

SERENADE TO THE STARS. For Piano.—Benjamin Godard.

In the French style; rather elusive. Pleasing if very well done. A very good study for crisp touches. Fourth grade.

VILLAGE FETE.—Benjamin Godard.

Still more Frenchy than the preceding. Abounding in double notes with the right hand, thirds mainly. Very fanciful in its changes of subject. Useful practice. Advanced fourth grade.

CAPRICE ESPANOL.—Homer N. Bartlett.

Quite brilliant. Quasi popular in style. Fifth grade.

MEDICI GAVOTTE.—Harry Pabst.

Very simple gavotte. Good deal of staccato. Light, pleasing; third grade.

MEDITATION.—Charles H. Mayer.

A meditation, or song without words, in which the melody fails to arrive. The impression it gives is somewhat vague.

LITTLE WITCHES DANCE.—C. Krogmann.

Available for teaching. Third grade.

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GRIEG'S "PEER GYNT" SUITE.

"Would you kindly take the trouble to answer a question or two concerning the composer Grieg? Where can I get hold of a sketch or biography of him? What does the title "Peer Gynt Suite" signify? Is Anitra a real person? Was not a sketch of Grieg published in one of our American periodicals within the past year? T. F. R."

The handiest sketch of Grieg is that in the J. B. Millet "Famous Composers and Their Works," which I have so often referred to. You will find something concerning him in Grove's dictionary, and in Riemann. There was an article upon Grieg by Dr. William Mason in the Century magazine, a year or two ago. It was the number which had a portrait of Grieg as frontispiece. With reference to the "Peer Gynt" suite, I think the easiest answer will be to reproduce the notes which I made last year for the symphony program:

"Peer Gynt" is a ne'er-do-weel invented by Heinrich Ibsen, years and years ago, and embodied in his elaborate and mystical poem of the same title. In the course of his many explorations of the world in avoidance of all responsibility, many adventures and mishaps befall him. It is little of these that come into Grieg's music—which is quite as well, for there is little of musical worth in the character of the title rôle.

"Morning" is simply an idyl of sunrise upon the mountains, where in the pure air and the stillness the beams of day strike upon unaccustomed vision like a grand voluntary of praise. The scale of the music is practically that of five tones. The form of the melodic ideas is Norwegian; but the noble and sweet spirit of the music is peculiar to no country or people. Beneath all beats the common heart of humanity; and through it all human hearts look up to Nature's God.

Aase (they say it is pronounced O-ah-seh, accent the second syllable) was the mother of Peer Gynt. Left alone by her vagrant and ne'er-do-weel son, she dies in poverty in her little cabin far up the mountain side. It is this dreariness of unloved death which perhaps Grieg would recall to us in the title.

Anitra was a fascinating minx of the desert, encountered by Peer Gynt one time when masquerading as the Prophet. Becoming infatuated with the fascinating enchanter, she takes advantage of the pleasure her dancing gives him to beguile from him all his jewels and at length his steed, and the Prophet pursues his ignoble way on foot. In the music nothing of this comes, excepting only the fairy and spirituel grace of the beautiful maiden of the desert. Her dance is at least well named, and one can pardon Peer Gynt for his failure in judgment. She might have deceived a better man.

In an earlier part of the book Peer Gynt follows a fascinating Norwegian maiden up the mountain side, only to find her the daughter of the Dovre king, a sort of homely blending of witch, fairy, mermaid and everything of the sort—a perverted fairy conception. In the hall of the Mountain King he finds gnomes and various forms of joke and prank, to whose tender mercies he is turned over. The music brings us the prankiness of these queer folks, and the underground and uncanny atmosphere of their habitat. It is quite a similar crowd to that which poor Rip Van Winkle so unfortunately "met-up" with nearer our own homes; but it formed no part of Grieg's purpose to carry the analogy too far.

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HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT.

Along in the month of February there was a very pleasant song recital given by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dayton Smith, assisted by Miss Blanche Dingley, accompanist, in the chapel of the Young Woman's Christian Association, on Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Several well-known musicians present were observed to be interested listeners to the fine selection of songs so admirably sung by Mrs. Smith. The songs were of various schools, all choice, and to many of them the accompaniments were intricate, calling for the most artistic qualities of a piano. As the concert went on the tone quality of the fine grand piano grew upon the hearers, and one of these gentlemen, who is nothing if not enthusiastic regarding piano tone, was more and more curious to know what piano it was which filled the hall with so musical and so resonant yet so sympathetic a tone.

Accordingly at the first intermission he made his way to the green room to ask the accompanist, and learned what he might have suspected before, that it was a Kimball parlor grand. The accompanist, who on her own part is very critical in respect to tone and action, fully agreed with him in the satisfactory musical qualities, and added that the action was very even and responsive. Later in the evening the instrument was tried in a variety of piano solos both brilliant and poetic, and in all the instrument stood fully up to previous tests.

On inquiry it was learned that this instrument, which had seemed to these excellent judges so unexpectedly good, belongs to the chapel where it was found, and is simply one of the regular stock of these splendid looking and beautifully sounding parlor grands which the Kimball company is turning out almost every day in the year.

EGBERT SWAYNE.

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A NEW BOOK ENTITLED

TALKS WITH PIANO TEACHERS,

will be placed on the market in February or March, 1897.

The work is written by Emma Wilkins-Gutmann at present one of the faculty of the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, and for a time a pupil of Oscar Raif and Th. Leschetizky in German.

Calvin B. Cady and Julius Klauser are also credited for many of the ideas set forth in this work.

Talks with Piano Teachers is just what its title implies. It is not a piano method in any sense, but full of the most helpful suggestions to the young teacher or to those of limited experience.

Mrs. Wilkins-Gutmann does not narrow her suggestions down to the plane of single ideas; does not give them in the meaning that they are the only ones and must be followed to the letter, but on the contrary, endeavors (and does it successfully) to offer her suggestions in a way that will lead teachers to think for themselves and to devise ways of their own if the suggestions offered do not seem to fit the case. It can be stated positively that to most teachers of the pianoforte, and especially to those of limited experience, this work will prove a mine of helpful ideas and valuable information. How often does the teacher get a pupil who presents a new case of difficulty in handling and is in despair to know what to do with him. We can safely say this book will be sure to suggest a way out.

Mrs. Wilkins-Gutmann in this work shows that she has been an extremely close observer, not only from cases offered in her own large experience in teaching, but in absorbing to the fullest extent the ideas of those with whom she has studied, and even of those with whom she has come in brief contact. We know of no other work at all like this, and certainly none which covers the ground so extensively and comprehensively.

The subjects treated are:

Some Essentials in Music.	Phrasing.
Ear Training.	Memorizing.
Time and Rhythm.	The Use of Pedals.
Finger Training.	Reading.

The book also contains a large list of material for teaching and a table of musical terms and forms.

Talks with Piano Teachers will be a book of about 100 pages, bound in flexible cloth, and will be listed at $1.00 retail. The net price to teachers will be 80 cents. Mention MUSIC in ordering.

CLAYTON F. SUMMY COMPANY,

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TOUCH AND TECHNIC.

VOL. 1. THE TWO FINGER EXERCISES.
VOL. 2. THE SCALES.
VOL. 3. ARPEGGIOS.
VOL. 4. OCTAVES AND BRAVOURA.

JOSEFFY.

DR. WILLIAM MASON.

TRANSLATION.

I feel constrained to say to you today that after the most thorough examination, I consider your Technical Studies (Touch and Technic) as a master work, which holds an unapproachable position among the most important pedagogical works.

Es drängt mich Ihnen heute zu sagen dass ich nach genauester Durchsicht Ihre technischen Studien für ein Meisterwerk halte, welches neben den bedeutendsten pädagogischen Werken eine unantastbare Stellung behaupten wird.

Rafael Joseffy

PUBLISHED BY THEODORE PRESSER,
1708 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

This System is Taught in Chicago by W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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MR. XAVER SCHARWENKA.

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MUSIC

APRIL, 1897.

THE BOY HANS VON BUELOW AS SEEN IN HIS LETTERS.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

The volume of early correspondence of the late distinguished pianist and conductor, Hans von Buelow, presents an interesting personality, and glimpses of the intimate life of a generation of great musicians whose names by this time are names and little more. Hans von Buelow was born in Dresden, January 8, 1830, in a house diagonally across the street from that in which the poet Koerner was born. Buelow's father was a literary man and scholar of intelligence and ready sympathy. The mother, Franciska von Bülow, had pronounced musical tastes, and was in fact a fair amateur pianist, but she belonged to a family of noted men of affairs, bureau people. It would seem from the early letters that the boy had been accustomed to a certain ease in money affairs, and both father and mother had distinguished connections in Leipsic, Berlin, and elsewhere.

The musical side of Franciska Buelow's nature, which in part her son inherited from her, did not carry with it the usual amenities of a musical temperament. She was passionate, a very strict devotee, strongly ecclesiastical in disposition; at first in the established church, later she went over to Catholicism, but only at the ripe age of eighty-four—she was a mother not likely to make an agreeable home for such a boy as her son Hans. Moreover, between father and mother there were disillusions and uncongenialities of temperament, which by the time the boy was ten years of age had resulted in the then rare experience of divorce, having no other ground than the now familiar one of "incompatibility of temper." In spite of these unfavorable elements in his environment, Hans von Bülow

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retained a lovely cheerfulness of disposition, a very quick and ready mental responsiveness, and a faculty for making and retaining friends of the very best sort.

The musical gifts of the boy asserted themselves at an early age. When scarcely nine years old, his teacher of piano then being the violinist Henselt, he was accustomed to amuse himself by reading music when confined to his bed a few days with a light illness; he went to churches where fine music was to be heard, and upon returning home was able to play by ear the melodies which had particularly pleased him. Nevertheless, nothing was further from the intentions of his parents than that music should form to him anything more than a pleasant pastime and a part of that large culture which to the elder Von Buelow was signified by the much abused word "education." His mother thought that "great musical talent would beautify his life, would keep him away from many useless, foolish things, and would always ensure him an agreeable position in society."

In the musical world at that time two great virtuosi occupied the foremost position. They were the violinist, Paganini, and the pianist, Liszt. When Liszt was in Dresden, as early as 1842 to 1844, Franciska von Buelow made his acquaintance, and they were accustomed to meet in society. When Liszt came to the house he met the gifted boy, Hans, and it is related that on one occasion when visiting at a neighbor's of the Buelow's, Liszt declined to play unless they brought the little Hans, who accordingly was sent for, aroused from his early slumbers (for it was in the evening) and brought to see this friend who to him was so much all through life.

The first letter of the series in the volume just printed in English ("Early Correspondence of Hans von Buelow, translated by Constance Bache—D. Appleton & Company) was written to his mother from Leipsic, May 23, 1841—the boy being then just past eleven. After conventional beginnings he goes on:

"I am now quite settled; I have two lessons a week from Herr Hasse, who corrects my work and gives me fresh work to do; I also have French lessons every day from Fraulein Hackstaedt. I have lots of amusement at the rider's booth and in the panorama, and I have been to a Bellini opera. The best first—'I Capuletti ed i Montechi.' Oh, when I heard

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that this heavenly opera was going to be given I was quite beside myself for joy, for I could already flatter myself with hope, as aunt had promised to send me to a Bellini opera. Demoiselle Kreutzer (daughter of the Kapellmeister) was starring it here from the Cologne theater and played Juliet, and she will also play in 'Robert the Devil,' and perhaps later in her father's opera, 'Nachtlager'—so she says. She pleases me very much; her voice and appearance are beautiful, only she makes such faces when she sings. Romeo, Madame Schmidtgen, I did not like. The three men I liked. But the choruses were very badly sung; I had expected them to be much better."

A few days later, when it was proposed to send him away to a summer resort for his health, he vigorously protests that there is plenty of air at Leipsic, and adds:

"It is of the utmost use to me to hear Madame Schumann, and this more than anything else will urge me on to more practice. I am keeping my diary, but I don't know in the least how to 'meditate a little and write it down,' as you recommend. I am practicing now Bach Fugues, Poeme d'Amour, Mayer's Studies, Beethoven's D minor and C sharp sonatas, and keeping up other pieces, such as Hummel's A minor concerto and Septet."

On the 9th of May, 1845, the boy of fifteen writes: "I practice steadily two hours a day and have got up again what I had lost by neglect. I am playing Chopin, Henselt, Bach and Hummel, and have begun to study the fantasia 'Oberon's Magic Horn.' I have already had two lessons from Herr Hauptmann. I like him very much. Yesterday I went twice to see Herr Plaidy, but he was not at home."

About two weeks later he writes again, having arisen at half-past four on account of a family birthday festival and a railway excursion, which, however, does not begin until eleven o'clock:

"With regard to my piano playing you may set your mind at rest. 'Je travaille comme un negre' (I work like a negro) I can truly say. Every morning I play shake exercises, scales simple and chromatic of all kinds, exercises for throwing the hands; for these I use a study of Moscheles, one of Steibelt, and a two part fugue of Bach, which I play in octaves (it was Otto Goldschmidt who recommended me to do this), and

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Toccatas of Czerny which Herr Plaidy gave me, and Moscheles' and Chopin's Studies; so that I do not find any others of Bertini, Cramer or Clementi necessary; I have enough to do with the Chopin studies. I finished Field's A major concerto yesterday; I have only studied the first movement. Mr. Plaidy thinks the others are not worth much—and at my next lesson I shall begin Mendelssohn's D minor concerto. Besides these I am studying by myself Bach's Fugues, Klengel's Canons, Oberon's Zauberhorn, Hummel's Fantasia, Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata, and am keeping up my old pieces, such as Chopin's Tarantella and Nocturnes, Henselt's Variations and Spring Song, and Hummel's B minor concerto. I played Beethoven's C major sonata to Mr. Hauptmann, whose lessons are of great interest and pleasure to me. He praised my conception of it and gave me a few hints and some advice now and then, which it would take too long to tell you about. Then I played him a fugue of Bach's in which he found fault with Czerny's edition, which gives it staccato, as I played it, but Hauptmann thinks that it would better suit the character of this fugue (C minor) to play it legato. I have played duets with Goldschmidt, and he is invited again next Sunday with Joachim."

In the year 1846 Eduard von Buelow removed from Dresden to Stuttgart, where Hans made the acquaintance of Joachim Raff, Molique, the celebrated violinist; Benedict, the conductor from London, and other notables. Meanwhile the boy had been composing, and before he was as yet seventeen some of his compositions had been sent to Kapellmeister Richard Wagner, at Dresden, who, after keeping them a while, returned them with commendations, and at length with the encouragement to "Go on trying and let me soon see something more." Wagner also said to Ritter, who had brought the Buelow pieces to him, "An undeniable talent."

Just before reaching the age of eighteen Hans von Buelow entered at the University of Leipsic. Here he began a course of serious studies in philosophy, letters and literature, of which a letter to his mother, dated June 24, 1848, gives a good account. He says:

"The lectures I am attending are Psychology and Logic from Weisse, every day from seven to eight (very clever lectures, sometimes rather obscure, but he dictates a great deal

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so that one can think it over at home). And it is very nice that he gives his lecture so early, because then one is obliged to get up early. Four times a week Wachsmuth reads Universal History from eight to nine, which is rather interesting and useful. W. is no very great man, but he knows how to make his lectures very interesting, especially by quoting the sources of his information. Twice a week Haupt reads, from ten to eleven, Tacitus' 'Germania,' which is of much interest both grammatically and historically. He is also in my opinion the best speaker, as he always speaks in an equal tone and never interrupts himself." Other particulars he gives of yet other distinguished lectures, the time of which aggregates twenty hours a week. Meanwhile his piano practice goes on regularly with a repertory of distinguished and advanced pieces.

While in Leipsic he lived with a family of relatives, the head of which was a banker of eminence, the son a professor in the university, in short people of refinement, distinguished position and intense conservatism. But the air of Saxony was full of revolution and freedom of thought. Thus presently the young man found his position unbearable, and Hans broke with them, and during the interim paid a visit to Weimar. There he renewed his acquaintance with Liszt.

"After some futile attempts, I met Liszt at one o'clock (Wednesday). He had to go to the Grand-Ducal dinner, but we had an hour's talk together upon various subjects—Raff, Wagner, who Liszt hopes is in Paris. (Wagner had fled from Dresden to Switzerland and after the absurd outbreak of 1848, and not to Paris as Liszt here hoped.) In the afternoon he appointed me to meet him at the Altenburg, the abode of the Princess Wittgenstein, where Liszt is also accustomed to spend the whole day." Here he met a pupil of Liszt, Winterberger, and himself played for the master. He was particularly interested in hearing Liszt's interpretation of the Beethoven concerto in E flat. He goes on:

"On Thursday he dined with me at the Russicher Hof, where I also am stopping. He came with the most notable artists and singers, who all adore him, and whom he treats with unspeakable kindness. He is a quite perfect man. Today I was at Stoer's, the leading violinist, who has also done something as composer—there was no end of his praise. Liszt's playing, and his whole personality, have completely inspired

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me; all the brilliant gifts of former days he still possesses in fullest measure, but a more manly repose, and all-round solidity, complete his truly exalted character."

"Early yesterday I was with him at the rehearsal of 'Fidelio.' I was perfectly carried away by his conducting—admirable, astounding! In the evening he played trios at the Altenburg. We were again with him from seven to eleven. Tomorrow he is going to have my Quartette played. He has placed his room, piano, musical library, at my disposal every morning—naturally I have often availed myself of his permission."

A few days later the quartette was played to Liszt, who being detained away from the first performance had the advantage of a repetition when the players had more perfectly learned their parts. Then in turn "Liszt gave us an immense pleasure that same day by his performance of the 'Tannhäuser' overture, which he has paraphrased in the most wonderful manner, and with the greatest assiduity (he made three different arrangements of it); he has managed to give the effects in such a wonderful manner upon the piano as no other pianist I am sure will ever be able to do. In all probability he will publish this arrangement, as well as the transcription of Wolfram's song. The latter is not particularly difficult; and the former does not look so very awful on paper, yet the playing of it was such a strain upon him that he was obliged to stop for a moment once near the end; and he very seldom plays it because it exhausts him too much, so he said to me afterwards, 'You can write in your diary that I have played the 'Tannhäuser' overture to you.'"

The young Buelow had now reached the age of twenty, and his inclinations were stronger than ever to music, which up to this time had been regarded as a pleasant diversion in the life of a student, but by no means suitable for a life work. He visited his father, who, remarried congenially, was now leading the life of a retiring scholar at Oetlishausen. Shortly he disappeared; he had gone to see Richard Wagner at Zurich. Then began a struggle to secure the approval of his parents, particularly of his mother, to his undertaking the life of a musician. He unfolds his ideas at length and with great earnestness, but moderation, in long letters to his father and mother. He induces Wagner and Liszt both to write to the

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mother. Meanwhile Wagner opened a way for the boy to be independent insofar as earning a livelihood was concerned. Wagner was then acting as honorary conductor of the theater at Zurich. Here he had influence enough to appoint the young Bulow to the post of assistant conductor, which he was to share with another protege, Carl Ritter. Ritter undertook first of all to write an opera, so the first chance fell to Bulow. Here he had no small difficulty, but also a distinguished momentary success as conductor. He writes concerning the duties of his post in terms awakening a lively picture of its demands:

"I am now tremendously busy in rehearsals, early in the morning and in the afternoon regularly, from three to four hours each time. I have already conducted four times in public: twice it was the farce, 'Einmal hundert tausend Thaler,' and of operas the 'Daughter of the Regiment' and the 'Czaar und Zimmermann.' It is not such an easy task as it appears; it requires a thorough extensive study, almost to the point of learning the operas by heart, and that is a great strain and also takes a great deal out of one."

He also began to appear as pianist, rightly concluding that fame in this direction would tend to make his authority as conductor more sure. So he writes of playing two fantasias by Kullak and Liszt, upon "Norma" and "Sonnambula." Should he gain the opportunity of playing at a second concert he intends to play a Beethoven sonata and the Liszt "Tannhäuser" overture. His career as conductor was a little checkered. He writes with considerable feeling at the emptiness and insignificance of the last opera he had conducted. It was Auber's "Fra Diavolo." Later a break occcurred between the husband of one of the singers and the conductors, which necessitated the resignation of Bulow, whereupon he heard of a place at St. Gall, where he assumed the duties of conductor for some months. His life here was laborious in the extreme. The orchestral players, sixty in number, were most of them amateurs, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and the like—men of position who played for the love of it and also for the sake of having an orchestra of suitable numbers. With these gentlemen, who had been accustomed to refrain from rehearsals and even from practice, the young conductor had rather a difficult time. He mentions the case of one who was an amateur upon

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that most treacherous of instruments, the bassoon, whom it was constantly necessary to watch and signal "not yet," "not yet," until in the end the conductor got so anxious that when the moment of entrance came he still automatically said "not yet"—whereupon the music was perhaps even better assured than if he had permitted the desired entrance. In one of his conversations, years later, Bulow attempted to locate here the story of the good time-keeper who played the tympani, and upon finding a long rest was accustomed to go out to a neighboring beer saloon, returning, however, in time to effect his entrance at the close of the rest, having counted his measures all the time he was swallowing his beer. Of his daily life perhaps the following letter to his father gives as good an idea as any extract that could be made. The date is St. Gall, January, 1851:

"Your advice to me to freeze in the cold, I am following with a peculiar expansion in the frosty feeling. Thus I never have any fire, as the iron stove makes it so unbearably hot for an hour that I am obliged to throw open the windows, and then that brings back the original temperature. Besides, it would be a luxury, as I only get up at seven, and from nine, and occasionally ten o'clock, I have rehearsals—chorus rehearsals, which would drive one to distraction if the ladies were not so amiable and the gentlemen so good-humored. For we have no separate chorus singers, but all the personnel of the play and of the opera is obliged to take part in the choruses. In this noble occupation we go on until midday, when we dine; then we go to the Loewe, drink our coffee, have a look at the 'Augsburger' and the 'Siecle,' regale ourselves with 'Charavari,' which just now has some capital caricatures about German affairs, and meet our friends. In the afternoon I am again schoolmaster and have my ears martyred from half-past two to half-past four. In the evening there is either orchestral rehearsal or theater, and the day is ended before one is aware of it. If it is then very cold, I get into bed and study scores, which have the advantage over books that one does not go to sleep over them. I have now thoroughly studied the 'Freyschuetz,' i. e. the score, so that I am learning it by heart. For next Friday, I hope, with the help of God Almighty, the 'Freyschuetz' will be given. I hope it will go pretty well; I shall have three orchestral rehearsals."

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About this time the thoughtful Liszt wrote a lovely letter to the father of Hans, advising that the boy come to him at Weimar and study piano, saying that in three years' time he would become independent as a virtuoso and be able to maintain himself with honor, independent of subordinate positions, leaving him free to wait without anxiety the honorable positions which certainly would later seek talent such as he had already shown. It is a beautiful letter and well worth quoting entire, but unfortunately space forbids.

The father of Hans came to St. Gall to hear the "Freyschuetz," a performance which seems to have gotten itself assisted after the pious wish of the young conductor, and in a letter to Ernest von Buelow the pleased father recounts the admiration he had heard everywhere expressed in the little Swiss town for his son's mastership as conductor and pianist. A couple of weeks later he played the "Tannhauser" overture in a concert at Zurich, where Richard Wagner conducted the "Sinfonia eroica."

In May, 1851, the proud father writes to Ernest von Buelow:

"Hans has been with us for the last four weeks, well and bright, for a rest after his veritable musical campaign in St. Gall. His labors there have ended with honor. He has gone through a schooling such as no other young musician of his age would easily do, and is now in a position to conduct any orchestra. He is just now composing a string quartet, and intends after that to compose a symphony to Aeschylus' 'Oresteia,' which he is studying in the original for that purpose. In a fortnight he goes to Munich, and thence to Liszt at Weimar, with whom he is to live."

(To be Concluded.)

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

III.

(The author continues the narrative.)

It was a small room, furnished in the style known as oriental, which means that it was dimly lighted and confusingly full of draped silk effects. It had several large divans filled with soft cushions, each with its canopy half hiding it from observation at any other part of the room.

Miss Loveton said in a tone which expressed hesitation as to the propriety of what she intended to say:

"If you don't very much mind, Mr. Blaming, we will sit in here to-night. For, you see, if we do not the hall or the stairs will be our only refuge," she smiled up at him as she stooped to pass the bamboo curtain and the silk damask portiere which he held back for her.

"You see," she went on, when they were comfortably seated side by side among the pillows on one of the divans, "Mamma is in the dining room instructing a new maid in her duties, and papa is in the drawing-room talking stock with his broker, and in the sitting-room upstairs Cousin Julia is trying to rejuvenate an old flame. We simply had to come in here!"

"Certainly, certainly, pray don't apologize," said Mr. Blaming in his quick way, with the air of one who has conferred a favor.

"By the way," he went on, "I had the pleasure of discomfiting an enemy of yours to-day."

"Of mine?" wonderingly.

"Yes, Mr. Barrington came in to see me. (You possibly know the provisions of his father's will.) He is not succeeding with his work, and I am of the opinion that he never will. He had the temerity to ask if I and my associate executors would assist him with his work; would, in short, give him advice. Fortunately, Mr. Earlington, the dissenting member of the Board, was absent. I therefore acted very positively in the matter.

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"I told him that he could not expect to form a proper and suitable style in one year. (I flatter myself that I quite floored him when I told him that my own style required twenty years of practice to bring it to its present state of perfection.) He said he had supposed that it would be part of our duty to assist him by our literary advice. I replied that I, for one, wished to have nothing whatever to do with a man who owed his tailor, and who had an unpaid bill of $3,000 for jewelry. I quite crushed him by this last piece of information; but like all irresponsible men he quickly recovered and made one or two personal remarks about me which are not necessary to repeat. When I reported the matter to the Board they quite applauded my conduct—were very complimentary, in fact."

"But will not Mr. Earlington oppose your action?"

"We shall tell him nothing about it. Nothing whatever;" said Mr. Blaming, pursing his lips, and then audibly opening them.

"Did you say the jewelry bill was for $3,000?" asked Miss Loveton, turning a brilliant diamond which adorned her third finger.

"You know we paid $10,000 of Mr. Barrington's debts, of which $4,000 went toward the jewelry bill I have spoken of, which was originally $7,000. I cannot imagine how he could have used so much jewelry. I am told that it is considered extremely vulgar for a man to wear any in the present day."

Miss Loveton looked at the rings upon her fingers with a new kind of appreciation.

"Miss Loveton, I should like to ask you, if the question be permitted, about your engagement with Mr. Barrington. It is rumored that he was responsible for the rupture, but I have persistently denied this whenever I have heard it."

"Mr. Blaming," very seriously, "I suppose I should have told you something about this before. Believe me, that many times during the last few months, since you have been so good as to call upon me, I had it on my tongue to speak to you. But I was afraid that you might not understand me as I wanted to be understood. You see, it is— that is, it is—Oh, I cannot tell you!" and she let her eyes fall to the ground and shivered slightly, clasping her hands in her lap.

"Miss Loveton, I would too greatly esteem any confidence of yours to misunderstand it." (Very insinuatingly.)

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"Thank you," said Miss Loveton softly, looking up at him from under her long lashes and (unintentionally) placing her hand on his.

"Oh," said Mr. Blaming, "let it remain, let it remain; it does not annoy me;" and he took amorous possession of it.

"Oh, please don't," she said quickly, with some confusion of manner; and then followed two or three moments of embarrassed silence, while he noticed with pleasure that her bosom was heaving. He believed with agitation. After a moment she said:

"Something warned me against him at the first, but he was so persistent and I saw so much of him that I finally forgot this feeling. And when he proposed to me for the fifth time I was so sorry for the poor fellow that I accepted him. You see, I am foolish enough to believe that a woman, if she be a true woman, should be willing to assume some of the hardships and sacrifice of life."

"Very noble, very noble," interrupted Mr. Blaming, possessing himself again of her hand.

"After we were engaged he shocked my feelings—though perhaps I am over sensitive—" reflectively, "many times, but I thought that he had never known the influence of a woman and that I could reform him. And how did he repay me! The moment his father died and he supposed himself wealthy, he came here and taking from me the poor little engagement ring he had given, brutally broke the engagement. I was completely prostrated, not that I cared a bit for the man. It was his ingratitude and heartlessness which I felt, and then he made matters worse by spreading the report that I had received valuable jewels from him which I refused to part with. He even declared that family heirlooms were presents from him. You can imagine how I felt."

"Miss Loveton," said Mr. Blaming, deeply moved, "is not the ay—ah—friendship of a man of my age of more satisfaction to you than that of a young fool like Barrington?"

"Can you ask?" she said gently, pressing his hand as she withdrew hers.

"He shall suffer for the way he has treated you. I can promise that. I had intended (now that I have come into my fortune) to resign my executorship, but I shall retain it! If that young man gets that estate twenty years hence he may con-

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gratulate himself." Mr. Blaming made a gesture which showed his firmness of purpose.

"I really do not wish him any harm." (Resignedly.)

"You need not be disturbed; it is my private opinion that he has not the brains to succeed."

"You do not think hardly of me for my intimacy with him?"

"Miss Loveton, you were victimized, you could not do wrong," and again he possessed himself of that soft white hand which was luring him to his fate. Ah! Mr. Blaming, before it is too late draw back. Do you think that your fifty years of bachelorhood makes you proof against those blue eyes and that dainty figure, and the deep richness of her voice, which seems to delight you, you know not why? But the thought did not come to him; an impluse, a sensation he had not had for thirty years overcame him, a look of determination settled upon his face and he raised her hand to his lips and industriously covered it with kisses.

She rose hurriedly and walked slowly away from him, her head lowered as if in shame at his action. When she turned she was at the end of the room. Mr. Blaming sat forward on the couch, so frightened, so agitated, that he was not his own master. At last she came out of the gloom and he saw that her lips were compressed, her head lowered and her cheeks pink with her blushes. It is her modesty, declared this deluded scholar, and in some remote part of his heart a feeling of respect for that kind of woman rose and joined hands with the amorous tendency of his mind and urged by both he went quickly forward and met her.

"Have you no respect for me?" she asked, with a sob in her voice and a gesture of despair.

Shamefaced Mr. Blaming hesitated and then—then he seized her hand and falling on one knee said earnestly, even passionately:

"Miss Loveton, you are an angel; I do respect you. I love you, will you be my wife? I know my age is against me. I am wealthy. I will lay every desire at your feet. Do not look so cold; oh! Ruth, say yes to my suit."

"Mr. Blaming," she said, her voice shaking, he thought, with agitation, "I must not, I cannot answer you now. Please,

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please let me go; I will write to you; it was so unexpected—I am so—so unworthy," and she hurried from the room.

II.

"What are you laughing at so, Ruth?"

"Oh, at Mr. Blaming. He is so ridiculous. He has proposed, papa."

"My beloved——"

"No, dear, do not do that. You and I understand each other. I am to be congratulated on getting the better of a selfish old creature, but do you (she was scornful) expect to congratulate me on a marriage with such a man!"

"Oh no, dear; certainly not. Did you regularly accept him, Ruth?" (anxiously.)

"No," indifferently, "I shall write and accept him in a week."

"Is that wise, my dear?"

"Papa," she said, and rising, stamped her foot; her face flushed, she clenched her hands so they started white with the pressure, and again and again the little foot came down. Then she went to her room and cried softly, how long I do not know.

"I am heartily glad she did not say it," said Mr. Loveton, with a sigh of resigned goodness as he turned to his work at the desk.

After a while he said dejectedly, "She may be happy with him; who can tell? I'm afraid young Barrington made an impression!—Hum!—I'm very much afraid he did!"

CHAPTER V.

The servant announced Mr. Barrington. I went forward to meet him. We shook hands and I noticed that he felt embarrassed and constrained.

"Will you sit down here by the fire?"

"Thank you, sir. I—that is, well, I supposed I ought to be pleased at your having asked me to come here; but I should like to know first why you did so."

"That is reasonable and I will explain. You called upon the executors on a day when I was not in town——"

"I could not know that."

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"Certainly not; you asked them to advise with you about your work and they replied that they were all agreed in wishing to have nothing to do with you. I learned of this only two days ago. My associates did not see fit to inform me of their decision as expressed to you, because they know I would not agree to it. Judge Brown told me of a talk he had with you and in that way I learned about the matter, and I at once sent for you."

"I am heartily sorry I misunderstood you, sir."

"Say no more about it. I want to have a long talk with you, and if you are a smoker help yourself from the table at your elbow."

As he lighted his cigar I studied his face intently and compared it with my memory of him as he had been a year before. It was clear that he had suffered from the serious lines that had come in his face. His was rather a slow reflective temperament, and this, I judged, had been his salvation in this crisis of his life. A more active man would have plunged into dissipation, a man of a less capacity for mental suffering and feeling would have found in it the relief he sought.

"This is a good cigar," he said.

"It's a pleasure to me, Mr. Barrington, to see you sitting there where your father so often sat. Do you know that you hold your cigar in the same way he did; and I declare, by the light of the fire I might almost swear you were he."

"I would be glad to be more like him," he replied reflectively.

"Would you mind telling me," I said, for I found the conversation difficult, "what impression your father's letter to his executors had upon your mind?"

He looked at me in an embarrassed way and then began at once. Something of the kind interest I felt in him must have been reflected on my face, for he spoke with trust and so freely as to prove his confidence in me.

"Why, at the first, that is, at the very first, I did not think at all. You see, my engagement with Miss Loveton was broken off that same afternoon, and that rather overshadowed everything else for a long time. Then I began to write one day, and I liked what I wrote so well that it seemed only a question of a month's industry to finish the book. I used Barrington Manor as the place where my little drama was to be

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played; and the people I knew there supplied me with my characters. I rather think I was my own hero"—he looked quickly at me to see if I was laughing, and reassured continued: "After I had written the story completely through I reread it and I then saw how utterly illogical and out of harmony the parts of it were. The style was dreadful. Indeed, I often could not imagine what I had intended certain passages to express. I found that I had not wasted many words, but that I had written a great many unnecessary paragraphs and chapters. The task seemed hopeless to me after this, and for a month I did nothing more to it. The having to go to the bank every day to get the ten dollars seemed to destroy any hope of success I might otherwise have felt. The cashier has a nasty sarcastic way of smiling when he hands the money to me, and he is so ostentatiously careful about the time that it is extremely disagreeable. You see I have never been in the habit of being sociable with strangers and I suppose my manner accounted for his ridicule and dislike.

"I read a great deal during the next two months, and after finishing Carlyle's French Revolution I began to feel a new confidence in myself, and re-wrote my book twice during the following month. But the more I worked upon it the more utterly hopeless was the mess that resulted. During the last six months I have finished it or nearly so. That is, it is written clearly and anyone could understand it, though of course it is all wrong. My great trouble is that I like some parts of it so much and others are so unsatisfactory, and I cannot make the latter any more satisfactory no matter how hard I try. Then you see I have been at times so profoundly discouraged. But after all my father thought he was acting for the best. He really believed that I was indolent, and all that he said I was in that letter."

"And you are not."

"No, I do not think that I am. It is simply impossible for me to arouse in myself any interest in the things which do not naturally please me and this has always been so. I am perfectly willing to work at anything—I mean I do not wish to be idle. But it is a question as to how far I can force myself. I like to write, but only on certain subjects and at certain times. The descriptive parts of the book wearied me so much that I could not write them. The love scenes were abso-

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lutely impossible. I had to leave all that kind of thing out of the story."

"Was your affair with Miss Loveton a serious disappointment to you?"

"For certain reasons, yes. I suppose it was infatuation, not love, that held me to her, even when she acted as she did, and even when I heard the false reports she spread about the affair; I could not control my desire to see her, nor prevent my legs from carrying me in the direction of her house, and yet it would have been a positive pain and annoyance to have met her."

"In what way was she so fascinating?"

"It is hard to explain, but if you can imagine a most perfectly beautiful woman, of the dainty type, with a wonderful white and pink coloring, and the softest brown hair and the daintiest of figures; with many little ways of speech and action which had every one its own charm; with a voice that could express the finest shade of meaning and emotion of a rather unusual mind—you will understand——"

"That young Mr. Barrington is not cured of his passion for this paragon of perfection."

"No, there you are wrong. She was not perfection; if she had been I would not have cared for her. Physically she was perhaps, but in manner and conversation it was rather what you would call her faults that charmed me. She had the faculty of flattering without words every part of you that sought for sympathy or praise."

"When the final history of the sex is written we will know that it is the woman of manner rather than the beautiful woman who will have made the greatest number of conquests."

"But when you add beauty and grace and daintiness——"

"I am an old man, John," said I, "but I can understand and feel for you. You are worn out with the struggle which you have had during the past year. If I am not mistaken you have lost at times your feeling of self-respect when you have regretted your father's disappointment about you and you have felt bitterly that others should know about it. You have felt a desire for sympathy which nothing could satisfy but your old sweetheart, and lastly you have worked hard and without success and have doubtless been troubled by your creditors. My boy, your cup has been very full."

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"I think that it has been the loss of the respect for myself that has been the hardest to bear."

"And it is that which has developed you the most."

We sat for a little time looking at the blazing logs and thinking of what had been said.

"John," I said at last, "in writing your book over and over, did you follow always the same line of plot and subject? Did you, that is, rewrite the incidents or was it nearly all new matter each time?"

"That was my chief difficulty," he replied. "I had so many and such different views of the same situation on paper that I found it hard to select the one to use, and hard to combine what I thought good in all. It was this that interfered the most with my success."

I smiled at his lack of knowledge.

"It is this of which you complain that alone makes me feel confident of your success."

He seized my hand.

"Is that really so?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," said I.

"Thank God for that," said he, and fell to thinking; of whom it was not hard to guess.

"John," I said, after a little silence, "you would not go back to her if you succeeded and got your money?" A look I had often seen on his father's face flushed across his.

"Mr. Earlington, my father was right in the main—never mind the small mistakes he made—I'm not the man to go back to her or to the old idle ways he hated. That is all in the past, sir."

He looked a noble fellow as he said it. The indolent expression had gone out of his face and in its place was a look that showed me for the first time the possibilities of manliness which had been latent in him until this moment. What he did and said was but an impulse, but it was the beginning of the change. As I look back now, long years after, I can see that the same feeling was thrilling him then as afterwards did when he so gloriously rescued Captain Blake from the very grasp of death, periling his own life to do so, and it was still the same instinct of noble manliness which made him treat with a woman's tenderness one whose future lay in his hands. I am glad to be able to write this and to feel that I

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am telling the truth; for I am an old man, and in the talks of others I so constantly hear of hopeless failure that to know that we cannot judge a man by one phase of his life is very precious to me and gives me some hope for others about whom I would otherwise feel discouraged. But after all this is a private matter and I ought not to have intruded it here.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD TUNE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

From out a windless realm it flows,
  Fragrant and sweet as balm of rose;
Upon its breast soft sunlight glowed,
  And still it glides where the jasmine blows,

An old, sweet tune of other days!
  Full of the tints of the autumn time;
Scents of russets and August haze
  Gathered and fell like thoughts in rhyme.

May never again that once-loved tune
  Fall in my heart as a stream that flows!
Let it run as it will, like a vine in June,
  Fragrant and sweet as a summer rose.

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INTERVIEW WITH MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

The name of Mr. David Bispham is well known to the readers of Music as that of a lyric artist of American birth, whose attainments, distinction of style, and lovely qualities of voice alike entitle him to the high reputation he has enjoyed abroad for several years. During his presence in Chicago in connection with the Metropolitan Opera Company, a representative of Music took occasion to call upon him—in fact to interview him, after the proper journalistic sort. Mr. Bispham is an interesting talker, with views concerning his art at once intelligent and earnest. This earnestness is one of the secrets of his success. Another element is found in his many-sided study of music. Upon this point he well says: "Whether it is opera or oratorio, I hold that a singer, if he is going to do anything at all, ought to apply himself to the whole business of his art; that he is likely to be a better opera singer from the repose which is necessary in oratorio; and a better oratorio and song singer from the dramatic necessities of his operatic work. Each reacts upon the other."

Just before the interview Mr. Bispham had been singing a most interesting selection of songs in the concert given by Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, the first pieces upon the list being "Four Serious Songs," by Brahms, op. 121, the texts of these pieces being from Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus and Corinthians, and the subject a meditation upon the vanity of life, the inevitability and at the same time the possible sweetness of death, and in the last song a most beautiful setting of St. Paul's words concerning Faith, Hope and Charity. The music is grave, noble, serious, as befits the subject; but the question arose, why a text of this character should have been set to music. This opened the interview. In reply Mr. Bispham said:

"We cannot say what a great composer shall do. It happens, which you may not know, that Brahms is in very poor health and he wrote these songs, they are his latest works, under the feeling of seriousness that comes over a man when he realizes

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that he may not recover from his disease. Brahms never will recover and he said to his most intimate friend, 'I have written these songs for my last birthday.' Of course the whole world hopes he may live beyond the 7th of next May—he was born May 7, 1833—but at any rate he was under the impression a year ago that this was the last work he would ever do. You know they are 'serious' (ernste) songs and you have no idea

MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

how many people have written to me letters thanking me for putting before them what they were pleased to call a 'great sermon.' I produced these songs in London, where I gave them their first hearing, last autumn at my farewell concert just before I came to America. I also sang them in New York at my first recital there. I want to make them widely known, because they are so earnest and fine and such noble works! It

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isn't everybody that cares about Brahms, but here he is at the height of his own individuality and for that reason people may even care less for these songs than for some of his others."

"What do you do in oratorio? What are your principal roles, or do you sing everything?" asked the scribe.

"I sing all that comes to me," answered the singer. "Of course Elijah, so dramatic and fine, is a favorite with all baritones; but I like St. Paul almost equally well. I don't think the Messiah suits me particularly. I sing it of course, but not with the satisfaction that I take in other oratorio parts, and I feel that there are singers who can do it with greater authority than I."

"Where did I study? The Quaker college, Haverford, near Philadelphia, is my Alma Mater, but as a child I had a German nurse and that perhaps is why my pronunciation of that language is especially commended. Vocal art I studied in Italy, but I was connected, as an amateur, with all the musical clubs and choral societies in Philadelphia; I have been away from there, however, most of the time for about twelve years."

"Falstaff I was actually the first to sing in English, at a series of lectures given by the celebrated composer, Sir Alexander MacKenzie, upon Verdi and his work, at the Royal Institution in London. Subsequently I played the part more than twenty times in England. During this season the rest of the company, with one or two exceptions, were the original exponents of their parts from Milan. By the way, it is supposed that in Verdi's later years Boito, who has been with him almost constantly, has impressed upon the old master something of his own individuality in music; for, if you will observe, a great deal of the instrumentation of 'Mefistofele' bears a close resemblance to that of 'Othello' and 'Falstaff.' Of course the whole art of instrumentation has shaped itself in the same direction in these later days, but these two men having been so much together for the past ten or fifteen years, have from their musical intercourse, and elaboration of their work together, naturally fallen into the same lines of thought. Certainly Boito has had innumerable consultations with Verdi, as he has been his librettist in the two operas mentioned, and it is even said, but I do not give this as a fact—only as hearsay—that Boito has, at Verdi's suggestion, actually scored a great deal of his work for him. And why not indeed? Wag-

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ner's pupils did the same; Michaelangelo's and many another artist's co-laborers and pupils did the same. At any rate 'Falstaff" is, to my mind, the greatest example of operatic writing since Wagner. Taking into account the fact that Boito's text has been admirably rendered into quasi-Shakespearean English by William Beatty Kingston of London, and seeing that in our company we have so many English speaking people, it seems a pity that this eminently English work should not receive a hearing in the vernacular. I hope this may come some day."

At this point Mr. Bispham's attention was invited to some questions regarding the possibility and desirability of establishing stock companies for opera in English, after the manner of the Castle Square Company in Boston.

"Well," he answered, "though I think that good is always being done by the cultivation of public taste in the direction of any high and noble art, if you have so many opera companies there is less and less money in it for each one; and besides, another trouble is that when the public has to pay more to hear the same thing by better singers the additional price staggers them, and they do not consider that every great and first-class work contains something which even a clever singing of the notes does not always give. In other words, the inner meaning of a composer's work would be brought out by artists of a higher grade and given forth with greater authority. This the public does not always understand and the members of the smaller companies would not, as a rule, remain where they are were they fully prepared to sing with Mr. Grau's forces. He or some one else would have discovered them."

Mr. Bispham bore testimony in no measured terms of the excellence of the Castle Square Company, Mr. Hinrich's company in Philadelphia, the work of both of which he was inclined to place upon the same high level as that of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in England, in which company, by the way, most of the principal singers are and have been for some time past, Americans."

"Your real position with regard to that first question then," said the scribe, "is that there would be danger of vulgarizing the opera by inadequate performance. In other words, I ask whether it would have any influence on public taste and your

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fear in regard to that is that the performance might not be up to the proper standard."

"That is what I fear," he answered. "I do not care how cheap a thing is, so it is well done; so it is done with reverence for the composer's intentions."

Here the practical question was suggested, whether such a company, well managed, could be supported in cities of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

"It depends entirely," he answered, "upon the nature of the three hundred and fifty thousand people. If it is a mining population, an Irish population, an American population, or something else, it would differ in each case. The great thing is to induce people to go to the opera. Upon my word, it is like the wedding feast in the Bible. A beautiful thing is provided for people who would rather go to a ball, or a wedding, or something else, and the promoters of the feast have actually to look to the by-roads and ditches to find their guests.

"As to the staff of singers required, I do not know exactly, but you could easily get at that from the staff required by the opera houses in the smaller towns of Germany. The members of these companies are paid but little; they give excellent ensemble performances, however, and occasionally from some of these smaller theaters comes forth a person who is at once engaged for Berlin, or Vienna, or Bayreuth. As an example of this I would say, what you may not know, that Klafsky was a member of the chorus in one of the German opera houses, and on the occasion of the illness of a well-known singer she was called upon to sing 'Brünhilde.' Henceforth no more chorus for Klafsky.

"If there were in America a number of companies such as the one of which we are speaking, they would serve as excellent schools for young artists, but the trouble is that nearly all young artists want to begin at the top, and they have nowhere to go without coming down. If they were willing to go into the chorus we would have an intelligent chorus which would do splendid work; and that of the Carl Rosa Company is largely made up of such young ladies and gentlemen. There are some chorus singers in that organization who were studying with Lamperti when I was with him.

"Another point in regard to these smaller opera houses throughout Germany is that one hears there any number of

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fine operas which are not at all known in this country or in England. I complain of the Anglo-Saxon public because of its unhealthy desire to see a celebrity, particularly if she is a woman, and its lack of desire to hear any music except that which is very well known. Eventually even that is tired of and the result is an exceptional cast and an empty house. If we should give such an opera as 'The Vampire,' by Marschner, people would not come to hear it. Yet there are plenty of beautiful things which we might well do even in this company, if the public would care to listen. They say, 'We never heard of this before. We want to go and see Calvé in "Faust."' Mr. Grau said to me the other day, 'Those people who complain that they hear "Carmen" or "Faust" so often, should come to me. I could show them at once our point of view. We have to make money and those are the operas they want!' For this reason it is almost impossible to produce novelties.

"With regard to the repertoire of a company such as that of which you speak, I should certainly increase it to far beyond the limits usual in these days of grand opera. I would go again to Germany for points, for there in fact they do pick out the best of what is going on in the world and they give you that. They exist for that reason. The operatic managers are quickly brought to account if they do not keep up to the times. And in this connection I would say that we might do a much larger number of operas if our people were only willing to work harder. One of the great troubles of the managers nowadays is to induce the prima donna to sing a part which is not quite as favorable to her as some other role. Without mentioning names, when one lady was asked to sing a certain part she flatly refuses, because, forsooth, she 'does not like Mozart!' That happened the other day in New York. There is, however, a part in a Mozart opera which this very lady is most anxious to sing, because it gives her an excellent opportunity to show her quality. But some one else in the company referred to refused to do another role in that same opera, the result being confusion to the manager. But I have my ideas upon those subjects and they are taken from Germany. I consider that I do nothing beneath my dignity to sing 'Masetto' a few days after I may have sung 'Wotan.'

"How many roles have I undertaken? I have actually sung about twenty-five different parts. I have been on the stage

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just five years last November, having made my debut as the Duc de Longueville in 'The Basoche,' by Messager, at the Royal English Opera, London."

"How long does it take to learn a part like Telramond in Lohengrin?" asked the scribe.

"Well, some people are slower studies than others, and in the old-fashioned Italian operas a part was supposed to be committed to memory in a fortnight, but Wagner is a cat of another color.

"American compositions: I think, if you want to know where American art has got ahead of the modern world, it is in architecture. In music I find that the young gentlemen who go abroad and study do their best work there and come back and settle down and teach, seldom doing anything afterwards worth speaking of. So that, although you might expect from American composers works full of fancy, there is something or other, when it comes to composition, that is disappointing in many instances. I find in all composers, English, American, French or German, that there is a great desire to put their hands upon paper. The result is an infinity of little songs, a page or two long, and the music shops are filled with albums of songs by this, and songs by that. Why, in the name of goodness, do not these intelligent gentlemen postpone rushing into print until they have boiled down their ideas and combined them into a composition of greater length and more serious aim? Would that some American composer might write a great opera! But the musicians are born, not made, and we must wait in patience."

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LOCAL ENGLISH OPERA.

BY FREDERIC W. ROOT.

In reply to your queries concerning the establishment of opera in this country, I would say, first, I believe that genuine musical inspiration is likely to be found in opera more often than in pretentious instrumental composition wherein composers experiment among musical possibilities. The one style, by reason of text action, etc., is held to definite dramatic ideas, while the other is not necessarily confined within any limits.

This remark gives the ground for my opinion that public taste would be materially forwarded by the establishment of opera. At present people hear much more of orchestral and piano music than of opera.

I am inclined to believe that, after a time, judiciously managed opera companies in the larger cities would be sustained, excepting in occasional off seasons. But some one would have to lose money in getting them started. Abroad the government or municipality loses this money; here individual capitalists would have to immolate themselves upon the altars of this cult.

With regard to the expense, all I can say is that grand opera with an orchestra of eighty and chorus of one hundred would be entirely out of the possibilities. Perhaps in time there would be support for companies about the size of the Bostonians, who have two or three capable of singing the leading parts in each of the five departments of soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone and bass. Both because opera of this kind would be given in small theaters, and because of expense the chorus would have to be quite small, about twenty, I should think. The orchestra likewise would be as small as could possibly do the work and make a fair showing. For some operas it would have to be augmented.

There is an advantage in a small orchestra beyond the matter of expense. We do not turn out enough of the class of singer that can cope with a Wagnerian orchestra. Those

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who remember the American opera, which was given some years ago in connection with the Thomas orchestra, will appreciate this point. This answers your fourth question.

In the matter of meeting the public taste, I am a pessimist. The Bostonians are a well organized and established company, doing practical work. They would gladly give the lighter standard operas; but the public forces them to something as near burlesque as they will consent to go. They could make more money by running "Robin Hood" perpetually. But they insist upon bringing out at least one new work every year. Then there is the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, full of musical gems for soloists and chorus, not to say orchestra, all easy and available and spiced with consummate literary work in the humorous vein. But as we never hear these works more than once the supposition is that they are too good for the public. The desirable repertoire therefore would for a time fall into popular classification as "chestnuts" or "nonsense" or "slow." It would be discouraging to bill a week of opera with "Martha," "Fra Diavolo," "Yeomen of the Guard," "Marriage of Figaro," "Czar and Zimmerman," "Mignon," and some American work only to find the place deserted because De Wolf Hopper or Francis Wilson was in town that week.

If such enterprises could be successfully carried on, it would give the greatest stimulus to American composers.

It would be a desirable consummation if this plan were to result in driving all-absorbing stars into the concert or one-night-opera business, so that public attention might be turned from personality to the vastly more important consideration of music.

The financial guarantee must be within reasonable bounds unlimited. Somebody should be found who, from ambition, public spirit or love of art would stand behind each company as did Mr. Higginson with the Boston orchestra or Mrs. Thurber with the impractically-conceived American opera, until the public learns to take care of the matter itself. Possibly a number of wealthy guarantors would combine; but there is not the same element of performance in that plan.

A serious element of uncertainty in this plan to promote opera is in the businesslike habit of our people who are often more inclined to scramble for dollars than to worship art. It

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would take a strong hand at the helm to prevent a wreck upon the rocks of individual business interests. Could such guidance be found?

MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG.

BY A. TREGINA.

Through the forest balmy zephyrs blowing,
Flutter here and there new life bestowing;
Warmth and sunshine through the budding trees
Scatter early blossoms for the bees.

Song of birds with wafted fragrance blending,
Joy upon the waking earth descending,
Mirth and music pulsing everywhere
Through field and stream and tree, through sky and air.

* * * * * * * * *

Through the echoing years a song is ringing;
It steals into our sense, compelling, clinging,—
A voice from Springtimes past. Perennial strain!
Wake Springtime ever in the heart again!

What knowest thou of Winter's sad lamenting?
Of early waywardness and late repenting?
So glad, so free, so young, so innocent!
From Heaven for earth's rejuvenation sent!

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A SUGGESTION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

BY EDWIN HALL PIERCE.

When our best American composers feel moved to write for orchestra, they almost invariably use instrumentation which demands an orchestra of the largest size and most complete equipments. This is very well, and we would not have them refrain from so doing, but as at present there are only some half dozen such orchestras in this country, why should they not occasionally address themselves to a larger clientèle, by writing a few good things for small orchestra. Scattered throughout the smaller cities are hundreds of small orchestras of from ten to twenty-five or thirty players. Though some of these organizations are very inferior in quality, many of them are really excellent, as far as they go, and are composed of players who would keenly appreciate something from the pen of Paine, Foote, MacDowell, Chadwick, Nevin, or any one of our foremost American composers, in a shape practicable for their use. There is no good reason why these smaller orchestras should have to depend for their repertoire on the works of roof-garden composers, or the poor arrangements made by publishing-house hacks. Let no one say that fine effects are impossible with such humble resources. One of Mozart's most inspired symphonies—the G minor—is scored for one flute, two oboes, two horns, two bassoons, and the usual stringed instruments—in all only eleven or twelve parts. Now it would be difficult or impossible to arrange this symphony effectively for the usual American small orchestra, without entirely re-writing, as cornets would be but a sorry substitute for French horns, and one trombone a shockingly inadequate representation of two bassoons, but there is no good reason why a modern composer, who is master of his art, should not also produce something worthy for an orchestra of equally modest dimensions; for instance, one flute, two clarionets, two cornets, one trombone, first and second violins, viola, violoncello, and bass; a very usual combination now. There is nothing divinely inspired or unchangeable

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about the classical use of oboes, bassoons and horns. The composers simply made use of the instrumentation available in their country and generation. Let us imitate them by acting in accordance with the demands of our own age. For instance, French horn players are rather scarce, but good cornet players are plenty. Now the cornet is by no means an adequate substitute for the horn (though I regret to say, it is sometimes employed in place of the trumpet), yet in certain points it is superior to either of these instruments, and is capable of fine effects of its own, which a modern composer should learn to appreciate. Bassoon players, likewise, are almost unobtainable outside of the largest cities, but there are hundreds of trombone players to be had, whose technique far exceeds anything that was demanded of that instrument in the first half of this century. The same comparison might be made between the oboe and clarionet, with scarcely less truth. As the instrumentation of these small orchestras is a somewhat variable quantity (this being the only discouraging feature, in fact), I would recommend the use of a system of "cued-in" parts, such as is found in Carl Fischer's orchestra publications and others of the sort; also that the composer remember that in spite of the small number of instruments, he is writing orchestral music, not chamber music, and should work in broad masses, avoiding too great refinement of detail and consequent complexity.

May these suggestions not prove altogether fruitless. The artist who neglects the material near his hand and fails to supply the real need of the public, loses his most precious privilege and opportunity.

University of Illinois, Musical Department.

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SOME NEW YORK MUSICIANS.

BY SOLOMON HENRY THINKER.

Music as an art depends for its support upon the wish of the music lovers of the community. It may occasionally dic-

DR. GERRIT SMITH.

tate to a nation and overcome settled prejudice, but it can succeed in this only at the expense of time and with the powerful aid of a genius. We are all ready enough to be iconoclasts when a sufficiently great mind has supplied the force that destroys the first popular idol. After that the frenzy of the

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"new school" tears down without judgment the favorites of the old régime. Otherwise, music must please us in our own way or we prefer not to hear it.

I have spoken of the musician's dependence upon the popular will, and so I suppose it is self evident that he understands the various grades of difference between the musicians of New York. We must understand the society which creates these differences and makes them necessary. In doing this we must remember that nearly all of the music lovers here are largely interested in fads and constantly on the lookout for novelty. While this latter statement applies more certainly to one particular class than to all, it is still too characteristic of the American people not to apply in part to all. It is no uncommon thing here for a musician to suddenly jump into popularity, to be feted and lauded for a season or two and then as quickly disappear again.

There was a time when, save for the fashionable people, the opera was patronized more by foreigners than by the real Americans. But of late years this has changed and I suppose there are more Americans intelligently interested in music than so-called foreigners.

This change has caused another of direct advantage to American music, which is the desire of this new element to employ American teachers for themselves or their children. A few years ago the prominent teachers were Italians, Frenchmen or Germans; now the leaders bear familiar New England names and often hail from the most unlikely of western states. Every year an unknown American, fresh from years of careful study with foreign masters, rents his studio and begins his life work. In a few years he will perhaps have ranged himself with the two hundred or more leading people in his field.

But I fear New York's gain has been the country's loss. The men who fail here, I speak particularly of the foreign teacher, disappear into the smaller cities and there I suppose carry on the system of robbing simple young people with that powerful persuader, a loaded theory. For it may be laid down as a certainty that a sophistry will go farther with musical people of a certain age than the veriest truism. If anyone doubts this let them read the writings of a certain famous teacher and be satisfied that I am right.

A great reason for the American teacher's success lies in

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the fact that he is one of ourselves and we can judge with tolerable certainty of the truth of his claims and his ability to do all he declares he can.

There are two classes of people who employ performers in the upper classes of New York society. These are, first, those who know and care nothing about music save as a means

MISS MARGUERITE HALL.

for display and the entertainment of guests; and second, the educated hostess who delights in good music and who has an equally discriminating circle of friends. This second class is in large numbers, and many performers who are almost unknown in the west, and are unusually accomplished musicians, are occupied in playing or singing to these select society gatherings because that society demands such service and pays in

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money and in a pleasant hospitality for the loss of that greater glory, a national reputation. A great many singers of this class, recognizing their loss, are gradually doing more and more work in other cities and in public places.

No one, for example, who has heard Miss Marguerite Hall's voice can fail to regret that the country at large has been deprived of its pleasure giving qualities for so long a time. She has now, I am informed, decided upon a broader artistic life and the western public will be sure to hear her more often in the future. In personality and presence she belongs to that type of American woman of whom Mrs. Cleveland is so conspicuous a type, graceful in bearing, sympathetic and artistic in temperament, she considers her vocation as an art and lends all her mental power and discriminating taste to its complete development.

I doubt if she could be got to sing a German song with the traditions of which she was not familiar. And yet, with all this, one feels her in her place in the drawing-room to which her culture, manner and presence are so well suited. She has a rich, clear and carefully educated voice, admirably adapted to express tenderness and subdued pathos. It is in songs of this nature that she is at her best—though I must not be understood to mean that she lacks in dramatic power. Her natural feeling is always supplemented and guided by her fine art, and it has rare finish and delicacy. She is an artist by instinct as well as by education and all her work is marked by unimpeachable intelligence, polish and grace.

Two other singers who have held a firm place in the affections of the society in New York, but who will in future be heard more generally in public, are Miss Marguerite Lemon and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon. Miss Lemon has been lately engaged as the soprano for Mr. Joseffy's southern tour, soon to be undertaken. She is a very beautiful girl of an unusually charming stage presence. Although not yet twenty-two years old, she has held a place for some time in one of the great choirs here. Her voice is of great range (having a compass of three octaves), it is very flexible and of a rich and sympathetic quality; her upper notes are pure and full while her middle and lower register is of great volume and beauty. It is hardly doubtful that her future will be a great one if she fully develops and uses her naturally perfect voice.

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Mr. Gordon has had a most eventful career, having spent his earlier years in the British navy. He developed and trained his voice as chance opportunity permitted, until the time when he was able to leave the sea and give several years to its cultivation.

He is a man of emotional power and possesses a rare ability to express the finest shades of sentiment by his delicate and

MISS MARGUERITE LEMON.

beautiful voice. It has been rather a hindrance than a help to his artistic training that he has been extensively employed by such people as the Vanderbilts, who early recognized and made use of his talents. This kind of experience does not give a young man the broad education that the concert stage imparts, and Mr. Gordon is wise to plan for himself a more extended field of work for the future.

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It would be fatuous to claim for so young a man the mental development of a great artist, but it may be said with truth that Mr. Gordon can be depended upon to please any audience, and that if his development keeps pace with the possibilities of his voice, he will eventually make a great artistic success.

A singer who has been rather compelled than eager to sing in society, and who has wisely maintained his concert reputa-

MR. MACKENZIE GORDON.

tion, is Mr. Heinrich Meyn. He came from Boston two years ago and since that time has been heard in many parts of the country. He is a gentleman and an artist, a man of large development who has studied his art as an art rather than as an income producer. He cares, as very few singers do, for the traditionary rendition of the works he sings. He possesses a rare power of restraint and if there is any one singer now on the stage for whom I can honestly predict a

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great future it is for Mr. Meyn. It is natural for a writer to compare a musical artist with the writers of reputation of his acquaintance and to watch with interest how the same qualities of mind produce a similar quality of results in the different mediums of expression. For example, if Miss Hall were a writer she would be known for grace, ease and certainty of touch in style, strengthened by a fine quality of reserve and a due regard for the subtle technique of the litterateur's art.

Mr. Meyn's expression I would compare with Mr. Howell's, but I must grant him a broader emotional power, a greater grasp, and a more definite personality. But he possesses all

STUDIO OF MR. HEINRICH MEYN.

Mr. Howell's finish and completeness; all his delicacy and a good deal of the same kind of humor.

Miss Lemon and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon rely like Steven Crane or Mr. Davis on their natural talent and their great power in emotional expression. When age has added a fuller tone to their experience their style would be, I think, quite as free and full, but more finely shaded, possessing more of reserve.

In talking about my friends I have wandered away from my direct subject. The society which demands the service of the singers I have mentioned and of many other voices as

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well, sometimes wishes to be taught to emulate the professional and to learn to sing in their own drawing-rooms. Added to these are the same class from other places who flock to this city—the musical hub of the nation—for that kind of instruction. Some teachers who are fully competent to teach any voice are by reason of a happy manner and a tactful regard for the feelings of others, or because they possess the innate breeding which this class of pupils demand, besieged by them

MR. FRANCIS FISCHER POWERS.

until their work comes to be almost entirely among these society pupils.

I know that many people look down upon these so-called society teachers, but for my part, I cannot help thinking of Ruskin's work in England and agreeing with him in that any effort which cultivates, which makes life more broad and beautiful and satisfying is a worthy effort, aye! and even a noble one!

More prominent than any other in this line of musical

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effort is Mr. Francis Fischer Powers. He has gained in a few years a conspicuous success as his one hundred and twenty lessons a week amply testify. He is a man of fine presence and gracious manners, a successful host and model entertainer. He surrounds himself with those luxurious details of comfort which brighten the pleasure of living and make life more graceful and comfortable and generally charming. His musicales are one of the social events of importance here as well as artistic and delightful.

MRS. GERRIT SMITH.

Mrs. Gerrit Smith has a large class of society pupils, but her real work is of a more substantial character. For some time she has supplemented Dr. Holbrook Curtis' work in the treatment of vocal defects. By her intimate knowledge of the vocal chords she has by various exercises been able to cure the most obstinate cases which any other teacher would give up as hopeless. Her studio is to my mind one of the most attractive in the city. It is not alone pleasing to the eye in all respects, it is a music room and has the atmosphere a studio should have. Mrs. Smith is a charming hostess and a woman

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of fine intelligence, and has, I think, gained a reputation in her work which few can equal.

To all parts of the west and south and north the lines of attraction from New York are stretching and each year a larger number of pupils come here to study music in all its forms; to supply this taste with teachers requires every year a larger number and this has in its turn drawn to this city the best talent of the country.

One of the most prominent among these is Mr. George Sweet, the teacher of Mr. George W. Ferguson, Mrs. Blood-

STUDIO OF MR. ALBERT GERARD THIERS.

good and other excellent voices. Mr. Sauvage is another vocal teacher of great reputation and results. Mr. Albert Gerard Thiers is another vocal teacher of renown, but he gives some part of his time to concert work. His work is largely as a teacher of teachers. He is a man of large experience and full development, a thorough musician and a successful teacher. He is a thinker and his theories are based upon solid experience and observation. He has had the largest experience of any musician that I know of in New York. An experience that began here and went about by the way of Africa and

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finally brought him around the globe to his successful career here.

It will be of interest to some of my readers to know that Mr. Tom Karl, the well known tenor, who some time ago retired from the stage, has settled down here at last. He has a stately house near Central Park and there lives as a retired artist should, a life of ease surrounded by an artistic and cultured circle of friends. He gives a part of his time to teaching

STUDIO OF MR. WALTER J. HALL.

the voice, but also sings a good deal at social functions. Col. Mapleson told me that he wondered that he did not return to the stage, for his voice, now thoroughly rested, is as sweet and pleasant in quality as it ever was.

Mr. Walter J. Hall is a man who has given up his entire time to teaching. His musical experience is a very unusual one. It began with a thorough mastery of the piano under the great masters of Europe—one of whom was Liszt—and when he had finished with that instrument he began the study of

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the voice, which he now teaches. Several of his pupils fill prominent positions here. He is one of those who believe in the pupil's self development aside from the technical part of the voice. He holds that in the effort and in the intelligence of the pupil lies half the battle and that a teacher of singing

MR. WM. G. CARL.

should not say, "I am a pupil of this great teacher or that," but rather, "So and so are my pupils."

It is an odd thing in a way that the organists of this city should have had the strongest influence on the musical growth of the profession. But in all the societies it is the organist who fills the chair and steers the society ship through the perils of artistic errors.

Dr. Gerrit Smith is the most notable organist in New York,

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for, while he is at the head of many artistic societies, his real work, the introducing of great foreign masterpieces and the training of pupils and organ openings occupy the larger part of his time. He is a man of sincere and genial manners and is thoroughly sympathetic and approachable. His playing is characterized principally by its style and feeling. His touch is unusually satisfying. The work he has done for the Manuscript society has been the greatest help the American composer has ever received. It has given his work a hearing and thus he has been better able to judge it and learn how to improve.

Mr. Wm. G. Carl is almost more familiar to my western readers than to New Yorkers, for while his work and ability are recognized here, he is almost constantly on tours, opening new organs and playing throughout the country. I believe he is the first organist to have any success in this kind of work and his has certainly been conspicuous. He is a master of registration and a musician of temperament and understanding.

(Continued in May Number.)

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JOSEPH ALLEY'S ENHARMONIC ORGAN.

BY S. HUNTINGTON HOOKER.

There appeared in "Music" of April to July, 1895, several articles by James Paul White, in regard to a most interesting instrument invented and made by himself, an enharmonic organ. In those articles reference was made to another American worker in the same field, the character and extent of whose labors were doubtless but imperfectly known to Mr. White.

There is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, in the Physical Laboratory of Prof. Charles R. Cross, an enharmonic organ owned by Mr. Frank Alley of Newburyport, Mass., the completion of which, many years ago, crowned with happiness a life which is almost a story, as facts in it have recently been collected.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts, Boston, April 6, 1871, Prof. Edward C. Pickering, then Instructor in Physics, and so in Acoustics, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and now the widely known head of the Department of Astronomy at Harvard University, described the enharmonic organ invented by Joseph Alley, of Newburyport, Mass. Of that inventor this article is a brief sketch.

Joseph Alley was born at Kennebunk, Me., March 4, 1804. He lived as a boy in the family of Judge Bourne of that place. His strongest characteristic from early age was love of truth and belief in its being equally loved by every one else. Singularly, that craving for truth entered into and colored the mechanical and musical genius which was to shape his life work.

Before he reached his teens a carpenter observed the little fellow's interest in his own ineffectual attempts to cut a tenon and mortise, and said: "Joe, do you think you could do it?" "Yes, I know I can," he answered, with a quiet firmness which attended all he said and did in his long life of effort to reach the definite aim his ear and conscience set before him. Then, without previous experience with tools, he found no difficulty in making the wood parts fit perfectly.

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A few years later an incident occurred which, in a marked degree, shaped his future course of life. A son of Judge Bourne, just home from college, had been experimenting with what proved afterwards to be an organ pipe. The experimenter was low-spirited and chagrined at his inability to make it give forth sounds. As Joe, in common with most boys, had manufactured whistles from the branches of willow trees, he frankly told the young man how, in his opinion, it could be done. The suggestion was successfully followed; and so was given to the young mind an impetus which led to the de-

MR. JOSEPH ALLEY'S ENHARMONIC ORGAN.

velopment in a few years of a rising organ-builder.. Turning his attention to reed and pipe organs, he at once acquired an enviable name as a conscientious and thorough workman. His scrupulous regard for honest work gave him a strong faith in the integrity and honesty of purpose of men in general. He had not reached nineteen years of age when he sold a reed organ to a person in Portsmouth, N. H., who, after the organ was safely delivered at his house, informed young Alley that he would send the purchase money to Kennebunk. Upon his return home several friends told him that the purchaser had

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failed, and that he would lose his money. He good-naturedly replied that they need have no anxiety as "the man said he would pay." They smiled at his credulity, but the sequel proved that he was correct. The purchaser was so pleased with the young man's innocence and faith in his word, that the money was paid in full as soon as possible.

With this faith in others he aimed at excellence in every mechanical part of his work. But soon his sensitive ear began to ask for the same truth and excellence in its own part of his loved work. The tempered intonation disturbed him, and from that time his whole heart and mind were set upon finding some means by which the enharmonic scale could be played. Long years after, when asked by the writer of this to tune her piano, his conscience would not allow him to begin the work until he had honestly told her that "he could not put it in tune, truly. That what he should do would be to put it out of tune, but systematically so." That led to explanations which made the noble old man and his beautiful work so great and lasting an interest that this opportunity to make them both better known to the cultivated readers of "Music" is a genuine pleasure.

MR. JOSEPH ALLEY.

An old gentleman in New York who, in 1889, wrote to a contemporary in Newburyport: "I passed my seventy-seventh birthday last Tuesday," in the same letter of mutually interesting reminiscences of that beautiful old town, writes:

"I was intimately acquainted with Mr. Alley, and he was a very remarkable man. * * * I did not know him till he came to Newburyport, about 1830. I think he made there some repairs upon the 'old organ,' which was remarkable for the good style of its case, with its motto, 'Praise Him with Organs,' and for the fact that it was one of only six or seven organs then in the churches of all New England. Before Mr. Alley came there, Mr. Wm. Balch had for a long time presided at the organ. He became very much interested in Mr. Alley. He furnished the young man with funds to build several fine

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organs. Mr. Alley was exceedingly particular in his work, which was excellent. Being then my uncle's clerk, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Alley, and much interested in his work and his conversation. Further on he was furnished by Mr. Balch with funds to construct twelve pianos. They were too well made for those times and it was not a successful business adventure."

The writer of the letter tells of another gentleman furnishing Mr. Alley with funds to build some fine organs.

"At one of my frequent visits he had just finished an organ which was said to be almost perfect. I said to him, 'Mr. Alley, it must afford you great satisfaction to have completed such an instrument as that.' Turning to me with a very earnest expression on his face he exclaimed: 'Satisfaction? I have no satisfaction in it.' I was surprised and asked him, 'Why not?' 'Because it is imperfect.' 'Can you not make it perfect?' 'No! everybody says it is not possible to make an organ that can be played in perfect tune. I don't believe it, but I don't know how to do it.' * * * He wanted to get rid of the discordant effect of what is called temperament, which has long been resorted to, in such instruments, but which only compromises discordant vibrations. He went into a long, careful and interesting explanation of the difficulty, and illustrated on the beautiful organ before me. I became intensely interested. He said, 'Everybody says it cannot be done, but I don't believe it. The human voice gives all the notes in perfect concord, when it has not been tortured by temperament, but these instruments cannot yet be made so as not to be discordant with a correct (natural) human voice. The violin can be played correctly and in perfect concordance with such a voice, and with the written music. The most correct singers, when they have never been accompanied by any but such stringed instruments, find it difficult to conform to the tempered notes of the organ and piano. The singer has to learn to make discords in order to accommodate, or disguise, the imperfection of those instruments. I feel sure that I could overcome the difficulty if I understood the principles and laws of sound.' This was about 1842. My brother, Henry Hudson, was then in Cambridge College. I said: 'Mr. Alley, my brother is at Cambridge and greatly interested in the study of this subject of music, and in all that is known and recorded in relation to that science. He has written me

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letter after letter on the subject.' 'Where is he? Where is he? I must see him. I must see him. Right away.' 'But you cannot see him right away.' 'When will he be here? I must see him.' 'He cannot come here till vacation. You can see him then.' 'But you can write to him?'"

The writer tells of the long and earnest correspondence and conferences between the two enthusiasts. Thorough investigations and vast number of figures showed that, "there were interminable fractions in the relative vibrations, and they could not be made to chords. That theoretically, philosophically and therefore, practically, it was an impossibility. Later Henry told me that all his labor was wasted, for it had all been done before. He found it all in the College Library. Alley would not give it up. Like Calcutta experimenters he turned his attention again to the mechanical phase of the subject."

It is evident that the mathematical study of the matter did not appeal to Mr. Alley's musical ear, which dealt far more in intuitions.

No one seems able to tell how the two men who were to put their heads together for real accomplishment of the thing sought, first came together. Joseph Alley and Henry W. Poole were in Newburyport and Danvers, respectively—towns not far apart. For years the former had been at work with his longing for just intonation unsatisfied but persistent. Mr. Poole must have known of that and have sympathized with it. For his writings show the same longing, which could materialize only in the hands of one who added to the craving the mechanical ability to carry it into execution. The result of their combined effort was the building of an organ which they called enharmonic, and which attracted the attention of music lovers and scientists on both sides of the ocean. Of it Mr. Poole says, in an "Essay on Perfect Intonation and the Enharmonic Organ," published in the American Journal of Science and Arts, vol. IX, page 29, second series, 1850.

"This instrument, the enharmonic organ, invented and built by Joseph Alley of Newburyport, Mass., and the writer of this paper, is now set up in Boston, and will be exhibited, with pleasure, to all who may take an interest in the progress of musical science. It plays perfectly within the limits of five sharps and five flats, both inclusive. The theory of the instrument renders it perfectly practicable to construct one of

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any size, or compass of modulation; but it is very rare that we meet, in church music, with a more remote modulation than is provided for in this instrument. The key-board and the method of fingering, are the same as on the common tempered organ, and the only addition to the player's duties, is the management of certain pedals which must occasionally be pressed, when the music modulates into a different key. The object of these pedals is to enable one finger-key to open either of two or more valves. These pedals are equal in number to the scales or signatures in which the organ is designed to play—each pedal belongs to a certain signature, and they are arranged in their natural order, as, for instance, 5 flat, 4 flat, etc., and 1 sharp, 2 sharp, etc. By pressing any one of these pedals, the action is brought into such a position that finger-keys will act on those valves (and no others) which are required in the scale to which the pedal belongs. The act of putting down any pedal will always draw up any other which may be down at the time, and will detach from the finger-keys every valve not wanted in the scale required."

The essay gives illustrations so simple and clear that any reader with small knowledge of harmony can enjoy it, and feel aided toward a deeper knowledge of what true harmony can mean.

It has been thought by some of Mr. Alley's friends that it was Mr. Poole's fault that his own name was more widely known in the connection than was Mr. Alley's. Others among them who knew the shy, unobtrusive, almost vexingly shrinking genius better, know that it was his own fault. A Boston man would have sent him, with the Alley & Poole organ, to the London Exhibition of 1850, but he would not be sent. Yet he preserved, most carefully pasted on cardboard that no harm should come to it from frequent reading, a letter from an English M. P., who requested him to bring to a later exhibition at the Crystal Palace the little instrument now at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He loved recognition, but he enjoyed it best all by himself with a few close friends. He had accomplished his wish. He hugged that fact and its result to his almost silent heart, and, as his son, Mr. Frank Alley of Newburyport, says, "worshiped it" in private. Mr. Poole could hardly say more than he does in the essay already quoted from:

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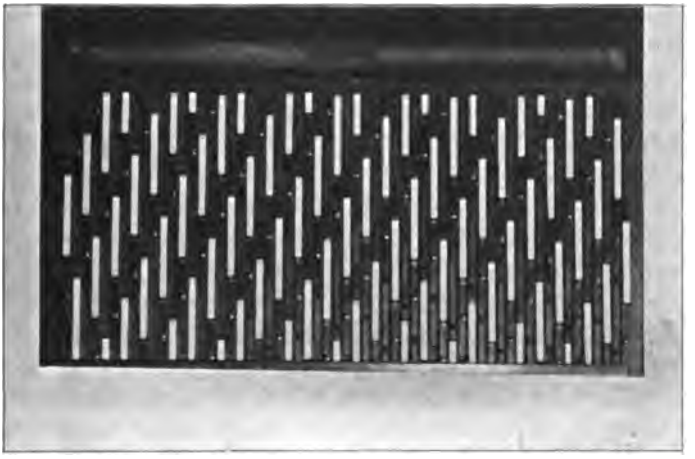
"The writer may here be allowed to speak of, and place before the scientific world, the merits of his associate, who has been connected with him in making the investigations which have resulted in this theory of perfect intonation, and its development in the organ, and to whom equally with himself, should be awarded whatever merit their labors may deserve. Mr. Alley is, with one exception, the oldest organ builder in New England, and, as is well known, has produced instruments of the common scale, of the first-class of excellence. In his acquaintance with, and judgment upon, organ mechanism generally, we, in our united efforts, have possessed



KEYBOARD OF MR. ALLEY'S ORGAN.

a great advantage over Mr. Liston and others, who, learned and ingenious as they were, yet failed in the selection of the mechanism by which their theories were to be realized in their instruments."

The only shortcoming in his words is, for those who know all of Mr. Alley's previous study and work—into the participation in which Mr. Poole stepped and reaped such benefit—that the latter did not put his coadjutor far before himself. But such unselfish consideration would have been more than human in one who called himself an inventor.

Mr. Alley could not be satisfied until he should succeed in finding how to make a key-board which could be used on a reed instrument, and bring the delicious true intonation within

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the reach of more of the musical world than could afford the room and the money for an organ of so many pipes. Here he and Mr. Poole seem to have separated in their work, for in 1867 Mr. Poole is writing most interestingly of what can be done, while the beautiful little instrument now under Prof. Cross' care was completed by Mr. Alley's deft fingers, aided by an ear which sought music for itself and intuitively grasped and simplified, for his purpose, the principles of the enharmonic organ. His ear and conscience had not allowed him, after once finding that organs could be made perfect in tonation, to make any more of them with the tempered scale. Therefore he gave up that more pecuniarily profitable work, and satisfied himself with what he could earn in voicing pipes for other makers, and incidentally to tuning pianos. This latter service he disliked, as he considered it putting the instrument out of tune, and, with his scrupulous regard for right methods and honest dealing, felt it his duty to so inform the owners. That part of his life reminds one of that of Palissy the potter. But in it he carried out his dream of perfecting an instrument having a sufficient number of keys to allow all the results, produced by pedal changes in the Enharmonic organ, to be obtained on the key-board alone. In 1860 he felt that he had reached the high reward he had sought. While financial affairs went ill with him, he worked and studied away in his little shop (not more than twenty-five by twelve feet in size), on Congress street, Newburyport. And in that humble little place he for years after received many an educated musician and scientific inquirer, and, in his quiet way, reveled in their interest and sympathy. Prof. Pickering went down to see him in 1870, and his interest in the instrument was such as to lead him to ask that it should be brought to Boston, where it could be exhibited at the meeting of the Society of Arts, the exhibition to be accompanied by his own description of it. Mr. Edwin H. Higley, then studying music in Boston, prepared himself to perform on it sacred music, illustrating the difference between the pure tones and those we hear on the piano, organ, and other tempered instruments. Through some misunderstanding, in preparation for the exhibition, there was not a tempered reed organ there with which it could be compared. Mr. Alley was present to enjoy the triumph when the two should be heard—the same tune played by the same players

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on each—and he was sure that just intonation was to vindicate its superiority, to every musical person who should have so good an opportunity to compare it with the equal temperament. His disappointment at the failure to have the most important part of the plan carried out was so great that he immediately took his dear, and (he seemed to feel) somewhat slighted, instrument back to its sanctum. There he could guard it from merely curious eyes, and could know that those who would come many miles to see and hear it were appreciating it as it deserved. He had then almost reached his three score years and ten. His instrument represented the thoughts, hopes and desires of his life, and no friend could respond so unvaryingly and cheerfully to his every wish. His white hair, keen, thoughtful eye, and firm lips, did not in the least conflict with an expression of almost childlike trust in, and love for, the sympathy of any visitor who sought him and it. His slender, nervous hands had done all the hard mechanical work so deftly, it had seemed not even to wear upon or tire them. The narrow, black and white and yellow and red keys could never have been invented by one who could only use upon them thick, clumsy fingers.

He used to confide some of his past anxieties, when feeling his way towards his aim, to sympathizing visitors. One of the most interesting of such stories was this: as he worked on, placing his reeds in relation to each other where harmony required, he found the key-board grew so wide, from front to back, that no hand could stretch the distance between some keys belonging to the same letter of the scale. He thought:

"How can it ever be played? Yet that reed must go there. I must put each where the harmony demands and then study out some way to bring them within reach of each other. But when they were all in, and the keys over them, lo! I had nothing to study. Harmony had arranged it all! Then I knew it was right because it was not I who had done it. The keys which belong to any chord were under the fingers, as the hand, with the thumb on its own note, rested naturally over them. And modulations into other keys still brought the whole hand forward or backward."

To one who has not seen the key-board the words mean little, but by one sitting at it to play they are easily understood. The octaves require exactly the stretch of the tempered ones.

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As Mr. Alley left no written explanation only an apparent one can be given. There are four sounds to each of the twelve tones given in the octave on tempered instruments. The photograph shows five keys, but the fifth is in sound the duplicate of that at the other end of the row, for convenience in modulating. The white key is the tonic of its own scale and the second, fourth and fifth of three others. The long black key is in pitch a comma below the white one, and furnishes the true third, sixth and seventh of three more scales. Of the short keys, one gives a dominant seventh and "perfect seventh," requiring a sound one comma and three-quarters below that of the white key, and the other gives the leading note of a minor scale, two commas below the white key. For example: The white key on which there is no dot is C. The long black key in the same row is the true third, sixth and leading tone in the scales of A flat, E flat and D flat major. One short key is for the dominant seventh of G major and the "perfect seventh" in D major. The other short key gives the leading note of C sharp minor scale. The dots on the white keys ascending diagonally by fifths toward the back of the key-board indicate the number of sharps in the signatures of the scales whose tonics they are. The dots on those ascending by fourths, and diagonally toward the front, give the number of flats in their signatures. The keys are so made that they can be distinguished from each other by touch as well as by sight. They are so balanced that a touch on any part of their surface produces always the same effect, and the fingering is the same in all keys.

Mr. Higley, who played the instrument at Prof. Pickering's lecture, has since examined several which aim at, or approximate to, just intonation. One by Mr. R. H. M. Bosanquet (of which the key-board only is exhibited), in South Kensington Museum. This is tuned on the Mesotonic or Mean-tone system.

General Perronet Thompson's is also at South Kensington Museum. That has forty sounds to the octave and follows a somewhat similar scheme to that used by Mr. Alley, but it has three key-boards, with the intricacies arising from there being so many.

Another invention is by a Japanese, Dr. Tanaka, operated by electricity and employing a system of pedals for transpos-

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ing, somewhat like the church organ made by Poole & Alley, and described in this article. Dr. Tanaka's was on exhibition in Berlin.

Mr. James Paul White's has been more perfectly described by himself than any one else can do it.

It is hoped that Mr. Higley will give a more satisfactory description of Mr. Alley's work in an article embracing accounts of them all.

Among Mr. Alley's papers is found a copy of Perronet Thompson's most interesting treatise on "Just Intonation," with "From the Author," written on its title page, in that author's own writing evidently. It shows that, quiet and retiring as Mr. Alley was, he had the respect of that well known English student, writer and inventor in his own field.

S. HUNTINGTON HOOKER.

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MODERN CHROMATIC HARMONY.

BY HOMER A. NORRIS.

The purpose of this article is to give suggestions for music analysis. We have in mind not only those who are studying music with professional purpose, but also that larger class of students who, although not before the public either as creators or interpreters, are yet interested in all that pertains to the structure of music. This latter class forms, perhaps, the most important factor in the development of music in America. Wealth, leisure, and talent also is to be found here. Its means give art pecuniary support, and its leisure, opportunity to enjoy the product of the artist. It makes organizations like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Damrosch Company possible, thus placing within reach of the average music student the works of master musicians. That this larger class may better understand the subject, we give a brief resumè of the development of music.

The beginnings of melody may not be discovered. In its crudest form it may have been as elemental as speech. In the eleventh century someone tried the experiment of having two melodies sung at the same time. The result, possibly to his own astonishment, was endurable; then three, then four, and afterwards many more melodies were combined and the product was called counterpoint. The tunes ran counter or against each other, and notes were called points. This polyphonic style reached its greatest perfection in about 1600 and the hero of the period was Palestrina. He died in 1592. Before him all music was regarded horizontally, each melody went its independent way without very much regard to the other parts. What is now known as harmony, wherein music is regarded perpendicularly, and where the simultaneous sounds are referable to a fundamental or "root," above which chords are built up in a series of intervals of thirds, was unknown.

Palestrina clearly recognized harmonic principles, and in many places passages may be found based on what we now

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call chords. This was the beginning, and harmony was conceived.

Up to this time all music was composed on the basis of concords, allied, however, to certain "artifices of composition," of which the suspension was the most important. A concord is a combination of sounds which requires nothing to precede or follow it to make it satisfying to the ear. These suspensions, however, produced very much the effect of modern dissonant chords. A discord is a combination of sounds which requires something to follow it to make it satisfying to the ear.

The next epoch-maker was Monteverde, who died in 1643. He introduced the dominant seventh chord without preparation—not as a suspension. In the older system, called the "ecclesiastical," chords on each degree of the scale were of equal importance, and there was an utter absence of what we call "key." With the introduction of the dominant seventh chord, the two poles of our present system—the Tonic, and Dominant—were approached, and our authentic cadence, wherein the key is absolutely defined, was suggested.

This vagueness of what we call "tonality," is the supreme difference between the mediaeval and the modern musical system. The unprepared dominant seventh chord is the bridge over which music passed from the Ancient to the Modern, and is the never-failing test by which the Strict may be distinguished from the Free. With Monteverde harmony was born.

The beginnings of the new order were as bad as were those of counterpoint. The quality of the first attempts were vastly inferior to the fine results of the polyphonic school. It was not till he came who was strong enough to combine both schools, re-establishing polyphony on a harmonic basis, that modern music regained the art-standard set by Palestrina.

This man was Bach. He was born in 1685 and died in 1750. From Monteverde to Bach, there had been a gradual accretion of harmonic material; modulation, the most important factor of modern music after tonality, had been established.

Bach adapted harmony to the principles of polyphony; while he made harmony the basis of his work, each part moved as freely as did those of Palestrina. This is best described as contrapuntal harmony.

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By the complicated use of passing-notes, suspensions, retardations and chromatic alterations of chords, Bach laid the foundations of all that has been done in harmony since his time.

When a musician of today uses the term "modern harmony," he usually has in mind, not all dissonances which date from the introduction of the dominant seventh chord, but rather nineteenth century dissonances, which, gradually developing through other chromatic writers, found their most luxurious flowering in Wagner.

Let us note some of the means Wagner employed to gain the wondrously beautiful harmonic effects in the later music-dramas. We do not assume that he had a system; we do not claim he had any theory whatever regarding the matter. It may be granted that all those ecstatic, ravishing harmonies were but the spontaneous outpouring of transcendant, clairvoyant genius.

Nevertheless, when genius has produced something new and worthy, something which may be generally applied, theory may formulate the new into rational and practical "rules," and present it as a distinct advance, useful, perhaps necessary, to the modern student.

In this way only have we gained the theory we now have; theory succeeds practice. Everything great in our art is either the result of intellectual research, or the spontaneous expression of musical instinct. In either case the new, if it live, may ultimately be included in our theory, but this verification comes later. Artistic instinct expresses itself finally; scientific demonstration follows, treats it philosophically and shows how the new may be made general.

To those who undervalue the work of the theorist, claiming that he in his research misses the real essence of music, that he dampens and discourages inspiration, is an intention-seeker and at the best deals only with the anatomy of music, we reply: Name the great composer, who, at the most impressionable time of his life, was not under the influence of the theorist.

The theorist may or may not be a great composer, but his professional purpose is worthy—that of shewing to unfolding genius, and to the lay-student, the methods of master musicians, what they chose and what they avoided.

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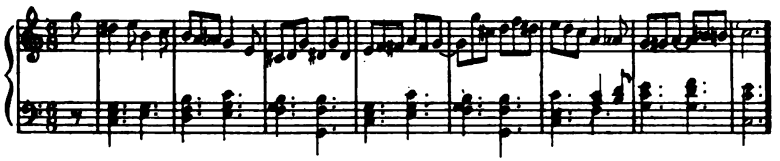
To those who so reverence Wagner that it seems to them sacrilege to deduce theory from that which speaks to them with the authority of revelation, and whose fine taste is offended if we seem to suggest that some, at least, of his effects were the result of research, rather than of what is called "inspiration," we point to the following from Praeger's "Wagner as I knew him:

"I am desirous there should be no misunderstanding regarding Wagner's method of composing. * * * Wagner composed at the piano. * * * With him composition was a work of much excitement and much labor. He did not shake the notes from his pen as pepper from a castor. He (Wagner) said: 'A composer must pass through a kind of parturition.' He labored excessively. He went to the piano with his idea * * * and made the piano his sketch book wherein he worked and reworked his subject till it assumed the shape he had in his mind."

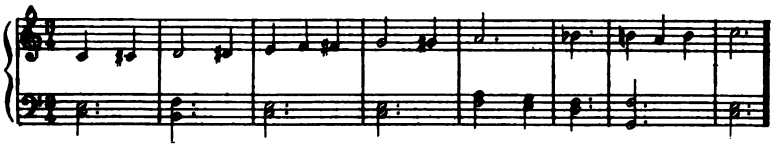
In analyzing methods employed by Wagner we are doing what he did with the compositions of those who had preceded him, and especially with the works of Weber and Beethoven. We are showing the student how modern chromatic harmony may be safely and sanely used.

In the first place we should say that Wagner did for harmony what others before him had done for melody; chromatics are so introduced as to broaden our sense of the content of key without shocking our sense of tonality.

To any musician the following melodies, notwithstanding the accidentals, are very definitely in C.



The second example contains nothing more than the chromatic scale of C. Its general effect is as different from the



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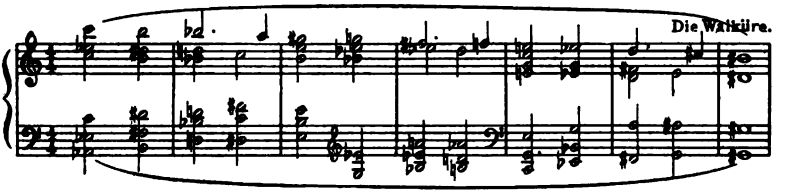
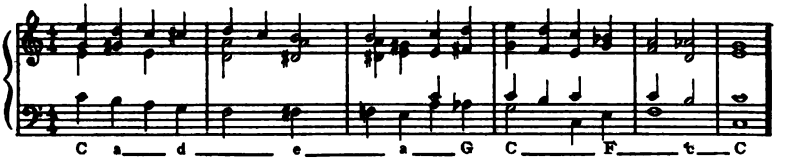
following chromatic harmony (which contains the same chromatic scale descending), as is chromatic harmony, in artistic value, from chromatic melody.



Not long since the harmony-pupil would have been taught that a passage like that which follows modulates to the keys represented by the letters below:



In the light of more modern theory the student would be taught that the entire phrase is in C, that there is no modulation and that the chromatics are introduced to add color and warmth.

If any appeal is made for change of key, it is made to the eye, not to the ear. One reason why the older systems of harmony-teaching so often failed to produce musical results, is seen in the fact that the appeal was made to the eye rather than to the ear. The pupil was taught to see forbidden progressions rather than to hear them; he was not awakened to the necessity of thinking music.

Modern musical theory has so broadened our perception of key-content that passages like the one just discussed are now accepted as non-modulatory, an intimate relation between all keys has been established. What was once said of Schubert, that "he made the keys of C, and F sharp, sound like twin sisters," no longer appeals to us as extraordinary.

The example given is comparatively simple. From it we can pass to those more complex and show how chromatic harmony which might remain in one tonality, may serve as a bridge over which to pass to keys supposed in old-time theory to be most remote, and by modulations enthralling and ecstatic, yet simple as seductive.

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We do not wish to be understood as endorsing Wagner's methods as the most desirable. That is another matter and has to do with the art of music—which is quite another thing from the theory of music.

We are discussing from the point of view of the theorist, a musician of our time who has produced new art creations.

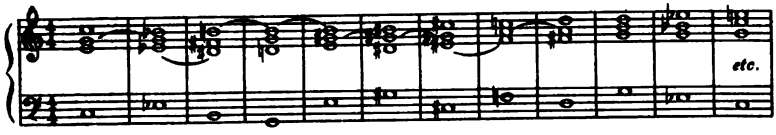
At this, one of the wise ones who lives in libraries, comparing and contradicting, noting visual parallelisms without distinguishing either the esthetic purpose or aural effect, will declare that there is nothing new in Wagner, nothing there not found in Bach.

Granted, perhaps, but this only proves Wagner's genius the greater, because with his "nothing new" he has produced the illusion of a new art world.

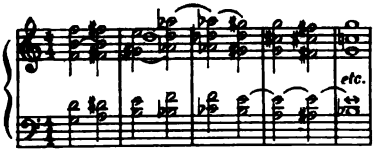
One of the methods of employing chromatic harmony may be formulated thus: Any major triad, or dominant seventh chord may be succeeded by any other major triad, or dominant seventh chord, provided there be a note in common; and, furthermore, the second chord may be resolved in another octave, or in any position whatever, i. e. "irregularly."

If this formula be applied to triads only, the results, unless familiar, will be surprising, and so thoroughly modern that the hearer will almost unconsciously exclaim "Wagnerian."

It may not be necessary to explain that many of these chromatic harmonies are chained by what is known in theory as enharmonic modulation, i. e. a flat, in one chord, may be tied over to a sharp in the succeeding chord, or vice versa, the two accidentals representing the same sound.



Applied to dominant seventh chords the results are still more modern:



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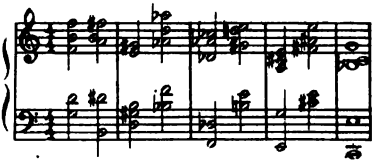
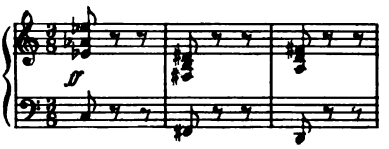
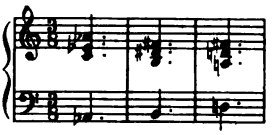
And now resolving these same chords in other octaves, "irregularly," we discover one of the most modern devices for startling effects in chromatic harmony, and a means constantly employed by the ultra-modern school, of which Strauss, Massenet and Saint-Saens, and Leoncavallo are conspicuous.



I know of no more startling, and at first hearing, barbaric successions than the following which occur in the prologue of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci:"



The three chords might be resolved in the same octave without surprise:



If the same methods be applied to ninth chords, and altered chords, modernity may be carried to an extreme. It is to be noted, however, that when startling effects are produced in modulation, the material used is generally simple. More examples of remote modulations are to be found in Wagner based on simple triads, than on dissonant chords. A good illustration of what we mean is the preceding from "Pagliacci."

Another method of employing modern chromatic harmony may be formulated thus: Any two chords which might occur in the same key may follow each other, even though there be no note in common, and this without regard to preceding harmonies. This is but another way of stating the rule found in any text book, that a triad in any degree of the scale may be succeeded by a triad or any other degree of the same scale.

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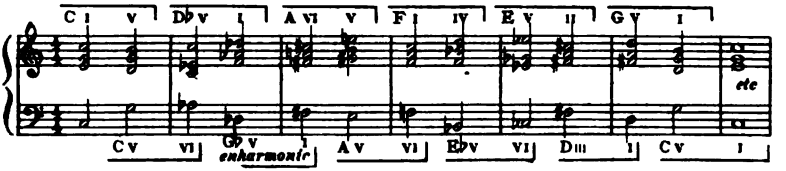
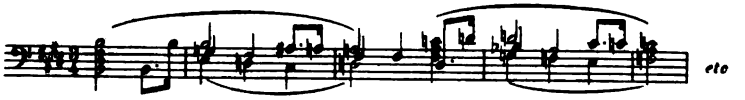
The following chords are intolerable when all played successively. All that is claimed is that any two of the chords may succeed each other as they here stand. In passing to a new key by such means, the second chord would of course be followed by chords establishing the new key. Each chord should be counted twice—once in the old key, once in the new:



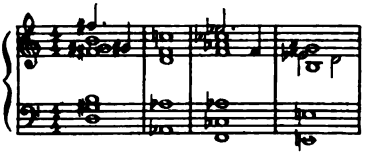
These two statements are so comprehensive as to include most of the chromatic harmony of the ultra-modern school.

In the following from Tannhäuser, there is a note common to the changing chords. If what has been explained has been thoroughly understood, no comments are necessary, as the example is comparatively simple.

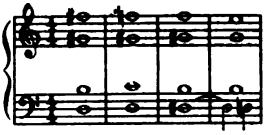


A leap from Tannhäuser to Tristan would at first seem extreme, but we shall find the means employed the same, except that there are more resolutions in other octaves.

The following almost unearthly harmonies from Tristan—harmonies which express the mystery of night, the exquisite tenderness and voluptuous enthrallment of new-born, requited love, and contain withal a note of tragic prophecy:



when resolved in the same octave, cause no surprise, are cold, colorless and undramatic:



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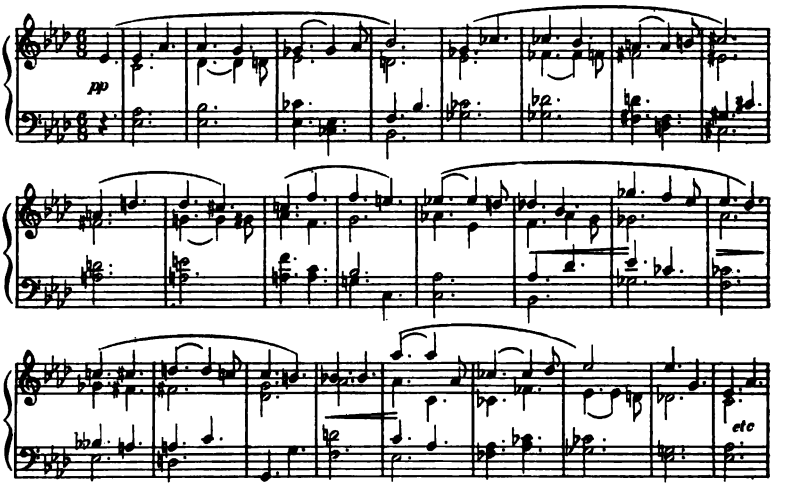
Here indeed may be realized that although there may be nothing new in Wagner—when reduced in this way—his genius declares itself in producing wholly new effects with old material. The two versions have no more in common than has a crawling caterpillar with a brilliant butterfly.

We reproduce the whole of the beautiful passage beginning in A flat. This gives as clearly as anything we recall in Wagner, a fair conception of his chromatic harmony. In all the other bits we have given, the chords, separated from their environment, lose much of their meaning.



If the student will play this passage till he becomes in a measure familiar with it, he will perhaps realize, as never before, the potentiality of chromatic harmony.

Here is a tonal expression of the most subtle, all-controlling emotion known to man. That it is more adequate, as it comes to us through shifting chromatic harmonies, wherein the tone-world is felt as a unit, not as an aggregation of parts, or "keys," is manifest.

We need not give other illustrations. The two formulas, added to those which may be found in any modern text book on harmony, will unravel most of the combinations which puzzle the student.

There is no mystic virtue in this chromatic harmony, nor will the ungracious goddess, because of the toil, come whis-

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pering secrets to him who burrows through this modern complexity.

Theory is not art.

Many of the harmonies here discussed are barren and barbaric when reduced to text-book theory, but are suggestive and sufficient when chosen with artistic purpose.

Theory does not produce the artist. At best it but molds the means, so that the gods shall find that through which they may express themselves, more mobile, more mediumistic.

And finally, art comes not at the beck of him who mistakes taste for talent; she abides where she may. To her, virtue is not attractive, nor vice abhorrent. All is as naught, save the one indispensable factor through which she may filter her fine fancy.

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AN ART SECRET.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

"A good listener is as rare as a good performer."

I sing of what chanced in a town by the sea,
Where, as everyone knows, the great earth's axletree,
In the midst of the Common may plainly be seen,
The center and hub of this mundane machine;
Where culture is common as grass on the green,
And the source and the symbol of brains is the bean.
I stood by the entrance to great Music Hall
And marked how the multitude pressed, one and all,
Through the close-crowded portal, as loath to be late;
For the clocks of the city were just striking eight.
How they jostled and struggled and elbowed along
To the window where tickets were dealt to the throng!
Where old Cerberus stood at a grating within,
As in tales of that underworld refuge of sin.
With a snap and a snarl he gave each the wrong seat,
And met all complaints with a temper as sweet
As the thrice-distilled essence of lemon or lime,
And with language not lightly transferred into rhyme.
It is said that he bites, so he's kept behind bars,
A precaution for which all give thanks to their stars,
Then with shove and with gasp, between curses and prayers,
They urge their slow way up the worn, winding stairs,
Where the fire-fiend waits, with a patience sublime,
Secure of his trap in the fullness of time.

Now a great curiosity seized me to know
Why this motley assembly was hurrying so,
And what they expected to see or to get,
That could possibly pay for such labor and fret.
So I took up my stand at the narrowest turn,
And inquired of each, as he passed me, to learn.
The time was so short, and the space was so scant,
That none, as they passed, with a push and a pant,
Had leisure or room for a proper excuse,
Or to formulate plausible fictions for use.
So, strange as it seems, I declare it, forsooth,
That all were surprised into telling the truth.

The first that came by, in this desperate race,
Was a corpulent fellow of rubicund face,

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With pockets that cheerfully chinked as he ran,
Withal a most pompous and well-to-do man.
"Now why," I began, but he answered in haste,
"Don't ask me, I swear it is none of my taste,
But a noted pianist is up here to-day,
As a sign-board for me and my wares, in my pay;
I must see if he makes me a suitable ad,
If the tone he produces is good or is bad,
If he hits contract number of notes to the minute,
In brief, I must know if he really is in it.
He uses the Smithson piano, and so,
Though I hate it like poison, I still have to go.
His success with the public is profit for me,
And business is business with all of us. See?"

Next came the professor, with goggles on nose,
And a strong foreign accent wherever he goes,
Which tells of three months on the continent spent,
Where his English received such a permanent bent.
"I come," he declared, in his quaint mongrel speech,
"Pour voir if his movements are such as I teach,
To find in his method quelque chose I can borrow,
En bref, to get points for my pupils to-morrow;
To show to the public mon grand interet
Artistique, musicale, comme il faut, vous savais."
The next, a fine lady of elegant mien,
In glimmering jewels and soft silken sheen,
Who languidly drawled as she passed, "Don't you know,
To these classic recitals we all have to go.
It's the thing in our set to attend in full dress,
But I hope that the fad will be short, I confess.
It's a terrible bore, I admit, honor bright,
But Miss Moneybags gives a reception to-night,
And one must be in shape to descant at one's ease,
On the manner and costume of artists like these;
And to mention, if wholly correct one would be,
How much poorer they are than one heard in Paree."
Then a know-it-all student, with the head very high,
And a big roll of music, came scurrying by.
"I promise great things in the world pianistic,
And so I attend all these functions artistic,
In part to encourage my colleagues and peers,
At least those who will be such in a few years;
And part to observe what I can of their ways,
And copy that lofty indifference to praise,
And to dream of the time when I stand in their shoes,
And have more engagements than I can refuse.
I know all the pieces he gives here to-day,
Took them all long ago, and they're not hard to play.

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I can beat him already in noise, I mean tone,
And my speed in the scales is as great as his own.
Hold on a few seasons till I graduate
And I'll show you a technique in octaves, just wait!"
So one with another they passed to the hall,
And no word about music I heard from them all;
No hint of the pleasure they hoped to obtain,
Or of aught which they sought for the heart or the brain.
No word of art's message to men in their need,
Only selfishness, vanity, folly and greed.
Oh, art desecrated! Oh, music dragged down
from thy heaven-kissed heights to be serf to the clown!
I turned with disgust from my post on the stair
And slowly descended in sullen despair.
When lo! in the corner the fire-fiend sat,
And made me a place at his side for a chat.
"Well met!" I exclaimed, "thou destroyer of breath!
Come, lend me the use of thy besom of death!
Here's a barn stuffed with vermin, from flooring to thatch,
Quick, kindle thy fires! Now's the chance, here's a match!"
But the fire-fiend laughed, as I raged ever louder,
"Why, man, keep your temper, they're not worth the powder.
For decades I've waited, my locks gray are turning,
And haven't yet caught here a crowd fit for burning.
Whist! someone is coming, I vanish from sight.
My time is not yet. It will come, though. Good-night!"
A country bred maiden; a seamstress by trade,
Beneath whose sad eyes toil had marked a deep shade,
In her plain woolen dress, and gloves often mended,
With slow weary step the long stairway ascended,
"Oh, has he begun? It's too bad if I'm late!
I walked all the way, and I sewed until eight.
I have paid my last cent for the ticket I bought,
And shall have to walk home. It was more than I thought.
But I could not have missed it, this glorious hour.
Such a program! Such playing! Such soul-stirring power!
I have heard him before, it was worth a month's toil.
It refreshes the spirit, as rain the parched soil.
Please, where can I hear best? I don't care to see.
I haven't a seat check. I bought a standee.
I'm fearfully tired, but that I don't mind.
It will all be forgotten. Thanks, you are so kind!"
I had shown her a seat, and I stood by the door,
To watch an effect I had witnessed before.
The prince of pianists sat stiff in his seat,
With a countenance telling of boredom complete.
He swept from the keyboard a deluge of sound,
As the wind through wet woods shakes the drops to the ground;

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Flung handfuls of tone at the man with the pockets,
And showed the professor the latest sky-rockets;
Astonished the lady in jewels and silk
And won the applause of her shallow-brained ilk.
To the student he proved that as yet he had missed
That masterly magical turn of the wrist.
But he played without interest, feeling or life,
In fact as though music were dead as Lot's wife.
Yet see! of a sudden, a swift change comes o'er him,
Forgetting himself and the people before him,
His eyes newly kindled with lofty desire,
He plays as if music were rhythmical fire.
A strange vibrant something creeps into his tone,
As if sweet spirit voices were adding their own;
And even the hearts of that cold, callous crowd
Were stirred to their depths, as to genius they bowed.
What was it that warmed him like rich southern wine,
Which gave to his strains that new cadence divine?
That poor little stranger, untutored in art,
Was listening, rapt, from all self-hood apart.
He was feeling and playing for her, as I knew.
Her spirit responsive his sympathy drew,
By a power magnetic, unconscious, but strong;
As his soul spoke to hers, o'er the heads of the throng.
He never will know why his genius awoke
At that precise moment, and easily broke
Through the icy constraint which had bound him till then,
To make him, as artist, a god among men.
But reader, the secret to you I will tell,
One genuine listener alone wrought the spell.
The touch of that influence, subtle, but deep,
Aroused his best self from its world-weary sleep;
And showed him in art, and the joy he was giving
To one worthy heart, the true purpose of living.
If my moral is vague and still needs to be pointed,
I fear that my verse has been all too disjointed.
Quite simply, 'tis this way; the artist, you see,
After all is part human, he needs sympathy.
If it is of his best you demand in large measure,
Then show that you prize and are worthy the treasure.
He shrinks from bestowing his pearls upon swine,
Or wasting his fire upon icebergs. In fine,
Shall he stir your emotion, or move you to tears,
Then come to the hall with your heart in your ears.

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MR. J. D. MEHAN UPON SCHOOL AND CHORUS SINGING.

Among the interesting experiments now being made in different parts of the country as to the best manner of dealing with children's voices in classes, that of Mr. J. D. Mehan, the celebrated voice master of Detroit, is one of the most interesting. He has now been at work for some time with a class of children, meeting every Saturday morning, by the term of ten weeks. The work is neither a speculation on the one hand nor a charity on the other; but more nearly a quasi self-supporting experiment, the problem being to find out what could be done with children's voices to remedy current defects of tone production and quality, and to lay a foundation of pure vocal habit upon which later a superstructure of real cultivation in singing can be placed without having to undo any part of what has been acquired with so much labor. Accordingly, a small fee is charged, which after various reductions now stands at fifty cents for ten lessons. When Mr. Mehan hears of some poor child desiring to come to the classes, but hindered for lack of money, he sends a ticket; and then he has an interesting way of offering prizes for essays apparently in no way connected with the proper work of the class, so that at the end there are a few bills left to be paid out of the private purse of the master who has already invested so much of time and good will.

Mr. Mehan's position with regard to singing as generally practiced in the school room is interesting as well as authoritative. He says: "Singing as usually conducted is a crime. The children use hard and unmusical tones, and by the time they are out of school they have acquired such habits that when they come to me for voice lessons at the age of sixteen or so it takes from one year to eighteen months merely to undo the bad habits which need not have been acquired. You will observe I am not now speaking of music. Whether they should or should not be taught music; and if music, how much the school ought to give them, I am not going to undertake to say.

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This I leave for those wiser than myself. But I think it stands to reason that if they are going to sing at all in the school room, they ought first of all to be taught a few simple principles of correct tone-production, and that good habits should be diligently fostered."

"To what do you refer?" asked the scribe, "to breathing, vowel quality, agility, volume, or what?"

MR. J. D. MEHAN.

"When I say correct principles of tone-production I mean an easy management of the breath, free from all forcing or uncomfortable constraint, and above all, pure vowels. If you listen to the tones of most Americans in informal conversation you will hear harsh and nasal sounds, frequently to a degree absolutely offensive as well as unbecoming; and the result is that many are not able to command a suitable tone-quality

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for expressing those elementary emotions of affection, reverence, and sympathetic intercourse, without the free and habitual experience and expression of which civilization becomes barren, and life not worth living."

"What is this, then," I asked, "but voice culture properly so called? And how can you expect to have this without costly special teachers? And do you believe that this sort of thing can be taught to whole school rooms full of pupils, even when you have your expensive special teachers?"

"You are asking me altogether too many questions at once," answered the patient teacher, "but if we take time enough we may arrive at them. Let us begin with your first question. It is voice culture, but not a culture of a specialized kind. It is merely the degree of voice culture which every civilized child ought to have in order that when he becomes mature and experiences the finer feelings which belong to culture, he will have a suitable medium through which to express himself. I see nothing unreasonable in our undertaking to do this much for every child in the public schools who is capable of taking it.

"Besides, we spend a great deal of money in the schools upon studies which have only a general relation to actual life, such for instance as Algebra, Philosophy, and the like. Would it not be better to make sure that such a pervading satisfaction as the habit of speaking with a soft, musical and heart-felt tone-quality be cultivated? For we must remember that every tone heard reacts upon the hearer, and while you are pleased when someone speaks to you with a mellow, musical and pure tone, you are acted upon unconsciously still more; you unconsciously try to speak with such a tone yourself. It is the instinct of common politeness, as when you raise your hat because some gentleman raises his to you.

"And to take your second question, whether this can be done without costly special teachers, I admit that it cannot be done without special teachers, as education now goes; but the cost need not be great, for when once a better ideal is set up, and a few elementary and easy exercises are given for promoting correct habits, the hearing of the children and the oversight of the teacher will promote better and better habits of speaking, to a degree which I would hardly have believed myself without this experience I have been having.

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"And as to the question of quantity, I believe, I know even, that this sort of thing can be taught as well to an entire room full of children as to each alone, excepting in the cases of one or two very bad individuals, to whom a little private teaching may have to be given before they learn how to hear themselves, and how to set about a right method.

"As things now go, I do not believe that safe singing can be done in the school room without the supervision of special teachers, and if I had my way every one of them would be able to produce a pure and fine tone (whether of greater or less volume would not matter, but purity is within reach of every one); and they should also know the rationale of doing so, and be able to cause others to do so."

"What is your position," I asked, "with regard to children singing with expression, as it is called? Should it be done, and if so, to what extent? And how are you to cultivate the tempers of mind which according to Plato ought to be prepared in the child, if we do not sing besides the pleasant and cheerful songs, others also which are earnest, heroic, even grand?"

"We are speaking of children," he answered. "The child properly speaking has none of these mature and high-strung feelings which poets rave over, which in fact form the subject matter of poetry, and afford our operatic composers their greatest opportunities. The child is naive, cheerful, rather quiet than the reverse, and above all optimistic. But of deep feeling and passion he has, or ought to have, no consciousness. And to call for these emotions which imply such extreme stretches of feeling, is a mistake; and if you permit the child to attempt to imitate the expression of feeling such as these, it will result in overtaxing the voice, and perhaps ruin it."

"How is this?" I asked, "what are we to do for music for children's songs if we are going to rule out everything which rises above a certain childlike impassivity of feeling?"

"We are going to cultivate a taste for song, pure and simple," he answered, "song not necessarily impassioned, but cheerful, sweet, and within the range of the child's voice." "By this I mean," he went on, "such melodies as some of those by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and other purely lyric writers. As for compass, when they go about it correctly, the child's voice has a high range. In my classes the children are able to take

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a high B flat or C, with a soft, sweet, pure tone, without the slightest tendency to flat."

Here the conversation wandered off to the subject of oratorio singing and chorus singing in general with certain results. "For my part," Mr. Mehan went on, "I do not see where we are coming out in the matter of oratorio singing. While new works of this kind continue to be produced, there are very few choral societies, and still fewer of these societies which manage to make a show of existing, which contain singers capable of taking a living part in such work. Not alone is it true that choir singers cannot read music, as a rule, but still more true that the chorus is forced to depend upon a class of singers who not only cannot read music but also are untaught vocally, and so ineffective as to be absolutely incapable of grand vocal effects. To my mind the inefficiency of the singers is something painful, because it might be remedied by patience and good teaching. But to insist upon these singers trying to produce the volume and solidity of tone demanded by first-class oratorio effects, is nothing short of cruelty. In fact if I were a choral director I would be put to my wits end, unless I were to go to work and train up a choir out of new material."

Here the reporter interrupted in order to ask a question which he had long desired to ask of some able vocal teacher and practical man, namely: "What do you think, Mr. Mehan, of the propriety of forming a paid chorus for giving a series of oratorios every season?"

"It may come to that," he answered, "for a choir of selected voices, sixty strong, would produce far more effect than these aggregates of two or three hundred unprepared singers, such as you can hear in any large city. And if there were a salary attached to the work, no matter how small, there would be an inducement to earnest effort and suitable attendance; and the result would be that oratorio effects would be better realized and at far less trouble to the conductor."

"But," I answered, "would not this deprive our singers of the socializing culture of practice of choral music together?"

"Not necessarily," he answered. "We could have our singing societies and they could practice not necessarily whole oratorios, but such favorite parts of them as best suited the tastes of the singers. And at the same time every such society

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ought to make vocal instruction a part of its work. By this I mean that every rehearsal ought to be devoted in part to a few simple exercises which would tend to strengthen the voice, improve the quality of tone, and not least important, conduce powerfully to the general health of the singers."

"What is this," I asked. "Has our singing society undergone a still farther transformation, not content with being simply a choir getting to be a sort of socializing force; and now again going beyond this and becoming a sort of sanitary influence. What is this which you are saying?"

"There is a way to do everything," he went on, "if only you can find it; and in the course of the thirty years I have been teaching I have discovered a few simple exercises which if regularly practiced will promote good vocal habits wonderfully; and I have found further that they almost take the place of physical exercise (perhaps I ought to say of other physical exercises) if properly done."

"But to return again to the point whence we started," he said, "I do not see anything chimerical in expecting sometime that singing will be done in the school room on a rational basis, and to the great gain of the child in the physical influence which the act of singing has, the educational influence of the right kind of songs, and a proper way of using the voice, from which later the child would develop into something still more musical; and occasionally we would be gratified by the appearance of voices far better than any that the world has yet known. For I hold that in the same way as psychology teaches us that so long as the brain of the average man contains myriads of brain cells which the individual will never develop into activity, so long may we expect the mental power of the race to increase as the brain is used more and more nearly to its full capacity under the influence of modern civilization; so the voice is in the same category. If the physical system were at its perfection, the mental poise perfect, and the vocal organs properly trained from childhood, sweet, resonant, pure and inspiring tones would be heard on every side; and now and then a veritable blossom of song, a voice as far transcending the average of the time as our Pattis and Nilssons now excel our average singers. This is the outlook as it presents itself to me."

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MR. OTTO LOHSE.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

The subject of this sketch, Herr Otto Lohse, composer, pianist, conductor and musical director, is a strong example of modern versatile musicianship. Notwithstanding the short time of Herr Lohse's sojourn in the United States, he enjoys throughout this country, and particularly in New York, the distinction of having been quickly recognized as an important factor in the musical element of the eastern metropolis. This is indeed a source of great satisfaction, as Herr Lohse's merits and abilities have been recognized in Europe ere this, in the most flattering manner, and in the interest of musical art in this country it is sincerely to be hoped that he will continue to be appreciated for his artistic work. The rather disproportional number of orchestral organizations, which this country as yet must content itself with, rather hampers Mr. Lohse's ambition in that field, but it is only a question of short time when his name will be identified with some leading musical organization of this country.

Otto Lohse was born in Dresden, Saxony, in the second part of the current century, as the only son of a well-to-do merchant, who was the possessor of a very fine voice and of high musical attainments. The elder Lohse frequently uttered the desire for Otto to adopt the art of music as a profession. The latter heard this utterance so often that, when as yet quite young, he began to prepare himself for his future occupation and at the age of seven commenced the study of piano. Steadily working, he continued his study throughout his college years. With a keen presentiment, young Otto soon realized that, to be a thorough musician meant more than to have a tolerably good command of the keyboard. When fourteen years old he began the study of theory with Julius Rietz, and then added the study of an orchestral instrument, the 'cello, to his other studies, much to the chagrin of his piano instructor, Jean Louis Nicodé, who strongly urged the talented young artist to enter the career of a piano virtuoso.

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Young Lohse could not agree to that step, as at that time, as well as now, the piano is to him but a means and not an end. Without neglecting the piano he practiced very diligently the 'cello, under Friedrich Gruetzmacher's superintendence, and progressed so rapidly that when but seventeen years of age he could become a member of the Dresden court orchestra. Now the ambitious lad had the most favorable oppor-

MR. OTTO LOHSE.

tunity to grow familiar with the workings (experiences) of an orchestral organization and with the total literature of opera. With genuine love and enthusiasm for the art of music, he watched the rehearsals and performances of the justly celebrated Dresden Court opera. To be an active member of a good orchestra has proven an absolute necessity (the first school) for every good conductor, and Mr. Lohse has often

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expressed himself to the fact, that he thoroughly appreciates the benefits which he derived from his work in the orchestra.

When Mr. Lohse had firmly decided to become eventually a conductor, he engaged for that purpose in a more general thorough and far-reaching study of the orchestral and operatic literature. Under Felix Dräsecke he pursued his studies in composition, and the full course of the Royal Conservatory of Dresden was absorbed. As pianist he frequently appeared in concert in Dresden, and became thus quite a popular artist in his native city. In 1879 two good positions were offered him in foreign countries, one a professorship of piano playing at the Conservatory of Athens, Greece, the other a similar position with the Russian Imperial Society of Music at Wilna. Otto Lohse chose the latter locality and lived in that city until 1882, as conductor of the society and as a very successful professor of piano playing. Since 1882 Mr. Lohse lived in Riga, on the Baltic coast, and his name is strongly identified with the musical history of that city, as the founder of the "Wagner Verein" and the Russian Musical Society. He found an excellent field in that very musical city, and from personal observation I know of the appreciation and the esteem which he enjoyed during his stay in that city. In the year 1889 Otto Lohse was chosen first musical director of the Stadt theater of Riga, and four years he led the orchestra from the same desk which Richard Wagner himself had occupied many years previous.

In 1893 he was offered the position of first conductor of the Hamburg Stadt theater, which he accepted, after having assisted in 1886 and 1891 in the production of the Bayreuth Festspiel in connection with Weingaertner, Richard Strauss and Humperdinck. On account of having done much towards a fuller appreciation of Wagner's works in the eastern part of Europe, Otto Lohse had become persona grata with Mme. Cosima Wagner in Wahufried. In 1894 Mr. Lohse conducted with rare success the German opera season in London, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris. In London he met at a dinner, given by the German Club, Hans Richter, the world-renowned leader, who conducted at that time the London season of his famous concerts. After conversing for some time Richter learned from Lohse the fact that the latter had been a 'celloist in the Dresden Court Orchestra. Whereupon, heartily embracing Lohse, Richter exclaimed, "Thank God,

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again a conductor who comes from the orchestra; they are always the best." (It might as well be stated that Richter played the French horn in the orchestra at Pest.)

The greatest triumph as an artist and the most complete happiness as a man, Otto Lohse enjoyed in 1895, in his marriage to Mme. Katharina (Lohse) Klafsky, the celebrated queen of song. This thoroughly congenial union had a sad termination last spring after the brief duration of eighteen months through the sudden death of the great singer. Both Mme. Lohse-Klafsky and her husband were members of the Damrosch Opera Company during the season of 1895-96. The former celebrated unheard of triumphs in her matchless impersonations of Wagnerian roles, for which nature had endowed her most lavishly. Herr Lohse, as associate conductor of the Damrosch Opera Company, sustained in America his justly merited reputation as one of the most competent operatic conductors of the day.

In November, 1896, Herr Lohse returned to America, in the supposition that this country would prove a good field for a competent musical director. He scored an extraordinary success last December as conductor of the compositions of his friend, the composer, Bruno Oscar Klein, at Carnegie Hall. As conductor of the Nordica Concert Company, during its recent visit in Chicago, he was greeted and welcomed most heartily by public and press alike. On March 1st Herr Lohse gave his own orchestral concert at Carnegie Hall, directing the following program with great success, and proving himself a most versatile conductor in his fine readings of classic and modern works:

Symphony, A major, Beethoven.
Concerto in G for violin (soloist, Gregorewitch), Bruch.
Overture, Sakuntala, Goldmark.
Nightingale for violin, Sarasate.
The Waterfay (first time in N. Y.), Dvorak.

As a composer, Mr. Lohse has been quite prolific. His three-act opera, "Der Prinz Wider Willen," had been performed shortly before his departure from Riga, with the most flattering success. Recently it has been accepted for performance at the Court Opera of Dresden, Germany, and the score will be published by Breitkopf and Hartel of Leipzig. Herr Lohse has written a large number of vocal, orchestral and

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chamber works. His newest string quartet in E minor will be brought forward as the first novelty of the next season by the Spiering String Quartet of Chicago. At present Herr Lohse is occupied in his charming studio in New York in preparing singers for the stage, and particularly in teaching the proper conception, deliverance and interpretation of Wagnerian roles.

On account of his versatility and his many-sided capacity as musical director, conductor, pianist and composer, Herr Lohse is certainly a most welcome acquisition to the leading musical element of this country, and his influence is certain to make itself felt. His fondness for this country is probably best illustrated by the fact that he but recently refused the position of first musical director at one of the foremost stages of Germany, the opera of Frankfort on the Main, for the sake of establishing himself in this country, which always welcomes an honorable, deserving and capable artist.

Chicago, Ill.

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PIANO TONE-COLOR FROM A PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL STANDPOINT.

BY R. H. STETSON.

The mechanical possibilities of tone-color in piano playing are soon enumerated:

1. Initial tone-color and voicing of piano. The initial tone of the piano, with the detail of mechanism for its production, does not enter strictly into the problem of varying tone-color in piano playing. But methods of voicing may give scope for tone effects if the timbre of the three or four registers of the piano compass is made different, or even contrasting, as is often done.

2. Stroke of hammer (affected by touch) alters the color of the tone in large degree. In the modern piano, with the large number of component overtones in every tone, the stroke of the hammer in setting the string in vibration may materially affect the manner in which the string breaks up into vibrations, i. e., produces overtones which determine tone-color. But the only possible variation is in the velocity of the blow. The path of the hammer and the point of impact are fixed; the weight of the hammer is constant; there is no connection between the finger of the player and the moving hammer at the point of impact. Hence, while a change in color is possible with a varying touch, an accompanying change in loudness is absolutely inevitable. No color variation without a dynamic variation.

3. Pedals. Of course, the 'jeu celeste' and other devices which modify the striking surface, change the timbre of the piano radically. But thus far, they play little part in piano expression, and do not seem to be in the line of development of the present instrument.

The damper pedal, by permitting the sympathetic vibration of other strings, which may re-enforce or interfere with the overtones of the vibrating string, or even produce chords with it, may change the coloring of the note struck. There is also the possibility of certain tricks of management whereby the

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dampers come in contact with the string and modify the tone after being struck.

The soft pedal of the grand shifts the action so that the hammer strikes fewer strings; this changes the relation between the weight of the hammer and the resistance; the action, too, is seldom adjusted so that the strings are exactly struck by the worn creases of the felt surfaces. These two elements may produce a change in color as well as in loudness. Combinations of the two pedals offer possibilities just being realized.

Thus we may summarize the possibilities from a mechanical point of view:

1. Effects involving the initial tone and voicing of the piano.

2. Variations in color accompanying variations in loudness. (i. e., variety of color dependent on dynamic change.)

3. Effects produced with the pedals.

To this may be added the great facility of the piano in varying combinations of notes, both:

1. In simultaneous combinations, chords, in which different dynamic treatment of the components of the chord is possible.

2. And in successions of notes, passages, in which the grouping and connection of neighboring notes may be altered by minute pauses between certain notes, and by use of the pedal.

It is worth while noticing the use which recent composers have made of effects involving the initial color and voicing of the piano. Schumann massed his notes in the center of the keyboard. Liszt wrote tenths and chord combinations before unused. Chopin got a graceful effect by delicate passages of single notes in upper treble against a color-contrasting accompaniment. Thalberg planted a melody firmly in the baritone, the most characteristic register of the piano, and wove contrasting arpeggios about it.

Perhaps the most striking illustrations of what has been done in the use of the initial tone resources of the developed piano may be seen in treatment for piano of the work of earlier composers, as in Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert's songs. In the earlier phrases of the "Wanderer" he has obtained a tone effect not indicated by Schubert, by introducing running embellishments in the low bass which contrast in their muffled

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hurry with the tone color of the upper parts. In the introductory passages of "Hark, Hark, the Lark," he has obtained remarkably suggestive tone effects by simply raising certain parts an octave. In the "Erlking" he individualizes and contrasts the different voices by giving them a different location on the keyboard, enlarging the compass of the melodies as a whole from two octaves to four. In the same work, it was his instrument, and not Schubert, that suggested the use throughout the first bit of elf-music of those long, shimmering, treble arpeggios. At every speech of the child, the right hand rushes up into the high treble in an effect which is neither dynamic or rhythmic, but tonic.

Variety of color dependent on dynamic change is the field of the latest study in piano technique. A melody is made to stand out, not only in dynamic contrast with its surroundings as it must, but at the same time a delicate touch may preserve throughout the melody a certain range of loudness within which the tones have a coloring which contrasts with the coloring of the accompaniment.

In polyphonic playing, each part may be individualized by being given a different range of loudness, and hence a different timbre.

Let those who insist that they can produce changes of tone-color without changes in the degree of loudness remember that loudness, even more than pitch, is a relative thing. How do they know that they do not have variations in loudness? After thousands of years of training, it is very unusual for the race to bring forth a person who has an ear for absolute pitch. There has never been any training for the discernment of differences of loudness. It is simply a scientific fact that there are no ears capable of discerning degrees of loudness. No one doubts that varying tone-color is produced, but only a series of dynameters affected by each hammer of the piano action could determine with any accuracy whether there was a concomitant dynamic variation.

Effects produced with the pedals, though easily noted and understood, are hard to define and classify. But there are many elements which enter into "tone-coloring at the piano" which are not matters of timbre at all. It may sound absurd to say that an important element in "orchestral effects" is strict takt-keeping. One of the characteristics of a good orchestra is the

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precision with which the note enters on the beat. The chords are chords; there is no after-striking. A pianist who plays with a similar precision, whose chords move in masses, and whose part-playing in polyphonic work is characterized by strict takt-keeping in each part is doing not a little toward producing "orchestral effect."

The manner in which certain instruments sound above others in combinations may be imitated at the piano by dynamic discrimination. The time-worn device of doubling in octaves a trombone solo is sometimes justifiable. Dynamic individualization of parts so that every voice receives its peculiar power, distinct phrasing of each individual part, along with the fine sense which manages the whole effect so that the individual dynamic problems of each part may be solved without doing violence to the initial resources of the piano tone—these are all essential to tone-color.

One of the elements in the individuality of instruments which is often overlooked is not a matter of timbre at all. Every instrument has its own peculiar way of connecting and phrasing its notes, not only in large divisions, phrases and periods, but in the smallest figure. One feels instinctively, on seeing the notes, that a certain score is for the violin, flute, harp, or what not. It is here that the piano finds range for adopting effects, not of tone-color, but of effects always associated with tone-color, and which suggest it at once. The technique of the piano lends itself with great ease to such minute differences in the connections of notes. The slight pause between every note of the clarionet or flute, the arpeggio effects of the harp, the close legato or crisp staccato of the strings, the rapid appogiatura effect of a violin chord of more than two notes—all these can be successfully imitated at the piano. By actual experiment, out of ninety people questioned, some fifty never recall a melody without associating it with a tone quality of some sort. In these days when tone quality is so easily recalled, any characteristic treatment of a part tends to call up tone quality which the hearer instinctively feels belongs with those peculiarities. Not that any pianist does or should attempt to definitely imitate any other instrument, but the variety and effectiveness of tone effects are suggested and directed by other instruments.

About the last thing which the piano can imitate in quality

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is the singing voice; tone production, timbre, means of expression, are all different, and yet nothing is more common than to speak of a singing quality of touch at the piano. To some extent the phrase is justified. Long study of, and the constant influence of vocal works have led pianists to appreciate the peculiarities and beauties of vocal phrasing and note connection, and have enabled them to use them in piano melodies.

In considering this last element in piano tone effects, it is worth while to compare an effect in organ playing. Accent, strictly, is almost impossible to the organist. Yet, by careful phrasing, the management of little pauses and minute holds, he can produce rhythmic effects which suggest and replace accent. It may be fashionable, some day, to talk of organists as to whether or not they can produce "accent effects."

Another element in tone-coloring must not be overlooked. The personality of the player, his own feeling for expression, as expressed in his person contribute to the effect. Varieties of touch are essential to the production of the manifold dynamic differences and connective differences in note successions; but they also subserve another purpose. They are expressive gestures, and appeal to the audience as such. The face and torsal expression of a player have much to do with what we read into his playing. And these same variations of touch and gesture help the player to feel and express as far as is possible the effects in mind.

Listening to tone effects at the piano is more largely a matter of association than we think. If Liszt or Rubinstein could have committed the anachronism of playing before an audience of the days of Mozart and Beethoven, it is very doubtful whether they would have heard "tone effects from the piano such as they never dreamed of before." Very probably they would have heard no tone effects at all. They had had no training of a lifetime in orchestral tone effects; they had no associational material on which to draw.

It is not such a bare treatment of the subject as it looks, the reducing of tone effects (a better term, by the way, than "tone-coloring"), to self-deceptive association and the few mechanical possibilities herein enumerated. Remember that we see and hear not half of what we see and hear; all the rest is supplied from experience; imagination is at work in every simple act of perception. Association makes up half of life.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

The remarkable season of grand opera by the Metropolitan Opera Company, limited, came to an end March 20, with Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Engel in the role of Juliet.

The repertory, from a box-office standpoint, had to be built around Mme. Calve's "Faust," "Carmen," and one performance of Boito's "Mefistofele," and one of Santuzza. These four impersonations occupied her twelve appearances. On several of these occasions she was supported by Mr. Jean de Reszke, twice as Faust and once as Don Jose; but at other times the tenor was Salignac or Cremonini. The other side of the repertory was built to bring Mr. Jean de Reszke in as many attractive roles as possible, since many supposed that this would be his last season here. He was heard, therefore, in the following parts: Raoul, Tristan, Le Cid, Lohengrin, Faust, Don Jose, Siegfried, Boito's Faust and Vasco da Gama in "L'Africaine." Of his singing more will be said later.

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There are several ways of regarding this repertory and the accompanying casts. Upon the one hand we had the Chicago orchestra, a chorus rather larger than usual and very competent, and an amplitude of resources upon the male side which made it possible to cast all the works in an unusually strong and even manner, always excepting, however, the tenor. Here it was either Mr. Jean de Reszke with his consummate but slightly conventional art, with his magnificent dressing, his great repose, but also his voice no longer quite what it used to be; or else the lighter voices and personalities of Cremonini and Salignac—both of whom are excellent tenors of the second and third classes. But upon the female side the casts were uneven. When it was Mme. Calve as Carmen or Marguerite there was a lyric impersonation of the very first order, which, while a work of great original genius upon the dramatic side, was also strong upon the vocal side, and altogether charming. The second roles, such as those of Martha in "Faust" and Siebel, were also filled admirably by Mme. Mantelli, Mlle. Olitzka, who had the heavy alto roles, has a large voice and

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acts with great energy and zeal. The question of satisfaction in those works in which Mme. Litvinne had the leading roles is sooner settled. This admirable artist is an excellent and well-schooled dramatic soprano; but her voice is not of the requisite timbre for the American market at three dollars and a half per seat. This is all there is of it. You praise her; occasionally you admire her for a moment; but you do not care for her singing.

* * *

The strength of the season, in an artistic sense, lay in the first presentation of Massenet's "Le Cid," in which Mr. Jean de Reszke has a brilliant role; a revival of Boito's "Mefistofele," given here but once previously, and that long ago under the leading of Max Strakosch; and Mr. Jean de Reszke's first appearance as Tristan and Siegfried, and his reappearance as Lohengrin. In all these roles, and particularly in those latest studied, Mr. de Reszke's art was of the most polished and well-schooled description. He learns his part thoroughly, works up the detail, knows his music so well as to be independent of the prompter and conductor, able to give others their cues if needed, and every detail is worked out with a finish which cannot enough be admired. With his distinguished proportions and muscular build he fills a heroic role in a way which rarely happens for a tenor, the tenor voice having a bad habit of incarnating itself in a male person rather under than over average size. I think the greatness of his art shows best of all in his Siegfried, which as a piece of dramatic work strikes me as about the best we are likely to see.

When Mr. Jean de Reszke sings he is still an artist to admire. While his voice has not now, and probably never did have, the full resonance of a tenor, it still has its high notes and its art; but the quality is no longer fresh. Tired with the hard work of a long season, the voice still farther strained by exertions made to conceal the difficulties of obtaining effects with it, and at times a complete abandonment to impassioned singing in long and straining passages, such as those in the last part of Tristan and places in Siegfried, it is altogether unlikely that this famous artist will remain upon the stage more than one, or at most two seasons longer.

When he leaves the stage he will have made for himself a great record. Born in 1852 (according to Riemann's diction-

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ary, though many suppose he is older), he sang as baritone for ten years or more; then his voice was reconstructed as tenor, and since which he has attained a position extremely influential, both as singer, actor, and above all as diplomat, able to control things in the companies in which he plays. For the last two or three years his compensation has averaged higher than ever paid a tenor before. It has been stated in the newspapers that his honorarium amounts to twelve hundred and fifty dollars an appearance, with a further division of twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts above six thousand dollars, sometimes bringing his honorarium, it is said, up to the enviable total of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars a performance. This is something which Mr. de Reszke and his associates naturally contemplate in a more suave temper than does the manager. Upon which branch of the subject it is perhaps enough to state that on one night in Chicago when Mr. Jean de Reszke had a great role, the box office reported but sixteen hundred dollars, all told. When Mr. de Reszke had taken his twelve hundred and fifty dollars there were at least one thousand dollars more to go to other solo singers, six hundred to the orchestra, four hundred to the house, with untold additional sums to the chorus, managerial staff (no small item, where there is so much detail) and the manager. I am inclined to think that the limit of high salaries to singers has been reached, at least for the present.

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Upon the financial side a mistake was made in arranging the prices for the Chicago season. Fashion has long been restive at the habit of the Metropolitan company of coming here always in Lent, when grand opera is impossible in New York. Added to this, the prices of seats were raised to three dollars and a half for all the lower floor, whereas they never had before been so high by a half dollar. The management had also in previous seasons been suspected of standing in with speculators, in point of which it is said that last year the first comers at the box-office, at the opening of the box sale for the season, found all the seats upon the ground floor already marked off the diagram—speculators having been able to control the entire stock. This year owing to the absence of Melba, who has always been a great drawing card, the speculator prudently stood from under.

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The local management was supposed to have arranged for the appearance of Melba later in the season. This probably impaired the business of the first week, which resulted in a loss of somewhere about twenty thousand dollars. Later on the business improved, but at the end of the second week it was a toss up whether the season would not be abandoned. The last two weeks were much better, and during the last week the experiment was made of reducing the prices to two dollars for the best seats—a price ample for the quality of stars offered. At these prices there were full nights when the receipts at the lowered prices aggregated more than eight thousand dollars—a sum which if maintained would have given a profitable business.

* * *

It is difficult to account for the attempt to raise prices in Chicago, when the house is so much larger and more equitably seated than the opera houses where the company is in the habit of playing. In the auditorium the ground floor has about eighteen hundred seats, and the balcony an equal number. Some years ago Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck found himself able to give an opera festival, and to build for the two weeks' use an opera house at a cost of eighty thousand dollars; yet they presented Patti (costing about four thousand dollars a night) with the best seats at two dollars and a half. Probably the management was this year in doubt whether the prestige of raising prices would not go farther than the popularity of lowering them. Perhaps Mr. Grau knows his public better than a disinterested observer would suppose. If Mr. Milward Adams (manager of the Auditorium) had been consulted he would have said at once: "Gentlemen, unless you can bring a first rate drawing prima donna, it will be useless for you to attempt to give opera in Chicago this season with the times as they are, at the prices you have fixed."

* * *

But to return to the artistic aspects of the work. Best of everything in the season I place Mme. Calve's Marguerite, in the Gounod opera. In Boito's Marguerita she was equally good, but while her dramatic opportunities were better her opportunities as singer were not so good. I have never seen so beautiful an interpretation of Marguerite. Vocally and dramatically it was charming in the extreme. Next to this I

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would place Mr. Jean de Reszke's Siegfried and Cid. Then the singing and acting combined of Mr. Edouard de Reszke, whose imposing voice and charming manhood make a total upon the stage which the generation will remember. Then the art of the handsome Plancon. Lassalle is no longer singing so well as formerly. There were several lesser singers whose art belongs to a high standard. I have mentioned the Mimi of Mr. Hubbenet, and to this I would add Mr. David Bispham's Alberic in "Siegfried," Kurneval and Telramond. These roles are rarely so well done, and never more artistically sung.

* * *

Every time grand opera comes back the newspapers comment upon the appearance of the same old stand-byes of chorus singers, with their stolid peasant faces and brutal voices of fanciful but unknown amperes of volume. The question is always asked why younger and better looking singers are not taken. The answer is that in this country we have no class of young singers who will sing in the chorus for the sake of acquiring the business of the stage and hearing great artists and learning the operas from every side. In Italy there are such singers, and the chorus undergoes a competitive examination as to comeliness, the particularly unbecoming ones gradually being elbowed to the wall.

The work of these chorus singers is much more important than commonly known. They are expected to know the choruses of more than forty operas by heart, and to be able to go through the necessary stage business for them without rehearsal. Of course when the season is starting rehearsals are had, and whenever a new opera is put on. But after a first performance a full rehearsal rarely takes place. If new principals or new second parts are put in, the singers rehearse with the repetiteur or upon the front of the stage with the orchestra. When once the season opens there is no time to drill a chorus and prepare new works. Hence the old stagers are hired over and over again, because they are reliable.

* * *

Something might be said of the conductors of the present season. There were three: Signor Mancinelli, Signor Bevignani and Mr. Anton Seidl. Signor Mancinelli is a good Italian conductor and a good composer, his opera of "Hero and Leander" being about to be produced in the season at Covent

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Garden, in London. Signor Bevignani is an inefficient conductor, and it seems strange that he should be retained when his inefficiency is so notable. Mr. Anton Siedl is a great conductor, particularly of Wagnerian operas. His reading of "Tristan and Isolde" was most dramatic and inspiring. It was musical, dramatic, impassioned and sweeping. It was something to remember for years. His reading of "Lohengrin" was naturally less impassioned, but it was very elegant and refined; and his "Siegfried" splendid. The musicians in the orchestra found Mr. Seidl a very satisfactory conductor, and after one rehearsal he commanded their complete respect. Mr. Mancinelli, being unable to address them in German, they naturally regarded as less artistic. He had the indiscretion to employ English at rehearsals. It is evident upon the face of it that English is not adapted for controlling German musicians.

* * *

There is one man in this combination whose acquaintance I would like to make. It is the head pin of all, he who makes the wheels go round—Mr. Maurice Grau. With an unpleasant deficit staring him in the face, with singers whom he knew as well as any one could tell him, were not always quite the ones he would have offered if he could; and with the multifarious business of a complicated enterprise of this kind I always found him a gentleman, and if close-mouthed none the less a clear-headed man of affairs. There is great ability in Mr. Grau; more than in any other opera manager I have ever met. While he lacks the every day affability of Colonel Mapleson, he has what Mapleson never had—a first rate business reliability. His yea is yea, and his nay is nay. And I sincerely hope that his lines will fall to him in pleasant places, and if he must lose money that it will be his own; for I believe him to be the kind of man who would rather lose his own money than that entrusted to him by another.

* * *

With reference to the unfamiliar works produced, Boito's "Mefistofile" and Massenet's "Le Cid," many interesting things might be said if time permitted. Boito's "Mefistofile" consists of a series of detached pictures, following in general Goethe's "Faust" complete. The prologue consists of choruses of celestial spirits (unseen), while through a rift in the

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clouds which conceal the entire stage, and brought out by strong light amid the gloom, stands Mefistofile, who in response to the sweet singing of the celestial spirits, unfolds his own disposition. The music is very strong, impassioned at times, the two strains of celestial sweetness and worship strongly contrasted with the mocking levity of Mefistofile. The orchestration is rich and masterly.

Act I, the story opens with the Sunday scene in the open square, the same where in the Gounod opera Faust first sees Marguerite. In the present case, however, Faust has not yet become young, and his conversation with Wagner is entirely lofty and philosophical. Mefistofile, in the guise of a gray friar, observes and follows him. Then we have the laboratory scene with the signing of the contract. In Act II, the garden scene, the love duets with Marguerite. In the second scene of this act the Witches' Sabbath, following Goethe. Everything weird, uncanny. Third act, the death of Marguerite beautiful music, fine opportunity for pathos. The second part opens with Act IV, the Classical Sabbath, in which figure Faust, Marguerite under the guise of Helen of Troy, with plenty of surroundings of a melodious and physically captivating character. Plenty of smooth music, which, however, has little to do with the story. Finally the Epilogue, the death of Faust, who, inspired by the singing of an unseen angel choir, seizes the sacred volume and pours out his newfound faith and penitence; and so the defeat of Mefistofile and the salvation of Faust—which was a good thing for him.

The work is thoroughly mystical, neither one thing nor another; it is, however, lovely music and likely to be spoken of as a master work long after Gounod's sweet and sensuous melody has been forgotten.

* * *

Massenet's "Le Cid" is a work of entirely different nature. It is laid out with reference to spectacular displays, with certain strong possibilities in the way of love music, and the usual striving after impossibilities in the way of plot, the central stress in the present instance being the fact that the Cid has slain the father of Donna Chimene, whom he afterwards marries. As a book, the play is well made for the stage; the music is also clever—but never great. Massenet seems to have tried to outgrow his former bias towards sweet, sensuous, but in-

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efficient melody and instrumentation, and here strives to be virile, with the result that he is mainly noisy, much given to brass and splendor. I doubt whether this work has any more of the root of everlasting endurance than the operas of Meyerbeer—which, as every one knows, no longer appeal to music lovers.

* * *

In this connection I will mention that upon the evening of the only performance of "L'Africaine" I had the pleasure of the company of Mr. Godowsky, who had never happened to hear the work before. I was much interested in observing how extremely distasteful and hollow he found all this music —so stagey, so full of clap-trap, and so totally ineffective upon the present generation. Throughout the whole there is never a moment when the deeper springs of musical enjoyment are touched, or when the music brings a thrill to the spirit or even a tear to the eye. There are two deadly sins in opera. One is to be dull; the other to be ineffective. Meyerbeer excelled in both. And that is the reason why his great fame has suffered eclipse. All that he had of good, Wagner gathered up and carried off in "Rienzi" and "Tannhaueser," while in "Lohengrin" he showed the more excellent way of genuine poetic beauty and pathos, even if there are here also quite a few moments of tedium. It is very difficult for any one to be grand and sublime upon a scale suitable to the wholesale trade. A few moments now and then are what we mostly find.

* * *

But when it comes to an opera to stir the blood, why then we have to fall back upon Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," which as read by Seidl and sung by artists like Jean de Reszke and Mme. Nordica, with such supports as Marie Brema, David Bispham, and Edouard de Reszke, makes an ensemble to stir the blood. Story, music and scene all combine with equal force to make a one, and that one the most blood-stirring opera of all. I well remember the terms in which Dudley Buck used to speak of this work, which he brought home with him new from Europe in 1868 or '69. He told me then that it was the greatest work ever written, and that the time would come when it would be sung to the delight of thousands, despite its then enormous difficulties. He was equally enthusiastic in favor of the "Mastersingers," declaring that it was

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the greatest comedy which had ever been written, and that it was destined to last long. This, it will be remembered, was before any successful performances of these two works had been given. Each had been brought to a dress rehearsal by the indefatigable Hans von Buelow, at Munich.

* * *

Speaking of the "Mastersingers," it was a great pity not to have had this work in the present season, inasmuch as in Mr. David Bispham they had a famous Beckmesser; unfortunately the Eva was lacking. The same difficulty prevented giving "Falstaff," the leading role of which has been probably as well illustrated by Mr. David Bispham as by any one, and sung perhaps better than by any one else.

* * *

Wagner's "Siegfried" is not a work to give by itself alone. It ought to come in the regular series of the Ring. In that case the story and the recurrence of the leading motives impart certain reasons for its being, and excuse many passages which have little to do with the case. I am looking forward to the managing editor among managers who will boldly wield a blue pencil and condense the whole four operas of the Ring into two. It will then be a great and interesting story and at places there will be an appearance of movement. This, however, is an idea which as yet is a little premature. But what a lovely time such an iconoclastic editor will have with the critical old maids of the quill! He would have, in Mefistoflean parlance, a "newspaper sabbath."

* * *

Just as the flowers of spring blossom and display their quiet beauty very close to the end of the mighty glacier, so the lower levels of the theatrical world have been enlivened all this time by light operas of many kinds and potencies. It has been a veritable carnival of light opera. Now with reference to this form of art, I hold it to be no less important than grand opera itself. While it is to be admired that Mr. Wagner conceived all this mighty story and music to carry it out, it is none the less worthy of admiration, or at least of approval, if Mr. Reginald de Koven or Victor Herbert, or John Phillip Sousa, assist the librettist in making two laughs grow where only one laugh grew before. Perhaps I am wrong as to the seed-planter for the laughs, and we would better credit Mr.

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Harry B. Smith for the most of those which occur in the "Mandarin," "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Serenade"—and there are a great many of them in all.

I heard "The Mandarin" twice, and it is very pleasing and amusing. I do not think I like the music quite as well as that of "Robin Hood"—though the technical art is improved. Mr. de Koven has the knack of making music which sounds probable—so probable that straightway one sets to trying to remember where he has heard it before. Enough in this instance that the music is pleasing and the work very amusing, even if distinctly suggestive of the Gilbert and Sullivan "Mikado."

* * *

In my opinion the best light opera thus far is Mr. Victor Herbert's music to "The Serenade." This sprightly work was put on by the Bostonians during their second and third week at the Columbia, and attracted large and delighted audiences —not such overflowing business as followed Sousa's "El Capitan," but great business neverthless. "The Serenade" is a more pretentious opera than "El Capitan," aiming at more distinctively musical effect. The arias are more elaborate, and in the second act there are several very beautiful numbers, and the whole moves on with charming lightness, readiness and chic. Then I find the orchestration remarkably well done, busy and sprightly without ever working hard, covering up the singers, or being tedious or dull.

The cast contained the regular members of the Bostonian company, except one new singer, a Miss Nielsen, who displayed a voice and other attractive qualities likely to make her a distinct success in light opera. The charming and jolly Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis had a nice part in which she made her usual stunning effect. Mr. Barnabee was very effective as the Duke, and Macdonald, Cowles, and others had opportunities. What pleased me best in this work was the suggestion that the gifted composer might later on write another opera equally bright and pleasing, but deeper and stronger still upon the musical side.

* * *

We have also had a taste of something more serious in "Shamus O'Brien" at McVicker's theater, a romantic Irish opera, by Geo. H. Jessup and Mr. Villiers Standford. This

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work attempts to construct a stage opera upon an Irish story of a century ago, and to have the entire musical flavor Irish —cadences, quaint melodic nuances, and all; yet also human, living and musical in the modern sense. This, I say, was the intention. When it comes to inquiring how fully the opera succeeds in carrying out such an undertaking I have to speak with caution. I heard it only once and came to it unprepared. My first feeling was one of disappointment at its difference from all the other light operas before the public. I recognized certain elements of strength, particularly in the singing of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, of whom Mr. Karleton Hackett wrote in his story of "American Singers in London." To me the uninteresting and dull-colored Irish costumes and scenes, without a single moment of bright color during the whole play, left an unfavorable impression. I find, however, that several musical friends of mine who heard the opera two or three times liked it more and more. Mr. L. L. Sharp, manager of McVicker's, was enthusiastic in praise of it; and Mr. O'Sullivan also said that the work improved very much by repeated hearings. It would seem, therefore, that my impressions must have been wrong. At any rate the work did a good business—which is one good point. I cannot help thinking, however, that either a little less consistency in the scenic handling or else a little more genuine pathos in the music would have made the success of the opera more certain.

* * *

In another part of this issue will be found particulars of the grand festival proposed in connection with the annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association, in New York, June 24 to 28.

There are three classes of attractions: First, discussions and papers upon three subjects, music in colleges, choral music, and school music. The committee of college music is made up of a very strong selection of practical and distinguished musical educators, and if these men do not arrive at ideas and suggestions of practical weight it will be useless to attempt anything along these lines in any English-speaking community. Much the same is to be said of the other two departments of discussion, and I shall expect this meeting to bring out more thought than has ever been brought out at any other musical gathering in this country.

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The second great department is the performance of prize compositions, particulars of which were given in MUSIC for March. Among the compositions offered for these prizes there ought to be good ones, particularly that now America contains so many musicians who have musical ideas and works for which they cannot obtain a hearing. The third great attraction is a festival performance of "Elijah," I believe it is, on Sunday, and a church service with all known wrinkles of ritual and organ mastership. The attractiveness of this part of the program will depend somewhat upon the weather—New York in June being a period in human affairs when temperature controls ideality to a degree entirely unworthy the sons and daughters of art. But we shall see.

In addition to this a great exposition of the music trade is undertaken, at which all sorts of educational apparatus, music stools, practice machines and the like, will be upon exhibition.

One thing at least can be said, namely, that the program committee in this instance and President Herbert W. Greene have displayed vast energy and enterprise in trying to do something. The National Association is on trial. The question before the house is, What can it do? Nobody knows. These gentlemen have undertaken to give at least a tentative answer. They deserve the support and good-will of every practical teacher.

* * *

Here is a program of a little piano recital which Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave March 25, in Recital Hall, before the conservatory audience:

1. Davidsbündlertänze, Schumann.
2. Sonata in B minor, Chopin.
3. Au b ord d'un Source, Liszt. Eclogue, Liszt. Ballade in A flat, Chopin. Polonaise in A flat, Chopin.
4. Overture to "Tannhaueser," arranged by Liszt.

The Davidsbündlertänze of Schumann are rarely played, but they are very musical. The Tannhaueser is one of the most difficult piano solos on record.

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TWO AMERICAN TONE POEMS.

BY MARIE BENEDICT.

If still there are doubters of the latent power of the pianoforte to enhance and intensify the thought beauty of poetry, they should hear and study Ferdinand Dewey's transcription of the Bourdillon couplet, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and Edward Baxter Perry's interpretation in tone of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Aeolian Harp Song."

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of a bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

Thus wrote Bourdillon; and more completely than any of its numerous transcribers to music has Mr. Dewey realized the tonal moods and colorings which speak the pathos and beauty of the thoughts within the lines.

The dreamy introduction, with its changeful, shadowy harmonies, and its elusive hints of melody. The murmuring accompaniment, itself half song, whose soft, harmonic tints throw into relief the beauty of the melody which floats above it. The trio, with its questioning chords, and its star sparkling measures; suggesting the comment from a judge of Illinois, "I can never hear the nocturne without thinking of Tennyson's lines"—

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads
Rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies
Tangled in a silver braid."

The closing phrases, seeming to reiterate the words, "When love is done," as they fade slowly into silence. There is not

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a line of the work that refuses a charm for either student or listener.

For the "Aeolienne" we are partially indebted to an incident in the life of Siddartha, the Buddha, as narrated by Arnold; partially only, for the composer, who has inimitably mirrored the thought in his music, was necessary to the realization of this priceless addition to American literature of the piano-forte.

It had been foretold of the prince, Siddartha, that he would be either the greatest teacher that the world had known, or the most powerful ruler in the history of the country. His father, the king, thinking only of the extension of his dominions, and the strengthening of his dynasty, determined to realize the latter alternative. He therefore sought, by every means, to keep from the boy and youth all knowledge of the world's suffering and pain; to show him only the joyous side of life. To this end, when the prince was grown to manhood, he built for him, at the feet of the Himalayas, a marble pleasure house of exquisite design; filling its courts and halls with everything that art and nature could devise to enchain his thought and fancy; and, if he left it for a brief visit to the neighboring town, ordering that everything suggesting poverty, or suffering of any sort, should be hidden from sight until the drive of the heir presumptive was over.

In this ideal retreat Siddartha lived and loved, with his wife, "the sweet Yasodhara," until the darker facts of life crept upon him by different avenues, one of which was the song of the winds.

"But once they placed a stringed gourd upon the sill. There where the wind could wander o'er its notes, and play at will. Sweet music makes the wind on silver strings, and those who lay around heard only that; but Prince Siddartha heard the Devas play; and to his ear they sang such words as these":

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life:
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go.
We are, as ye are, ghosts from the inane;
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

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"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this,
But life's way is the wind's way; all these things
Are but brief voices, breathed on shifting strings."

It is the sentiment, rather than the literal words of this poem, which Mr. Perry has embodied in his "Aeolienne," and never did music speak with more sympathetic sadness "the great world truth" of suffering. The wind music is beautifully suggested by the long, sweeping arpeggios of the accompaniment. In the introduction we seem actually to hear its first gentle stirrings, followed by momentary silence, as if Aeolus paused to listen to the effect of his magic power, before persuading the sound-thoughts again to audible life. Then a gradually fuller and more continuous wind song, until the constant play of the accompaniment is reached, where the long sound waves rise and fall, now above, and now below the melody, until we may fancy it speaking from the very center of the wind harp tones.

Once a number of the repertoire, the "Aeolienne" will never be willingly given up by any lover of the beautiful.

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AN EVENING WITH CHOPIN.

TEN EVENINGS WITH GREAT COMPOSERS.—No. 6.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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PROGRAM I. (Easy.)

Polonaise in A major, opus 40, No. 1.
Polonaise in C sharp minor, opus 26, No. 1.
Preludes: Opus 28. No. 4, E minor.
No. 6, B minor.
No. 7, A major.
No. 9, E major.
Prelude in D flat, opus 28, No. 15.
Waltz in C sharp minor, opus 64.
Waltz in D flat, opus 64, No. 1.
Nocturne in E flat, opus 9, No. 2.
Waltz in A flat, opus 42.

PROGRAM II. (More difficult.)

Polonaise in A major.
Fantasia Impromptu in C sharp minor, opus 66.
Scherzo in B flat minor, opus 31.
Nocturne in E flat major, opus 9, No. 2.
Nocturne in G major, opus 37, No. 2.
Ballade in A flat, opus 47.

PROGRAM III. (Still more difficult.)

Etudes: Opus 10, No. 1, C major.
No. 2, A minor.
No. 3, E major.
No. 4, C sharp minor.
No. 5, G flat (black key.)
Ballade in A flat, opus 47.
Romanza from 1st Concerto, in E minor. (Reinecke's arrangement, or with second piano.)

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Impromptu in A flat, opus 29.
Nocturne in D flat, opus 27, No. 2.
Polonaise in A flat, opus 53.

In order to fully understand the individuality and genius of Frederic Francois Chopin (1809-1849) it would be necessary to study his work from three standpoints. First, naturally, for what it is in and of itself, the moods, the qualities of style, the peculiar individuality of his musical thought; second, with reference to the modification of pianoforte style inaugurated by this gifted genius—modifications which while having their source in certain improvements of the mechanism of the pianoforte made immediately before Chopin began to write, would not have come so soon but for his genius and insight; and, third, to study the relation of this master in his style of musical ideas and working out, his fancy, his imagination, his representation of many sides of human nature, to the music of the other composers of the romantic school, and especially with that of Mendelssohn and Schumann, whose compositions were produced contemporaneously with those of Chopin. To cover all this ground is naturally impossible in one, two, or even in several evenings, wherefore I shall confine myself in the present program to illustrating a few of the characteristic individualities of Chopin, and the essential features of his style. There are difficulties in doing this adequately, arising from the fact that as piano virtuoso Chopin when fully expressing himself did so without regard for the convenience of imperfectly trained hands upon the pianoforte. Hence the works of his which represent his genius at its best are mostly too difficult for any but very accomplished players.

In recognition of this difficulty I have made three programs, each more difficult than the preceding, of which the student may make his choice, since the qualities are mainly the same in all, excepting that his complete treatment of the pianoforte is more perfectly illustrated in the more difficult examples of his style. These, I may add, are no longer the utmost limit of pianoforte difficulty, as they were at the time when written; later writers have passed considerably beyond even the most difficult works of Chopin. But for pianists in general some of the Chopin works still remain along the farthest borders of their art.

The most striking peculiarities of Chopin's style are perhaps the following: First, melodiousness, combined with a certain melancholy, almost morbid mood; second, pleasing running work, especially for the right hand, generally overlying an entirely simple bass, or a bass essentially simple upon the harmonic side, but broken or modified so as to conceal this fact from the superficial observer. All his later life Chopin was an invalid or semi-invalid, and much of his music illustrates a certain feverishness and morbidness of temperament. An example of this is found in the Sonata in B minor, where the first movement is entirely in this complexion.

The originality of Chopin shows best perhaps in his Polonaises,

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Ballades, Preludes, and Nocturnes. Practically he may be said to have invented the polonaise, the nocturne and the ballade. The Preludes are short pieces of marked originality and expression, which have always seemed to me like chips struck off in working at something else. Very likely they may have been beginnings of larger works, which never got themselves completed. Possibly they may have never been intended to reach any larger dimensions than those in which we find them. First, then, of his polonaises.

The Polonaise, as perfected by Chopin, is a composition in 3-4 measure, having really six beats to the measure, arranged in three twos; the second of these six beats is divided, and there is an extra accent upon the fifth.

Moreover, this rhythm must be kept quite strictly, like a march, for a march the polonaise is in its general characteristics rather than a dance properly so called. The fanciful description of the polonaise given by Liszt in his memoir of Chopin may be taken as in the main correct. He says:

"While listening to some of the polonaises of Chopin we can almost catch the firm, nay the more than firm, the heavy, resolute tread of men bravely facing all the bitter injustice which the most cruel and relentless destiny can offer, with the manly pride of unblenching courage.

The progress of the music suggests to our imagination such magnificent groups as were designed by Paul Veronese, robed in the rich costume of days long past; we see passing at intervals before us brocades of gold, velvets, damasked satins, silvery, soft and flexible sables, hanging sleeves gracefully thrown back upon the shoulders, embossed sabres, boots yellow as gold or red with trampled blood, sashes with long and undulating fringes, close chemisettes, rustling trains, stomachers embroidered with pearls, head-dresses glittering with rubies or leafy with emeralds, light slippers rich in amber, gloves perfumed with the luxurious attar of the harems."

The delicacy of Chopin's playing is traditional, but Liszt is authority for the statement that Chopin was fond of hearing his larger and more heroic works played with a power of which he himself was incapable. It is related by some one, whose name I have for the moment forgotten, that upon one occasion a very talented young pianist called upon Chopin and being invited to play did so, the great polonaise in A flat being the matter. Excited by the work and the presence of the author, and full of the heroic spirit of the work, he broke several hammers—an occurrence quite common in heavy playing in those days. Naturally the young man was extremely mortified at this and endeavored to apologize over and over again. But the composer cut him short. "Say not a word," said he; "if I had your strength I would break every hammer in the piano, when I played that piece." This may be one of those "ben trovato" anecdotes which if not true ought to be.

Both the polonaises upon the first program illustrate the breadth,

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impassioned force, and vigor of Chopin's idea to a marked degree, as well perhaps as anything he ever composed. The first, commonly known as the "military" polonaise, is one of those pompous pieces which inevitably suggest some kind of great ceremonial. The movement begins in stately march-like rhythmic swing, and goes on with interruptions of brilliant effect, as if where the cannon and drums add their noisy emphasis. The pomp resumes its march, but presently gives place to a middle part, a trio. This, again, is in the key of D major, with a great swinging melody like a trumpet, the military rhythm going on uninterruptedly below. At length the original movement is resumed and presently the end. In all it is a matter of pomp, brilliant ceremony, stately march, like some national festival.

The second polonaise is of a wholly different character. The expression is even more forcible than that of the first, but the character is different. It is now as if one remembered some of the heroes of Poland. With what fervor enters the leading subject (first four measures)! It is complete in itself. Then comes a softer and more capricious melody, but little more heroic than a nocturne. The second principal idea (measure 25) is mystical, as if some kind of ceremonial were being conducted. The rhythm goes on, but softly and with interruptions. At length the principal idea again. Now comes the middle piece, in the key of D flat—a beautiful melody, one of the finest of all of Chopin, supported upon very delicate and sensitively changing harmonies, full of chromatic and enharmonic modulation. After this a second idea, in which two voices carry on the interest. The upper, a soprano, the lower a baritone or tenor, and they have a sort of dialogue (measure 66). Then the soft melody again. In the first editions of this work the "da capo" was not marked, and for about forty years critics gave themselves headaches in trying to explain why Chopin invented a new form of this anomalous construction. A first part in the key of C sharp minor; a second part in the key of D flat major. "Where," they asked, "was the unity?" And by way of emphasis they spelled the word Unity with a capital initial. At last, however, some Solomon among editors affixed the missing letters "D. C." and behold we had our Unity all right. It was simply a case of a middle piece in the major key of the same tonic, with the notation changed enharmonically for the sake of simplicity, the key of D flat being for the majority of players easier to read than that of C sharp major.

The Preludes which follow represent individual moods. The first, in E minor, consists of a slow melody, almost stationary, while against the long tones a chord accompaniment softly pulsates, the harmonies shifting chromatically.

The second, No. 6, in B minor, has a lovely melodic idea in the bass, while the right hand carries a soft harmony and a slow pulsation in the upper voice. The impression of the whole is most mysterious, melancholy and tender.

No. 7, in A major, is one of the preludes which seems as if it

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might have been a beginning for a longer composition, perhaps a slow waltz.

No. 9, in E major, a very grave, serious, organ-like movement, in which massive, tremendous chord-successions march onward to a climax through unheard of modulations. This piece, by the way, has been arranged for organ very effectively by A. W. Gottschalg. In playing it the slow movement, the sustained and deep melody, and the steady rhythm all require careful attention.

The Prelude in D flat represents a larger flight of the Chopin fancy. It begins with a lovely melody, like a nocturne. This exquisite melody gives place to a somewhat broken part in the key of C sharp minor, in which the remarkable thing is the incessant repetition of the note G sharp. This continues in eighth note motion throughout all the measures of this part of the work. It can only be made tolerable by careful observance of the "sotto voce" at beginning and gradually increasing in power up to the fortissimo in the 40th measure. Again it subsides into pianissimo and again the crescendo. Finally the original melody in D flat is resumed, and with what grateful sweetness! And the piece is carried through to the close.

The Waltzes of Chopin are not to be taken too seriously. They are salon music, but of a particularly pleasing character. One of the most charming, although a small one, is that in C sharp minor, which is built upon three leading motives. First the motive of two measures which opens the work; then the little passage of eighth notes which answers it; and finally the running work beginning in measure 33. Farther along there is a melody in D flat which stands in place of a trio. It is a sentimental and lovely melody. The effect of the whole is light, capricious, and musical.

Following this is the little waltz in D flat, opus 64, so often heard, and so many times built over in all sorts of double notes, thirds, sixths, etc. It illustrates the knack which Chopin had of developing a pleasing whole out of very slight materials. Observe the extreme simplicity of the bass.

The name Nocturne was invented by John Field, who wrote twelve pieces with this title (the remaining ones of the twenty usually printed were named by the publishers) which are in effect sonnets; little lyric pieces, of greater or less depth, having the general type of a song without words, but preferably of a melancholy or tender character, and the form of a melody with accompaniment. Chopin took up this form and greatly ennobled it. His nocturnes are vastly more beautiful and original than those of Field; they have greater variety, deeper tenderness, and in every way are more distinguished and characteristic. The little nocturne in E flat, opus 9, is one which is now very generally played upon every sort of instrument capable of singing a soprano melody.

The waltz which concludes the first program, is of a more brilliant character than the two little ones earlier upon the last. It begins, after the introduction, with a double rhythm, the right hand

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playing a melody in double measure while the left hand goes on in triple rhythm. It has to be played with brilliancy, the left hand quite crisp and clear, but light; the right hand rather brilliantly. The syncopation gives place to agreeable running work for the right hand, and this again to another subject in double notes, a very earnest melody. A little later there is another short melody and the double note subject returns, and so again all the material over again.

The space to which these remarks have been extended precludes making suitable analyses of the pieces upon the other programs, wherefore they must wait until another time. Much of a suitable nature can be found concerning them in the first volume of my "How to Understand Music."

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THINGS HERE AND THERE.

THE NINETEENTH CONVENTION OF THE M. T. N. A.

The executive committee of the Music Teachers' National Association is rapidly maturing plans for by far the most pretentious gathering that any such association has ever held.

The nineteenth convention will be held at the Grand Central Palace, Lexington avenue and Forty-third street, New York City, June 24th to 28th, inclusive. Three or more sessions will be held daily, covering concerts, church services, musical exposition, business meetings and excursions, making eighteen meetings in all. The committee says:

"The Grand Central Palace, which becomes the possession of the association during the convention, is the largest exhibition building in the country. The main hall can accommodate 7,000, or can be adapted to smaller meetings. Smaller halls for essays, discussions and special meetings are under the same roof. Space for musical exhibit, amounting to nearly four acres, is there. Restaurant, business offices, waiting rooms and elevators are in the building and are ours. By covered bridge we connect with the Grand Central R. R. Station (into which the New York Central & Hudson River, the Harlem and N. Y., N. H. and Hartford Railroads bring their passengers), and the elevated railroad. A roof-garden surmounts the edifice. Easy of access from all parts of the city. Located in excellent boarding and hotel district."

Among the things which are promised to be done is a performance of an oratorio by first-class soloists, chorus and orchestra, specimen church services and Sunday concerts, prize works by American composers, orchestral concert directed by noted conductors, recitals upon the organ, piano, and elaborate conferences upon three subjects, as follows:

"Methods of Public School Training and Popular Sight Singing Class."

"Music as a Department in the University and College."

"Methods and Results in Music Schools."

Among the incidental advantages offered are excursions by boat through New York Bay into the Atlantic Ocean, to Long Branch and up the Hudson River to West Point. The list of prizes for new works was published in a previous issue of this magazine.

In conjunction with the convention proper an exposition of the music trades is being arranged, intended for the representation of musical instruments, musical books, journals, and all sorts of educational and artistic apparatus. The complete circular of this department will be found in another place.

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The most important work of the meeting, aside from the routine of the convention and the general invention of working plans for subsequent years, will be done under the three important heads already mentioned above.

The committee on music in the college and university consists of the following members:

Prof. Allen, Beloit College.
Prof. Blodgett, Smith College.
Prof. Clarke, University of Pennsylvania.
Prof. Dickinson, Oberlin College.
Prof. Hall, Union Theological Seminary.
Mr. Krehbeil, N. Y. Tribune.
Mr. Mathews, MUSIC Magazine.
Prof. Pratt, Hartford Theological Seminary.
Prof. Riggs, Auburn Theological Seminary.
Prof. Stanley, Michigan University.

The general work of formulating this part of the meeting is in charge of Prof. George C. Gow, of Vassar College. As soon as the preliminary designs are published, we shall present them to the readers.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

The rather elusive Dutch pianist has been heard quite a good deal in the East, and of a recent recital of his at Utica, N. Y., the Herald says many complimentary things, some of the best being the following:

"Martinus Sieveking, the pianist, who gave a recital in Association hall last evening, under the auspices of the Utica school of music, was a revelation. An artist of such superior talent in his line has never before been heard in Utica. Even the most exacting critics were astounded at the breadth of his power, which combines a perfect knowledge and control of the most modern technique, and a soul which understands the deepest poetry of music, and can interpret it to the listener. These two qualities make him the great artist he is. Sieveking's power is more strongly marked in the finer and more delicate compositions, where he brings out the poetry of music with a finish and beauty that is as wonderful as it is perfect.

"Sieveking was warmly greeted when he entered. Without any of the mannerisms which often distinguish the artistic genius, he unaffectedly took a place at the piano and began Beethoven's moonlight sonata. Before he had finished the first part he had captivated the audience. The most striking quality of his playing first noted was his wonderful singing legato, peculiarly his own, and never before so perfectly realized by any pianist. The allegro he played very slowly, with grace and simplicity. The third part he rendered with a power and brilliancy that was overwhelming, and at the conclusion he was forced to repeatedly bow his acknowledgments for an encore that ought to have made the heart of any man beat with pride.

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"Sieveking's own compositions were two gems of music-poetry. The first was the composer's impression of Millet's famous painting. The distant bells of the church and the peasants at work in their field prelude the striking of the noon hour from the great bell of the church. This part, in which the bass repeats twelve times, was very beautiful, bringing out a succession of modern chords, striking in originality and beauty. The last two chords are elevens, and Sieveking is probably the only pianist who can play them. Sieveking's second composition was a pastoral study of forest sounds, very delicately rendered.

"In an interview Mr. Sieveking paid a high compliment to Dr. William Mason, the American music teacher, after the concert. 'I would rather study one month under Mason,' he said, 'than a year under Leschetitzke, or any other teacher.' "

MR. FREDERIC ARCHER AT PITTSBURG, PA.

Mr. Frederic Archer seems to be doing a strong musical work in his varied capacities as organist and orchestral director at Pittsburg. The one hundredth free organ recital, given January 16th, 1897, was celebrated with a very handsome souvenir pamphlet, giving a brief sketch of this distinguished artist, pictures and specifications of the organ, and a complete list of the works played. It would be a very handy thing for any organist desiring a convenient list of organ music. Not only did Mr. Archer play these one hundred recitals, but it seems that he actually has people to hear them, one recital being mentioned when there were twenty-five hundred people in the hall. No programs of the orchestral work have lately been received, but it is probable that they are constructed with taste and discretion. There is some criticism upon Mr. Archer as orchestral director, in the press and in private musical circles; but this is no more than befals every musician who makes any particular mark in a community.

WILLARD R. PATTEN'S "ISAIAH" AGAIN.

Mr. Patten's oratorio of "Isaiah" was given a second time in Minneapolis, at the Plymouth Church, March 3d, with solo artist from the city, except Mr. Carberry, from Chicago. An organ accompaniment was used. The church was crowded and the work was highly appreciated. Mr. Patten now contemplates revising the orchestration and giving the work in several cities, preparatory to its publication in complete form. It is a good idea and ought to succeed.

MR. SHERWOOD AND THE PIANO-MAKERS.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, 1897.

To the Editor of MUSIC:

I was much pleased with your interesting article upon the career of the distinguished American pianist, Mr. William H. Sherwood, who is entitled to the double honor of being a sort of pioneer in

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America, and also an artist of such attainments that he would be a distinguished figure anywhere. What you say about the standard of music which Mr. Sherwood has always maintained in his programs quite agrees with my own observations, for I am proud to count myself among those solid friends of Mr. Sherwood who, having been first taken by the talent of the curly-headed boy, have gone on becoming more and more appreciative of his art as he has matured and broadened.

What I wished to take exception to in your article is that passage where you say that Mr. Sherwood has never been backed and pushed "by a first-class piano house." I suppose you had in mind the idea (in which I entirely agree with you) that Mr. Sherwood has never been pushed by a piano house in the same sense as the Steinways have pushed Paderewski and would have pushed Rosenthal but for his unfortunate illness. But there is something to be said on the other side. During his long and distinguished professional career Mr. Sherwood has played the Henry F. Miller piano, the Mason and Hamlin, the Chickering and the Knabe. All of these, I am sure you agree with me, are first-class pianos made by first-class houses. It is possible you were not aware that all these houses have spent quite an amount of money in providing him with pianos at his recitals—pianos and men to take care of them. That Mr. Sherwood has also expended a great deal of piano-playing art in "advertising" these makers is quite true. But it remains that a piano house which undertakes to furnish a grand piano in good condition for concerts, ranging from Eastport, Me., to Los Angeles, California, and Portland, Oregon, undertakes a pretty large and expensive contract, whether you describe it as a "push" or "pull." As Mr. Sherwood has repeatedly praised the artistic character of the pianos he has used under these contracts, I take it for granted that this is conclusive as to their value to his career, since in the nature of the case an artist undertaking to play a recital before an audience is very much at the mercy of his instrument, and without satisfactory tonal qualities in it, he cannot possibly make either reputation or local success.

Another point in your article where I think an injustice (unintentional) was done Mr. Sherwood's career, is where you imply that he has not often played with orchestra. Mr. Sherwood was the first pianist to play with the Boston orchestra, under Henschel; and he has played repeatedly with the Harvard Musical association under Carl Zerrahn, with the Boston symphony under Henschel, as already mentioned, and under Gericke, Nikisch, Kneisel, and in two concert tours with the Boston Festival orchestra under Mollenhauer, several times with the Berliner Symphony Kapell, and in many other first class German orchestras, several engagements of this sort being abandoned last year in order to permit his resuming his duties with the Chicago Conservatory. His playing with Mr. Thomas began at the Centennial, in 1876, and the Chicago World's Fair was one of the latest. That he has not been heard more frequently must be referred to "piano politics", most likely. Do you not think so?

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Hoping you will pardon me these corrections in your very interesting sketch, I am, respectfully, Piano Amateur.

(Note.—In this connection anyone interested in providing series of recitals would do well to send to Mr. Sherwood for a copy of the new circular which the Knabe house has just issued concerning him. It is a brilliant and honorable career which is there to be read between the lines. Ed. of MUSIC.)

MR. GEO. W. CHADWICK AT THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY.

As a result of personal differences, and perhaps of progress in general, a new director has been appointed at the New England Conservatory of Music, Mr. Geo. W. Chadwick, the well-known composer and energetic musician. The retiring director, Mr. Carl Faelten, has been practically director of the institution since about 1890. His management was at first advantageous to the standard of scholarship in the school, raising it perceptibly; later, however, it became more lax, and was much criticised for laxity. Of the new director, the Boston Herald says:

"Mr. George W. Chadwick, who succeeds Mr. Carl Faelten, is a native of Lowell, a member of a family long settled in this country. In his musical education he has had the highest advantages, having spent several years under such masters as Jadassohn and Reinecke, at Leipzig, and under Rheinberger at Munich. Mr. Chadwick's experience as a teacher covers a period of twenty years, during a large part of which he has been connected with the New England Conservatory. He is at present organist and choir director of the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church.

"Mr. Chadwick is well known as a conductor and a composer. For several years he has been the conductor of the musical festivals at Springfield, and has also conducted performances of his own works for the Handel and Haydn and other large musical societies. As a composer, he is known abroad as well as at home. He has written several symphonies, overtures, some chamber music, and many songs, also organ and pianoforte music. He was the composer of the music to the dedication ode for the opening of the World's Fair, and was the winner of the $1,000 prize for the best composition by an American composer, offered by the National Conservatory of New York two years ago."

MUSIC IN UNIVERSITIES.

Everything goes to show the more earnest and intelligent spirit in which music is being handled in all the leading American educational centers. Every few months MUSIC gives one or more carefully written articles showing the existing range of music study in some one or more universities, to such a degree that the files of MUSIC are the most convenient and complete repertory of informa-

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tion upon this subject. To the close observer the programs and schemes of lectures and recitals actually given, or in course of giving, are among the most important and suggestive of side-lights upon what is actually being done.

Here, for instance, comes a most extraordinary series of "Programs of Vesper Services, Historically Arranged," given in University Hall, at Ann Arbor, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4:10 p. m., from March 2d to April 15th, 1897. The first program is entitled "Early Italian," and the names upon it are Palestrina (Prelude, Capriccio in C; Introit, "O Lord, my God;" sentence, "Along the Mountain Track of Time"), Stradella and Frescobaldi.

The second service is entitled "Early English," and the composers represented are Gibbons, Tallis, Farrant, and Purcell. The third is "German," Bach the composer, and the works represented the Christmas Oratorio, the Pfingst cantata, and some organ music. The next German program is devoted entirely to Handel, another to Haydn, one to Mozart, one to Beethoven and Schubert, another to Spohr, Von Weber and Schumann, and one to Mendelssohn. In the French school Gounod has an entire service. The modern English and American schools have entire programs. The object of the series is stated to illustrate the development of sacred music, and by the employment of the chorus of the university, with solo talent and organ, it is altogether likely that nothing of the sort upon a scale of similar magnitude and comprehensiveness and taste has been undertaken anywhere. Certainly not in America. Those interested in this kind of work, and choir leaders generally in search of representative selections, would do well to write to Professor Stanley for a copy of the programs. In addition to these purely church services the series contains also several recital programs still further illustrating the idea underlying the series. It is not clear whether these recitals are given in connection with the vesper service or later.

At Beloit, Wis., February 23, Professor B. D. Allen, director of the music department, gave a lecture on Handel, illustrated by the overture to "Samson," for organ, a Saraband for violin, two movements of the Sonata in A, for violin, and the fifth organ concerto, and two airs for voice, "Honor and Arms," and "The Trumpet Shall Sound."

In this connection it is pleasant to note the frequent recurrence of artist recitals before conservatories of music in towns not generally known as possessing such institutions. For example, there is the King Conservatory at San Jose, California, an institution having apparently a full graduating course, its own buildings including a hall fifty feet by seventy, two stories high, plenty of studios, etc. Here Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler played a splendid program some time ago, as also did the celebrated violinist Ysaye.

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To the Editor of MUSIC:

Sir—The February number of MUSIC contains a communication from Mr. Arthur Weld of such a nature as to justify me in replying to it. He has, I think, indulged in wholly uncalled for remarks of a personal nature, which in nowise bear upon the truth or correctness of my views. Judging from the tenor of his remarks, he would attempt to create the implication that I was actuated by personal vanity in the use of certain initials, which denote a degree received from a leading university. It may have lent an air of smartness to his communication, but in no way was it essential to his "perplexity" and call for enlightenment. Some people are apt to make the mistake of accounting ridicule as criticism.

The offending passage is that I said, "Triple rhythm generally lacks the strength and dignity of duple." Then he cites a number of instances of compositions in triple rhythm, and calls upon me to tell him "wherein the following numbers lack either strength or dignity." Judging from the ironical nature of his remarks I must doubt if Mr. Weld believes me capable of affording him enlightenment. I would call attention to two facts which he must have overlooked. First, that the offending passage was the conclusion of some remarks upon the meter of the text of songs; that attention had been called to the fact that cases occur in which the composer has the choice between duple and triple rhythm, in which case the character of the text must be the basis of decision. The statement depended entirely upon the fact that a choice was to be made between two rhythms, either of which was musically available, the decision concerning the matter of suitably representing the character of the text. No absolute statement was made. I did not say that triple rhythm lacks strength and dignity, but that it does not equal the strength and dignity of duple. It is a statement of comparison.

The examples Mr. Weld has adduced are all by the great masters of composition, and what do we expect of genius and of masters but a power to transcend the abilities of the mass, even to rise superior to rules and invest what they do with the strongest and most enduring qualities. I would also call Mr. Weld's attention to the fact that I said, "generally lacks." I hope I have aided him in overcoming his perplexity. He has certainly misapprehended me. In concluding I wish to assure him that I disdain any idea of attempting to pose as an authority on song composition. My writing was to give a statement of what seemed to me the praxis of the best masters of song writing as disclosed by an analysis of their works. Song is composite, and the two elements, text and music, reciprocally modify each other to the result that both demand careful study in "the making of a song." "A Writer Called Baltzell."

Reading, Pa., February 27, 1897.

REMARKABLE CONCERT BY MR. EMIL LIEBLING.

March 24th Mr. Emil Liebling gave a concert in Kimball hall, with a program as unique in quality as it was remarkable for the

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success with which it was carried out. Opening with the Grieg sonata for piano and 'cello, played by Messrs. Liebling and Franz Wagner, it went on with the Scherzo from the Litolff Concerto, opus 106, by Miss Jennie E. Munn, the Brahms Variations upon a Theme from Handel, played by Mr. Adolf Brune, a composite number by Miss Maude Jennings (Gavotte and Variations by Rameau, Serenade and Elfentanz by Liebling, and Liszt's Campanella), the whole concluding with the first movement of the Tschaikowsky concerto, by Miss Myrtle Fisher. Mr. Liebling played the second piano parts. There were songs by Mme. De Pasquali. The playing was remarkable for that of students, and young girls at that. There are few piano teachers anywhere able to make a similar showing. The audience was large and very fine.

MUSIC IN ST. PETERSBURGH UNIVERSITY.

Some months ago mention was made of the remarkable work carried on in the University of St. Petersburgh, in Russia, by Mr. Hlavach, the celebrated composer and virtuoso. From a copy of the St. Petersburgh "Yegednevnaja Gageta Lootch" (Daily Gazette) it seems that the work is going on splendidly. During the present season seventeen concerts have been given. About four hundred students have taken part, of whom one hundred and fifty are in the orchestra and two hundred and fifty in the chorus. Seventeen concerts have been given, and a good classical repertory of orchestral works performed, with quite a creditable representation of the modern school. The chorus, also, has done some very important work. Best of all, the concerts have so well been managed that more than forty thousand roubles have been realized, all of which is devoted to assisting needy students. Taking it for all in all, this seems to us a very remarkable showing.

MINOR MENTION.

At Northampton, Mass., the Columbia Chorus gave a concert in which the first part consisted of "The Song of the Bell," but with whose music the program neglects to state. The second part contained also two choruses, "Lift Up Your Heads" from the "Messiah," and the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The remaining numbers were solos. There was an orchestra of twenty pieces, and as the names of the performers were printed in the bill it is possible that they were all local players—which would be an encouraging sign, if true. The chorus is of somewhat unusual proportions, having twenty-two first sopranos, ten altos, eight tenors and five basses. The gentlemen of the town of Northampton, Mass., need to be aroused; thirteen gentlemen to thirty-three ladies is not a healthy proportion—even in Massachusetts. The Columbia Chorus is directed by Miss von Mitzlaff.

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MR. XAVER SCHARWENKA.

By way of frontispiece we give a portrait of Mr. Xaver Scharwenka, whose opera of "Mataswintha" was given on the evening of April 1st by the Damrosch company, at the Metropolitan opera house, New York. The composer himself conducted and the audience was large, fashionable and indulgent—not to say enthusiastic. The work is said to be in a style somewhat resembling that of Wagner, and in the next issue of MUSIC copious extracts from the critical notices will be given, the date of performance being too late for this issue.

LEIPSIC NOTES.

At the sixteenth Gewandhaus the program consisted of the Beethoven first symphony, eighth symphony in F major, Schumann's concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra (played by Mr. Paderewski), four pieces from the Ballet, "Die Rebe" by Rubinstein; Paderewski's Polish Fantasia; and the Overture to "Oberon."

Paderewski made his usual effects and was obliged to give an additional piece, "The Erl King." This was his first appearance in the Gewandhaus. Of course the sympathy between the solo artist and conductor Nikisch and the orchestra was something delightful.

At the seventeenth concert the program was for organ with chorus and orchestra. It contained: Mendelssohn's organ sonata upon the chorale "Vater unser in Himmelreich," played by Mr. Homeyer; "Sylvesterglocken," a secular requiem (poem by Max Kalbech) by Hans Koessler (first time). It is for solo, chorus, orchestra and organ. Stanchen for alto solo and female chorus, Schubert, instrumented by Carl Reinecke; Four Serious Songs for bass voice. Brahms, sung by Dr. Felix Kraus, from Vienna; To Deum for solo, chorus and orchestra and organ, by Anton Brueckner (first time). The latter work is very elaborate in its working out. It made a profound impression.

MINOR MENTION.

The Denver (Colorado) Philharmonic Society gave its first concert lately. It is a male chorus with the usual retinue of associate members devoted to proficiency in male chorus music. On this occasion everything seems to have been done in fine style, the concert taking place at the Brown Palace Hotel. Among the part-songs were compositions by Lloyd, De Koven, Strelezki, Neidlinger and Kern. Mrs. Smissaert was pianist, and she played "March Wind," "Moto Perpetuo" and "Wild Chase" by MacDowell, and "Caprice Russe" by Rubinstein. There were also violin and soprano solos.

As an illustration of the kind of thing which is being done all over the country in the way of recitals representing a single composer, we may mention a Raff recital given at Memphis, Tenn., by

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Messrs. Hunter and Just, two members of the faculty of the music school there. The program contained the March movement from the "Leonore" symphony for eight hands upon the piano, Concerto in B minor for violin, with piano accompaniment, Suite in E minor, opus 72, for piano, Suite in A major, opus 210, for violin and piano, and Sonata in E minor, opus 73, for violin and piano. Surely an important program, even if very long.

A Kansas Musical Jubilee is to be held at Hutchinson May 19 to 21. There will be competitions for prizes, the adjudication of which will be conducted by Messrs. Frederic W. Root in the vocal department and Mr. Allan H. Spencer in the instrumental side. Both gentlemen will lecture and give recitals. At a similar jubilee about two years ago Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck was adjudicator, and his report covered an entire page in the local newspapers. Among the contests are those for harp, 'cello, orchestra, piano solo, solos for all classes of voices, etc.

An interesting Scandinavian program was given by the Ladies' Afternoon Musicale Society at Danbury, Conn., Feb. 25. The composers and selections were these: Grieg, chorus "At the Cloister Gate," songs "Sunshine," "Autumn's Storm" and the piano duet "Peer Gynt" and "The Bridal Procession;" Lassen, chorus "My Golden Haired Lassie;" Gade, chorus "Approach of Spring." There were also Norwegian songs and an eight hand arrangement of Soderman's "Wedding March." The chorus director was Mrs. Wardmel.

At one of her recent recitals Mme. Szumowska-Adamowsky introduced that brilliant piece of short but sonorous duration, Dr. William Mason's Toccatina. The New York Evening Post says of it:

"A piece which gave much pleasure and called out warm applause was Dr. William Mason's 'Toccatina,' a sort of concert etude, which is not only extremely brilliant and effective but has, like Chopin's etudes, genuine musical worth. It is a piece that Paderewski ought to add to his repertory."

Miss Mary Wood Chase gave a piano recital in Terre Haute March 12th, with a program of selections from Schumann, Brahms and Schubert. According to the local papers she made a distinguished success. The Express says that "no pianist has ever played in Terre Haute who was so entirely satisfactory in every respect.

Mr. Albert Howard Garett gave a song recital in Isabella Hall Feb. 16th, with a long and remarkably fine program from Wagner, Brahms, and many others.

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According to the Cedar Rapids papers a boy named Claude Saner awakened great interest by singing for the principal singers in the recent opera season.

Those having in charge the preparation of programs for musical lectures, for musical clubs and the like, will do well to write to Dr. John C. Griggs of the Metropolitan College of Music, New York, for the program of a remarkable lecture course given in that institution this year.

A creditable performance of Rosenia Seatmater was recently given at Santa Barbara, Cal., under the direction of Conductor Schuy.

There is reason to think that Prof. F. A. Parker is doing good work in the music department of Wisconsin University. Among the many interesting things done this winter was a strong performance of Handel's Messiah, which was heard by an audience of more than 2,000.

A very pleasant contest was given under the direction of Miss C. M. Belcher March 3rd at Irvington, New Jersey.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"My pupil has finished your Graded Studies, Vol. I., and Wohlfahrt's Duets. I am beginning your Studies, Grade II. Would you advise me to use any other book in connection with it, as, for instance, a book of exercise for the fingers? I. L. M."

I would advise to use the Mason's two-finger exercises and begin the arpeggios. Follow the instructions in the book in regard to the arpeggios and give them at first by rote.

"In our conservatory we feel the need of a good work analyzing classical music. Something that we could glean ideas from, or rather read extracts from, in preparing what are called lecture programs, for use in the conservatory recitals. We are trying to cultivate our pupils and their parents to understand and enjoy good music, and we find that a short explanation of each piece interests them and assists in following the composer's thought. I think if you have published anything of the kind it would be very good indeed. (I remember hearing of you many years ago in this kind of work.) Will you kindly tell me where I could get your works; also any others that would assist us, and greatly oblige. V. E. R."

The list of Musical Evenings now running in MUSIC I think you will find advantageous, and aside from that you will find a great deal of matter in the first volume of my How to Understand Music, which we furnish at $1.50, postpaid. The latter work is almost the only one which contains musical analyses and explanations in a musical form, that is, in a spirit congenial to the mood in which you would enjoy the works. It is the great difficulty of musical analysis that the more you analyze the less you enjoy. I have in preparation a smaller book of the same sort devoted to certain standard symphonies and overtures, and the classical repertoire is now being treated in the program notes of the Chicago orchestra and of the Boston orchestra. The former are done by Mr. Arthur Mees, with a great deal of knowledge and industry, the latter by Mr. Apthorp, who is one of the best writers on music we have. You might also find some assistance in Mr. Krehbiel's How to Listen to Music, but for the particular purposes you mention I think the sources above specified, and the articles on individual works which from time to time appear in this magazine, will be your most available assistance. W. S. B. M.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

GUIDE THROUGH THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC. For Vocal and Instrumental Students. By John A. Broekhoven. The John Church Company. Square octavo cloth, 130 pages, with music blank pages interleaved.

This book is intended as a practical text-book for teachers, to cover the ground of musical notation, dictation exercises, signatures, and chords. It is intended to take the place of all manuals of musical theory for piano and vocal students, and to give therewith a sufficient practical drill in writing music to fix in the pupil's mind the theories and facts of notation gone over. The plan is of obvious utility, and carried out with the care which distinguishes the elementary work of this author. In spite of this care certain small carelessnesses of terminology still remain and should be done away with. Mr. Broekhoven is undoubtedly a musician who recognizes that everything appertaining to music is capable of being defined in terms of sound. Still he cannot quite disabuse himself of certain colloquialisms which still remain to confuse the young theorist. For instance he defines a Fifth as an interval "from any tone to any tone represented five degrees higher." Now a fifth is a fifth whether represented or not and the nature of the fifth is invariably to be determined from its sound, either as it stands, or as it is used. A musical ear would never be at fault in a fifth of whatever kind correctly used and resolved, if resolution it needed. So too he defines interval as "the distance between tones represented on different degrees of the staff," whereas an interval is difference of pitch, whether the tones be written on different degrees of the staff or upon the same. Is it not an interval from C to C sharp? These are small faults, but they are faults which might well be spared. Time was when musical text-books were full of them. Mr. Broekhoven retains only a few of them. So for instance, "the tone of any scale changed in pitch by means of a chromatic sign (sharp of flat) is called a chromatic tone." This account of the chromatic is wholly insufficient and misleading. It conveys the fact but purely in its visual aspect. A chromatic tone is to be distinguished by ear, as easily as a color by the eye, and Mr. Broekhoven knows how; why not tell the student? What is a chromatic tone but a tone intervening between the diatonic tones of the key?

Mr. Broekhoven still retains a few other forms of statement which are not quite true. For instance, he says that the staff consists of "five horizontal lines with their intervening spaces." Now the horizontal position of the staff is wholly an accident of holding the book; and the staff certainly has six spaces before any additions are made to it, as the late careful teacher, Dr. Geo. F. Root, showed over and over again.

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Again, one would suppose that a better definition of melody might be found or invented than "a succession of single tones formed according to the principles of accent, tonality and rhythm." The facts are as here stated, but why not go further and say that a melody is a tone-succession expressing a complete musical idea? If some one asks what is a complete musical idea, then we will get back at him with our accent, tonality and rhythm—still leaving the essential thing unmentioned and undefined—namely the "idea," for it is this content which determines a succession of single tones to be a melody.

When all criticisms of this kind have been made, we still have a very handy and practical book, which many teachers will heartily thank the author and publisher for. And not least for the sake of the blank lines of music paper for writing exercises.

THE RISEN CHRIST. Anthem for Easter. By Leslie Watson. White, Smith Music Pub. Co. 15 cents.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Anthem for Quartette Choirs. By Leslie F. Watson. 16 cents.

These two pieces by Mr. Leslie F. Watson are well worthy the attention of choirs desiring fresh effects attained with moderate difficulty. They are written with organ accompaniment and the vocal effects are many of them impressive. In one or two places Mr. Watson seems still to linger in the lap of the six-four a little longer than is musically becoming. These, however, would not be noticed by hearers unless extremely critical. There is one place at the words "we bless thee" where at the word "we" the counterpoint has G flat while the voices start upon F. Mr. Watson has more confidence in choir singers than the present writer. He is to be congratulated upon being still disillusioned. On the whole these anthems are likely to have a large use.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION. "With Hands Upraised to Bless." Hymn Anthem for Quartette and Chorus. By Philo A. Otis.

A well-written anthem, with considerable part-work for voices, rising to a grand climax at the close. A good, practical anthem.

(From Breitkopf & Hartel, New York.]

THE TECHNICS OF PIANOFORTE-PLAYING. By Heinrich Germer, op. 28. Four grades.

This system of technics, by the well-known editor, Herman Germer, follows largely the well-established German lines. In the first course are exercises for single fingers, with more or less other fingers held down, in short an entire five-finger apparatus, and the elementary treatment of the scales and arpeggios. In the second course, double touches, chords and chromatics of different sorts are introduced.

In the third still more difficult forms and so also in the fourth. The books would occupy about two grades each, supposing the entire course to be completed in eight grades. For all those who consider

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the German system of technics satisfactory, this set of books will be most convenient and pleasant. According to American ideas, however, it leaves several things to be desired, viz., some adequate training in tone production and a development of the rhythmic sense through the rhythmic treatment of the exercises.

JOYFUL WANDERING. Fr. Damm, op. 46.

A pleasing piece of the fourth grade, only two pages long, something like a song without words with a quasi-march movement.

RICORDO. Alex von Fielitz, op. 7.

A very pretty romance, available in the fourth grade; a short piece modern in spirit, pretty melody, nice modulations. Well worthy the attention of teachers.

DARING CHILD. Alb. Foerster, op. 96, No. 8.

A pretty piece with finger running work for the right hand. Available in the second grade.

LITTLE RECRUIT. Alb. Foerster, op. 96, No. 4.

Very pleasing and musical. Easily available in the third grade, possibly in the second.

(From Clayton F. Summy Company.)

THE TRIFLER. By Nellie Bangs Skelton.

Pleasing finger piece; popular style; third grade.

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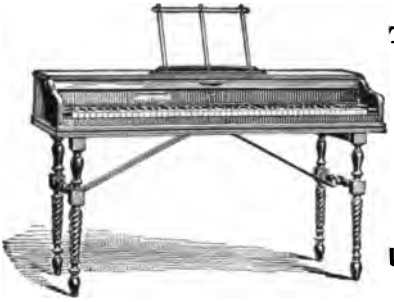

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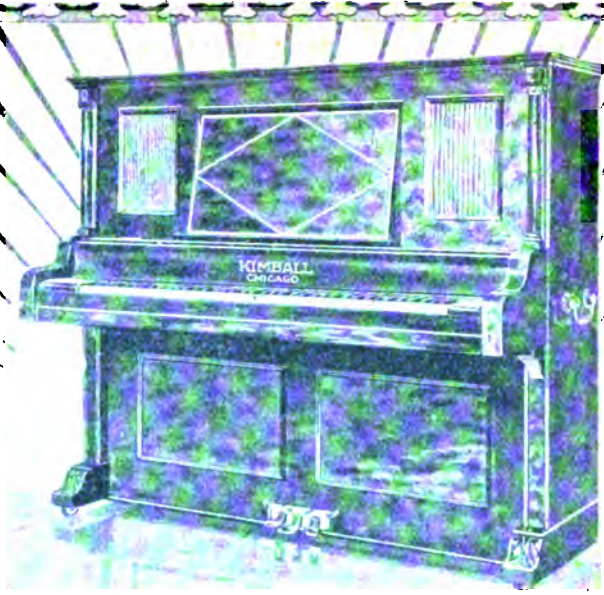

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